

THE MUNSEY



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Munsey's Magazine

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1904.

Motor Boating—A New Sport —illustrated	PARKER NEWTON	641
How Rulers Are Guarded —illustrated	SAMUEL M. WILLIAMS	648
If I Were King , A Poem	CHARLES MUMFORD	659
The Awakening of the Lieutenant-Governor A Short Story.	SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL	660
Medical Science and Its Enemies	JOHN H. GIRDNER, M. D.	666
The Fatted Calf , A Short Story	GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE	669
In the Public Eye —illustrated Three Famous Reformers—Will These Prevent Divorce? —Colonel John S. Mosby—Travis the Golf Champion— The Strenuous Crown Prince—Lord Lyveden's Career— Dr. Greth's Dirigible Balloon—Congressman Dick's Suc- cessor—General Kuropatkin's Icon—David d'Angers' Washington—Seventy-five Miles an Hour—Canada's New Governor-General—People Talked About.		673
The Cap-Box A Short Story—illustrated by Mabel L. Humphrey.	LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE	689
Why Ask for Promises? A Poem	THEODOSIA GARRISON	695
Society's Writing Craze	JAMES L. FORD	696
The Class-Boy , A Short Story	EDWARD BOLTWOOD	700
Nine Points of the Law A Short Story—illustrated by H. L. V. Parkhurst.	AGNES MORLEY CLEAVELAND	704
A Song in Doubt , A Poem	SENNETT STEPHENS	709
A Unique American Church —illustrated	ROBERT SCOTT OSBORNE	710
Play as a Means of Teaching —illustrated	BERTHA H. SMITH	713
The Abbess of Vlaye , A Serial Story. Chaps. XII-XIV	STANLEY J. WEYMAN	723
Cartoons and Their Makers —illustrated	R. K. MUNKITTRICK	738
Storiettes —illustrated by F. X. Chamberlin. The Brick on the Trail How the Campbells Came The Night-Stand Man An Idyl of the Links	R. W. CHILD MATTHEW WHITE, JR. LENA JANE MCCURDY BURKE JENKINS	750 753 755 757
Literary Chat		758
A Candidate for Stepfatherhood , A Short Story	MARGARET L. KNAPP	763
The Sport of the Steeplechase —illustrated	JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN	769
Villanelle to an Old Portrait , A Poem	KATHERINE HOFFMAN	776
The Stage —illustrated		777
Double Harness , A Serial Story. Chaps. XXVI-XXVIII.	ANTHONY HOPE	787
Etchings		799

IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI.

AUGUST, 1904.

No. 5.



Motor Boating—A New Sport.

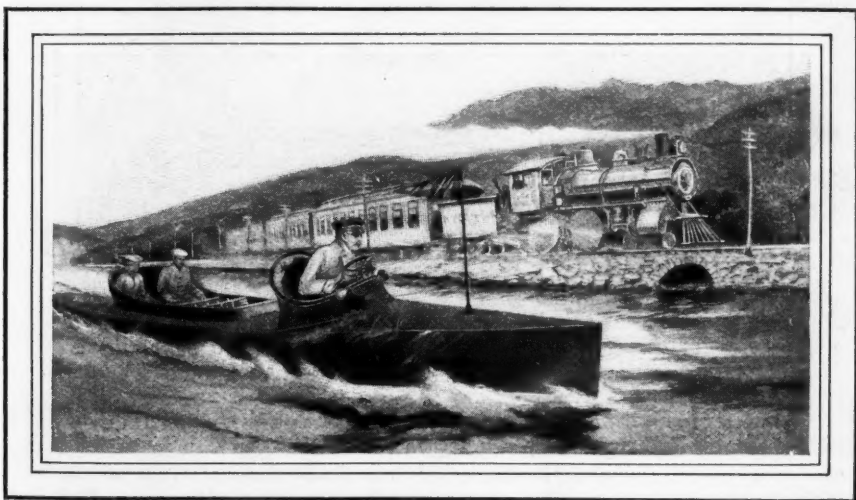
BY PARKER NEWTON.

THE SUDDEN POPULARITY OF THE LIGHT, HIGH-POWERED CRAFT WHICH MAY BE CALLED THE AUTOMOBILES OF THE WATER.

THERE is an unfailing demand for some new thing in the world of sport. When a novelty that seems worth while appears in the field, it always awakens keen interest. Its powers and its possibilities are sure to be tested and developed with untiring enthusiasm. However costly it may be, if it promises to give anything like a fair re-

turn, unlimited money stands ready to support it.

The new thing of 1904 is the motor boat. Not that it is actually an invention of the current year; but this season marks its début as a prominent candidate for sporting popularity. It is so new that even its precise identity does not seem to be thoroughly established.

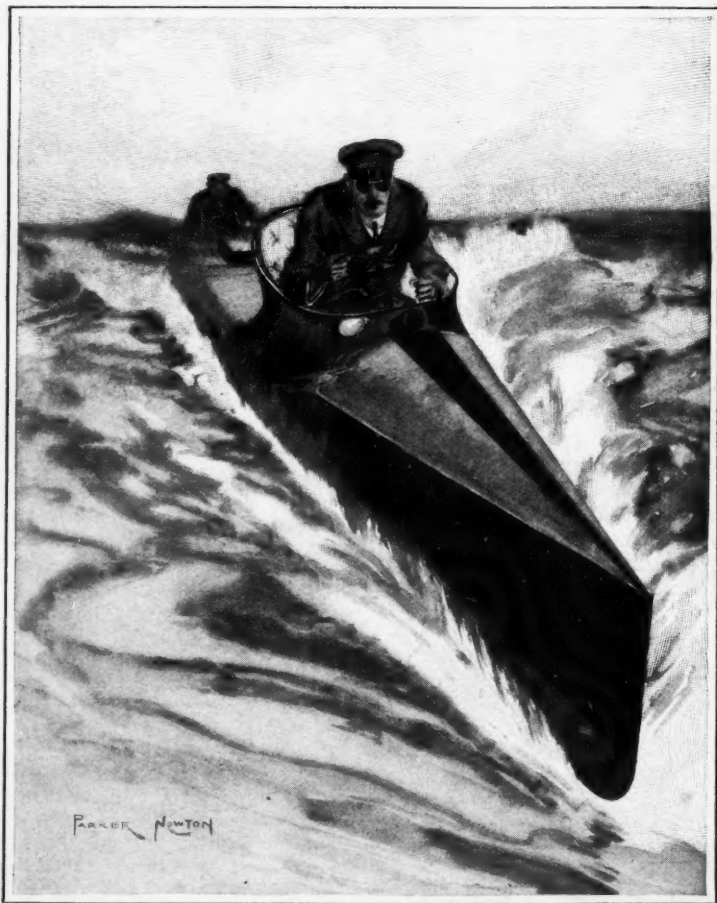


A MOTOR BOAT ON THE HUDSON RIVER RACING A TRAIN ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL, WHICH AT MANY POINTS RUNS CLOSE ALONG THE RIVER BANK.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

There is some little laxity in the use of the term "motor boat." It has been applied, especially in Europe, to many of the swift, small craft driven by steam-power. Scientifically, such a usage is not incorrect; but one would scarcely

To the uninitiated, indeed, it may well seem as if these wonderful little craft must be propelled by some mysterious power that needs no mechanism of enginery. They shoot over their native element like dragonflies, and ap-



THIRTY MILES AN HOUR—A HIGH-POWER MOTOR BOAT AT TOP SPEED.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

call the Celtic a "motor ship," though the huge engines that propel her vast weight through the water are undoubtedly a motor. And in America, at any rate, a stricter definition is accepted. With us, a motor boat is properly a light vessel built for speed and driven by some form of gas engine. Its fuel is usually gasoline, though naphtha, kerosene, and other liquids are also used.

pear too arrow-like and slender to hide in their interior so cumbrous a piece of furniture as a boiler.

A decade ago glowing predictions were afloat as to impending developments in electricity. Men with a smattering of the science were asserting that there was no reason why electrical power should not be used for all maritime purposes, even for the propulsion

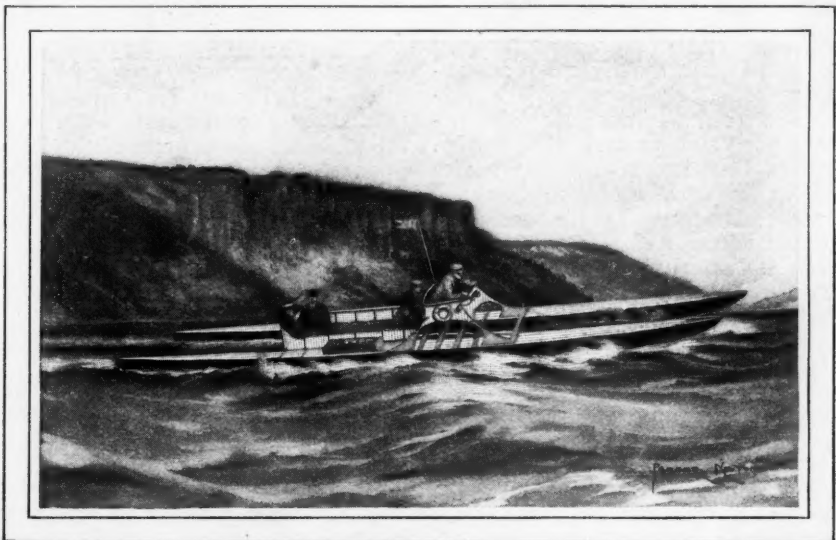


WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND A HELPER IN HIS FORTY-FOOT MOTOR BOAT, THE HARD BOILED EGG, ONE OF THE SWIFTEST CRAFT IN NEW YORK WATERS.

of ocean steamers. As a matter of fact, invention in that line got no further than the building of launches driven by storage batteries. The silence and cleanliness of these craft made them extremely comfortable, but they have not proved capable of any very high speed.

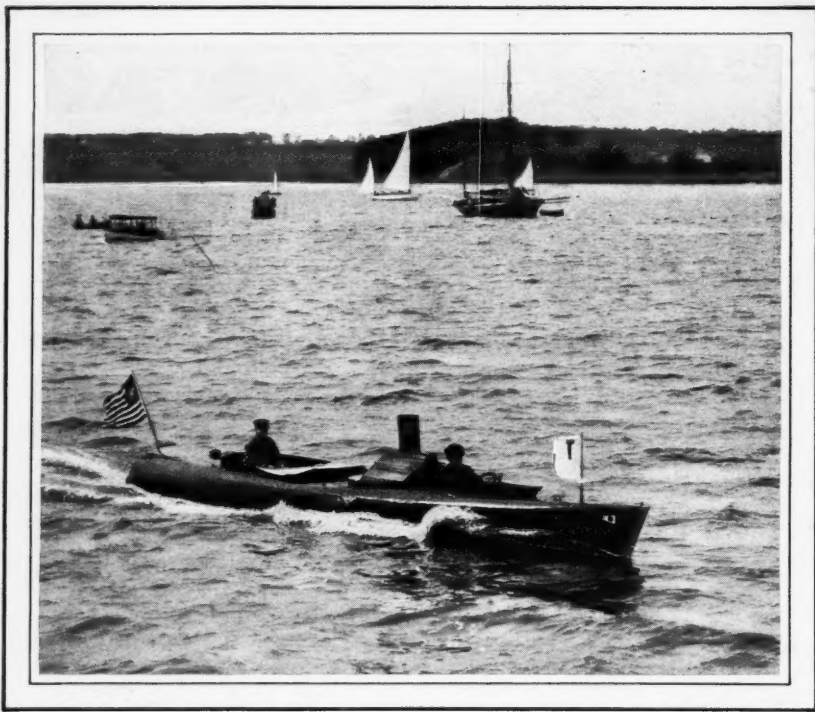
In this latter respect, greater things have been done by small steam-driven

boats of high power. In New York waters, during the past twenty years, some remarkable records have been made by the Stiletto, the Norwood, the Vamoose, the Now Then, the Yankee—all famous craft in their day—and most lately by the Ellide and the Arrow, for which last a speed of no less than forty miles an hour is claimed. Each of these



A DESIGN FOR A MOTOR CATAMARAN, WHICH WOULD COMBINE SAFETY, COMFORT, HIGH SPEED, AND CHEAPNESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

Drawn by Parker Newton.



IN MANHASSET BAY, DURING THE REGATTA OF THE AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION, ON MAY 30—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE PANHARD, AN EIGHTEEN-HORSE-POWER FRENCH BOAT.

vessels is or was the result of much thought, labor, and expense, and all were more or less experimental.

Last summer the New York newspapers repeatedly described the performances of a curious craft which appeared in and around the harbor. Most of the passengers on the ferries and on the Sandy Hook boats had never seen such speed as the needle-like newcomer displayed. It was learned that she was called the *Standard*, and was owned by E. A. Riotte, an automobile manufacturer of Jersey City. She measured fifty feet on the water line, had seven feet beam, with only two feet draft, and a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour was claimed for her. She was designed by Lewis Nixon, and was said to have cost ten thousand dollars.

The *Standard* probably deserves the honor of ranking as the pioneer motor boat of really high speed in New York waters. Unquestionably, the attention that she attracted did much to intro-

duce the new class of craft to yachtsmen and the public in general.

THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE WATER.

The typical motor boat of to-day is a natural sequel to the automobile. Both the makers and the users of the latter saw that the light and powerful engine of the road car could be installed in a hull and set to turn a screw just as readily as it can be set in a chassis and harnessed to a revolving axle. The first auto-boats in Europe and America proved such promising performers that there was a rush to construct more of them. Boat-building yards are now working overtime to fill orders. The leading yacht clubs have taken the idea up in such a serious way that it may be pronounced as having already passed beyond the fad stage. Valuable prizes have been offered, and some interesting races have been held. Almost every yachtsman who has the money to spare wants one of the new craft; and their

possession need not be limited to the million-aire class, for while the larger and higher-powered racers cost several thousand dollars, a serviceable but less ambitious boat can be obtained for a few hundred.

It would not be reasonable to expect perfection in so new a type of craft. It seems clear that builders have in many cases sacrificed too much to the desire for speed. The great and natural temptation toward extreme lightness of construction has proved dangerous to strength and seaworthiness. The races held at Monte Carlo, early in the present summer, are said to have enforced this moral with some emphasis. Most of the competing boats—practically all of which were French—proved to be over-engined. According to a reporter whose love of the picturesque seems to have led him into a pardonable exaggeration, their vibration shook out the loose teeth of the people aboard them. Rivets were started from the planking, and little streams from the sea poured into the hulls, so that the crews had to pump or sink. Only one competitor became a total loss, but several others were so badly racked as to need virtual rebuilding.

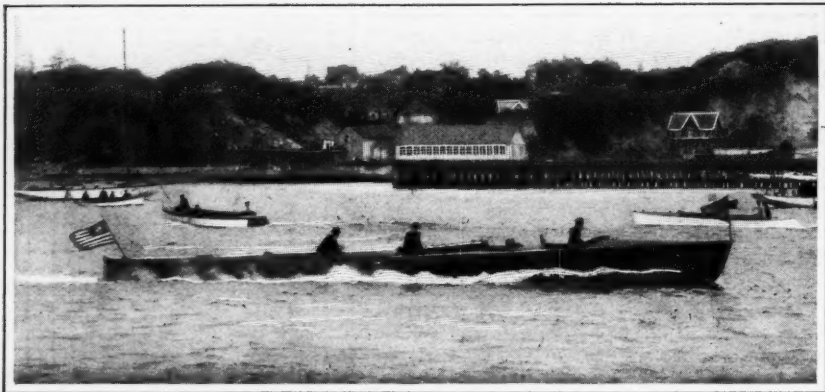
There is no doubt that the lesson of the French races, and others that they will learn from their own experience, will teach American builders to turn out a wholesome type that will combine speed with safety and efficiency.

A MOTOR CATAMARAN.

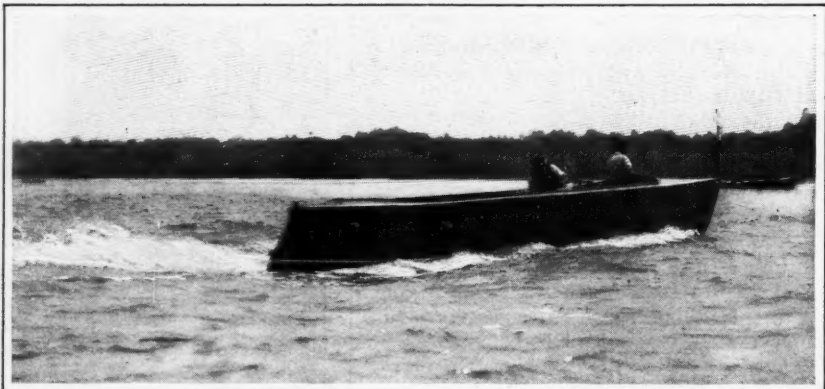
The motor catamaran, shown in the drawing on page 643, is put forward as a suggestion to auto-boat designers. Its advantages are cheapness and seaworthiness. Its twin hulls may be built in the same way as a fisherman's dory, with about two strakes in each side of a hull forty feet long. The deck beam is to be twenty-two inches; depth of the hull, twenty-six inches amidships, shallowing toward bow and stern. In profile the bows will be similar to those of the cup defenders Columbia and Reliance, the stern coming down square and straight. Each hull has a keel three inches wide, eight inches deep amidships, and tapering to nothing at the bow and stern. Each hull also has a twelve-horse-power motor, just forward of amidships. Over the motor is an open hatch with a high gunwale, to give easy access to the machinery. The hatch should be covered with canvas when there is a sea. The fuel tanks are well forward, and the extreme bow



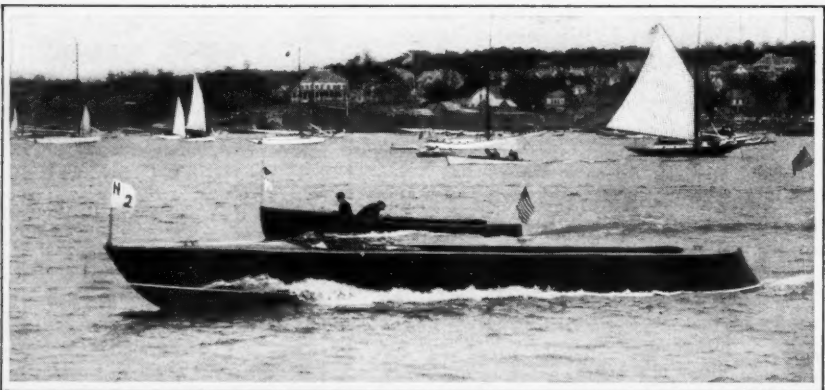
THE NADA, OF THREE HORSE-POWER, OWNED BY C. A. GODSCHALK, WHICH TOOK THE PRIZE FOR THE SMALLEST CLASS OF MOTOR CRAFT AT THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.



THE STANDARD, A REMARKABLE CRAFT THAT MAY BE CALLED THE PIONEER HIGH-SPEED MOTOR BOAT IN NEW YORK WATERS.



MISS SWIFT, OWNED BY ROBERT JACOB, ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING BOATS IN THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.



A BRUSH BETWEEN MISS SWIFT (IN THE FOREGROUND) AND ONE OF THE SMALLER CRAFT IN THE DECORATION DAY REGATTA.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR BOAT—RECENT SCENES IN NEW YORK WATERS.

From photographs by the Pictorial News Company, New York.

and stern have air tanks or collision bulkheads.

The two hulls of the catamaran are fastened eight feet apart and decked

in the field of motor boating is the British International Cup, commonly known as the Harmsworth cup, from the name of its donor. Last year this



THE ULTRA-MODERN AND THE MEDIEVAL—A MOTOR BOAT FLYING PAST THE GONDOLAS ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

Drawn by Parker Newton.

over for a length of twelve feet. The helmsman or operator will sit forward, behind a wind-break, where he will control the motors and steerage-gear. The whole craft will be light, and its draft will be extremely small—a condition, of course, which is strongly favorable to high speed. Its stability will make it perfectly safe in a sea that would swamp a single-hulled boat. Its roomy deck, whereon one can move about without drawing from the captain a warning cry of "Trim ship!" will add greatly to the comfort of its passengers.

Perhaps the most prominent trophy

was raced for in Queenstown Harbor, and was won by S. F. Edge's Napier. The next contest is scheduled for July 30, on the Solent, and at the time of writing there is every prospect of an interesting contest. France will be represented by a trio of her experts, and an American boat is being sent over of which great things are expected.

The most important races that have yet taken place in New York waters were held by the newly formed American Power Boat Association in Manhasset Bay on May 30 and on the Hudson River on June 11 and June 23.

HOW RULERS ARE GUARDED



BY SAMUEL M. WILLIAMS.

THE PERSONAL PERIL FROM WHICH KINGS, EMPERORS, AND PRESIDENTS ARE NEVER FREE, AND THE ELABORATE SYSTEM OF POLICE ESPIONAGE BY WHICH MOST OF THEM ARE SURROUNDED.

IT is a strange condition of modern civilization that a twentieth-century king should live in greater personal danger than his predecessors of any age. The medieval monarch often had to guard against conspiracies and revolutions that threatened to upset his throne. The ruler of a civilized country, nowadays, is secure against political perils, but it takes hundreds of soldiers and an unseen army of secret agents to protect his life from the individual assassin—the fanatic, the madman, and the anarchist.

This constant fear of assassination causes most of the kings of Europe to be slaves to precautions for their personal safety. While possessing the greatest power, they often have the least liberty. It is not exactly fear that haunts them, for centuries of inherited training have in most cases eliminated personal cowardice, but rather a natural dread of an untimely end and of the possible consequences to their subjects. Prudent considerations of statecraft compel the modern monarch to submit to a system of espionage always unpleasant and often intolerable. No strong man likes to feel that another's eye is upon his every movement, and kings are but men, with a more than ordinary dislike of restraint.

I have stood at military reviews with

in ten yards of the Czar of Russia, the most carefully guarded of sovereigns, when his nearest escort was twice that distance away. My small boat on the Thames has bumped alongside King Edward's launch in the narrow river, and both parties apologized for the collision. I have encountered the Kaiser walking practically alone in the streets of Berlin; stopped to speak with genial President Loubet in Paris, and met King Leopold of the Belgians shopping in Piccadilly. Yet despite this apparent freedom, hundreds of the best detectives devote their whole time to safeguarding these rulers, taking most elaborate precautions to keep them from any possibility of danger.

It is not lack of surveillance that sometimes permits seemingly free access to the royal presence. On the contrary, it is the very perfection of system that allows the well disposed person to come near. How many suspicious men have been quietly turned aside is never known. The center of active work is often far away from the king's immediate presence. Assassinations are almost invariably hatched in foreign countries, and the assassin is rarely a resident of the place where his crime is committed. To strike at headquarters is the secret police rule. That is why Russian officials keep closer watch in

London than in many Muscovite cities, and the Italian government maintains numerous agents in and around New York.

LONDON THE ANARCHISTS' HEADQUARTERS.

It is strange, at first sight, that London should contain more dangerous rev-

all to be expelled, with no haven left in Europe. Therefore the word has gone out to conspirators and anarchists of every degree that King Edward's life must under no circumstances be jeopardized or threatened.

In the crowded East End of London I know a Russian nihilist. The presses of



THE QUEEN OF ITALY DRIVING THROUGH THE GARDEN OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE IN ROME, ESCORTED BY MOUNTED TROOPERS.

olutionists—men who would not hesitate at assassination—than any other city in the world, and yet King Edward's life is considered safer than that of any other sovereign in Europe. Exiles who openly vow dire vengeance upon their own kings and governments never utter a hostile threat against him. The accepted explanation is that England is their refuge, where they fear no extradition for political crimes and plots. A blow at the king would cause

his printing office are responsible for the circulation of much revolutionary literature in various languages. He is a rational, peaceable man until the Czar is mentioned in his presence. Then he exclaims vigorously:

"I would not change places with the emperor! He is certain to be assassinated. Some one will sooner or later remove him. But if I should see a man raise his hand against King Edward, I would be the first to strike him down."

Such expressions are no secrets in London. Russian and English detectives often hear them, and know the men who express them. Practically every nihilist or anarchist is listed on the police reports, not only in London but in other European capitals.

THE CZAR AND HIS GUARDS.

It is no wonder that those responsible.

when necessary, any law or regulation. The army and police are in their entirety his bodyguards. Regiments of soldiers are stationed near each palace, and selected troops are detailed for duty in courtyards and buildings, where they form a cordon around the imperial apartments.

In addition to the regular uniformed police, who patrol the streets with par-



KING EDWARD DECORATING HIGHLANDERS WHO HAVE BEEN DETAILED AS HIS PERSONAL GUARDS AT BALMORAL.—PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THREE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' CHILDREN ARE STANDING IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE KING.

for preserving the life of the Czar should have instituted an elaborate defensive system. Indeed, the whole machinery of government in Russia is primarily devoted to safeguarding the imperial family. It is the duty of every official, military and civil, to think first of his royal master, and then of his other duties. The safety of the emperor is a sufficient excuse for setting aside,

particular care when the Czar is passing, there is a large body of secret police, whose duty it is to discover and frustrate any possible plot against him. They have agents in Berlin, London, Paris, Buenos Ayres, New York, Chicago, and Paterson, New Jersey. Spies are in every city in Russia and in every department of life. The censorship of mails and telegraphs, the passport sys-



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA DRIVING OUT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN LONDON WITH AN ESCORT OF MOUNTED GUARDSMEN.
Drawn by E. M. Ashe from a photograph.



GENERAL FULLON, PREFECT OF THE ST. PETERSBURG POLICE, ON WHOM FALLS THE CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PERSONAL SAFETY OF THE CZAR.

tem, the protection of frontiers, the compulsory announcement of arrivals and departures to the police by every householder—all these are parts of the same system, whose principal aim is the protection of the emperor.

When the Czar travels other people wait. Not only stations, but entire railways may be blocked for hours at a time. Between St. Petersburg and Tsarkoi Selo a special line, with a private station at each end, has been built for the exclusive use of the imperial family. Every yard of it is guarded constantly, and particularly when a train is to pass.

The emperor goes about the St. Petersburg streets without a military guard. He may be seen driving down the Nevsky Prospekt in an open sleigh or carriage, drawn by a swift black horse, without a footman. About two hundred feet behind him, however, a police official is sure to follow. For many years this escort duty fell to General Kleigels, prefect of the St. Peters-

burg police, who has recently been appointed governor of the province of Kieff. His successor at the capital is General Fullon.

The Czar Nicholas appears to be personally courageous, and goes out a good deal, while his father, who lived under the terror inspired by the murder of Alexander II, was harassed with continual fear. At Tsarkoi Selo and Peterhof, his two favorite residences, he is understood to occupy small villas in the grounds in preference to the large palaces. He does not love pomp. He often attends theaters, but rarely concerts or balls. He always arrives late, and never until the secret police have reported that no-suspected or unknown persons have procured admittance.

The Czar is not so carefully guarded that an evil-disposed person could not, sooner or later, find an opportunity to make an attempt on his life. Reliance seems to be placed in the ability of the police to keep persons who might be dangerous out of his vicinity. He is under closer surveillance when in his apartments than at any other time. The military guards inside the palace are never seen by the public. They are intended as a precaution against possible conspiracies in high quarters rather than against individual intruders, who are held off by the soldiers and police agents at the doors and gates.

During the Czar's visit to France in September, 1901, extraordinary precautions for his safety were taken by M. Cochefort, head of the French secret police. The palace at Compiègne was guarded like a fortress. Spies were everywhere, and thousands of troops lined the railways and the roads over which the imperial visitor passed. When he reviewed troops, he was surrounded by officers, among whom were special men ready to shoot on the slightest suspicion. When he drove through the streets, double lines of cavalry surrounded his carriage. On the footman's seat behind sat a Cossack, with one hand on the butt of his revolver and the other on the hilt of his short sword.

The Czar places great dependence on rapidity of movement when in public places. If on horseback in St. Peters-

burg, he always gallops, never remaining still. In a carriage, his horses are either on a sharp trot or running. In

has surrounded the bourgeois chief magistrate with an elaborate system of espionage.



GENERAL KLEIGELS, GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE OF KIEFF, WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS PREFECT OF THE ST. PETERSBURG POLICE AND CHIEF GUARDIAN OF THE LATE AND THE PRESENT CZAR.

this way he hopes to dodge a bomb or a chance shot from a revolver.

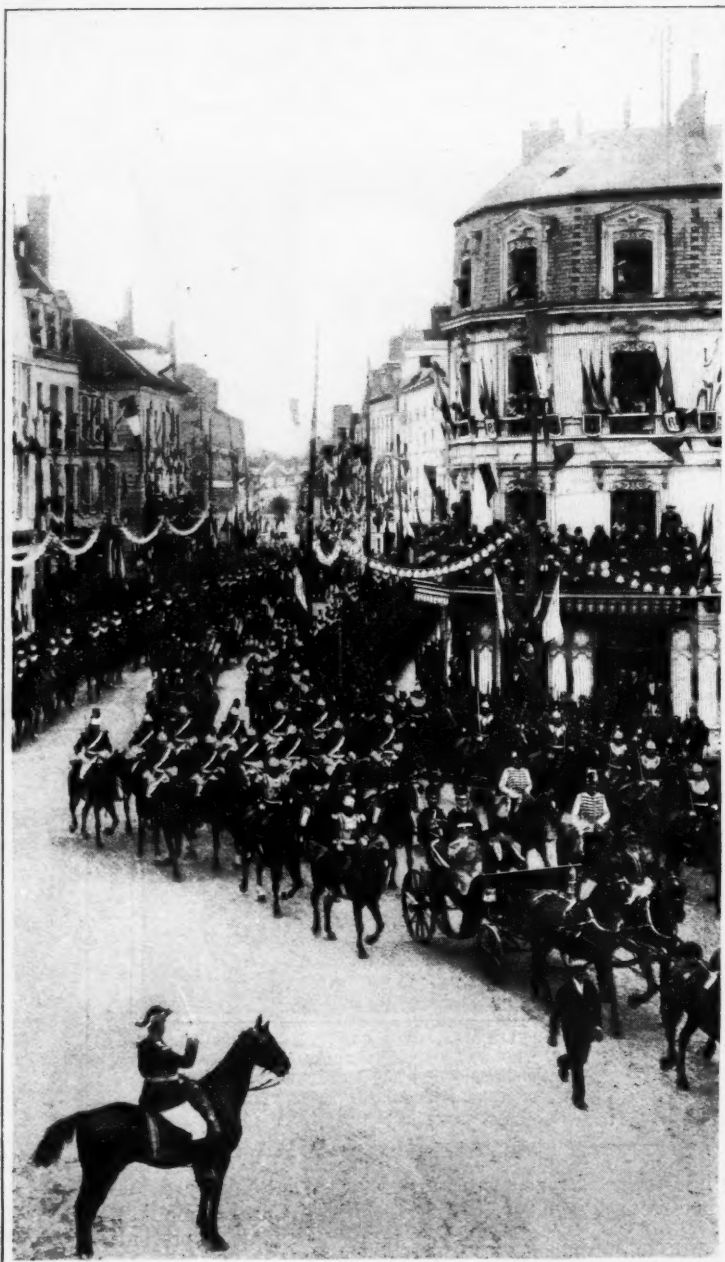
THE MEN WHO GUARD PRESIDENT LOUBET.

It might be supposed that President Loubet of France would have the least to fear of any European ruler, but since the assassination of Carnot and of McKinley, this same M. Cochefort, a worthy successor of the great Fouché,

"What measures do you take to guard the president when he drives about in his unpretentious coupé?" I asked the chief one day, in Paris. "I notice that he is usually accompanied only by a member of his household."

M. Cochefort smiled.

"It may appear," he said, "that M. Loubet is without protection, but that is not the case. He is always carefully



THE CZAR AND PRESIDENT LOUBET DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF RHEIMS TO WITNESS THE FRENCH ARMY MANEUVERS, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901—GENERAL ANDRÉ, MINISTER OF WAR, RODE BESIDE THE CARRIAGE, TWO SQUADRONS OF CAVALRY FOLLOWED IT, AND EIGHT THOUSAND TROOPS GUARDED THE ENTIRE ROUTE.

guarded. There are men continually on the watch, who never permit any one to come too close to the president. They are picked men who understand their business. They are well educated and intelligent, and are usually unobtrusively dressed like gentlemen, although my men sometimes assume other disguises.

"Even when M. Loubet gives a state dinner or reception," continued the official, "he is never unguarded. That elegant man in evening dress who hands you an ice with such courtly grace may be one of our emissaries. Many of them are fitted to grace the highest society. Sometimes they may be dressed in the garb of a flunky; but whatever disguise they assume, be sure that they are always on the alert. Of course, when the president goes abroad on state occasions he is accompanied by a member of his military household, and, as you must have remarked, his carriage is encompassed about by the cuirassiers, who are a splendid body of picked men. And yet, in spite of all precautions, accidents will happen, as was proved by the assassination of M. Carnot. In the United States you do not seem to use proper precautionary measures for the safety of the head of the nation, for three of your last ten Presidents have met violent deaths."

THE ESPIONAGE ABOUT THE KAISER.

So far as immediate restraint is concerned, the Emperor of Germany moves about more freely than any of his fellow monarchs. He does not know what personal fear is. He hates police espionage, though on ceremonious occasions he

delights in a display of military escorts and bodyguards. Yet the fear of murderous anarchists compels the authorities to guard him continually. Their task is rendered much more difficult by the fact that it must be done without attracting his attention.

At Potsdam, where the Kaiser resides during most of the year, he walks and drives with democratic freedom. During the four months from January to May, when the court is in residence at Berlin, he has regular habits which the police know.

Four or five mornings each week he drives at half past eight to the Thiergarten, where he leaves the carriage to walk for an hour. He may be met striding briskly along secluded paths, sometimes accompanied by the empress. Two or three aides-de-camp make up an informal party, more for companionship than for protection. The park police never prevent any one from taking the same path, and only interfere when the intention of intruding becomes evident. There

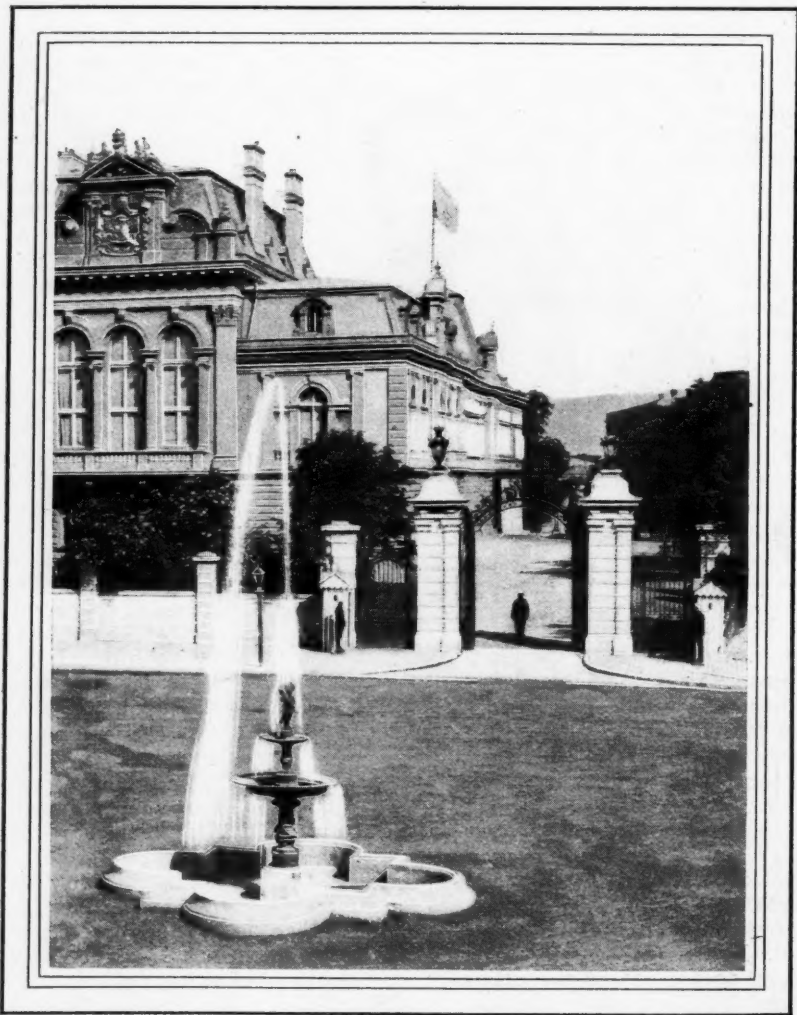


PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA, WHO IS PROBABLY THE MOST CLOSELY GUARDED RULER IN EUROPE.

are more policemen in the streets of Berlin than in any other European capital, so it does not strike the emperor as unusual if he occasionally meets an officer in the Thiergarten. But they must never be visible in too great numbers, for then royal wrath is aroused. The chief of police is sent for, and the emperor emphatically declares he will not be persecuted by espionage. The perplexed official promises reform, and devises new methods. One of his plans is to disguise detectives as gardeners, and scatter them among the regular workmen in the Thiergarten.

Whoever wishes to meet the Kaiser in Berlin need only take station near 136 Koeniggrätzerstrasse, where there is a doorway in the high wall enclosing the grounds of the Foreign Office. The

neighboring corners. Passers-by stop for a moment. The emperor and his aids soon approach. Hats are raised, ladies bow, and receive in return military salutes, for his majesty is always in



PRINCE FERDINAND'S PALACE AT SOPHIA, WITH THE SENTRY BOXES AT THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY
—A MILITARY GUARD, WITH ARTILLERY, IS ALWAYS STATIONED NEAR THE PALACE.

emperor, when he is in Berlin, enters this door nearly every morning between half past nine and a quarter to ten, on returning from his walk in the Thiergarten, to hear the daily report of Count von Bülow. Shortly before the hour, several policemen appear at the

uniform, and then he disappears into the Foreign Office.

As a rule, the Kaiser drives about Berlin without any escort. His carriage is visible from a distance by reason of the white plume on the footman's hat. Officious policemen bustle about and

clear the roadway of vehicles. On state occasions there are two horsemen in front of the carriage, and two behind it. When the emperor rides, as he often does, through Unter den Linden and the Brandenburger Thor into the Thiergarten, and sometimes all the way out to Potsdam, two mounted policemen precede and two follow him; but their duty is rather to clear the roadways, which are sometimes crowded, than to exercise surveillance.

A couple of years ago there were two harmless attacks on the emperor by lunatics. As a result, the police, for a time, showed greatly increased activity. One day when he drove out in Berlin, half a dozen uniformed guards on bicycles followed him. The Kaiser was angry, the people laughed, and the bicycle soldiers quickly disappeared.

THE GUARDS OF ITALIAN ROYALTY.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is so closely guarded that the Duke of Aosta, heir to the throne, was recently arrested by a Quirinal guard while entering the palace. When the mistake was explained, the soldier received a handsome reward for his vigilance. But the late King Humbert, who fell by an assassin's hand, despised all personal protection, and had many a controversy with his perplexed chief of police. Some years ago I happened to be in the chief's office when there entered two agents of the flying squadron detailed to guard King Humbert.

"Why are you not at your posts?" demanded the chief sternly.

"His majesty sent us away," was the reply.

"What's that?"

"His majesty met us on the road, and recognized us. 'You are police agents,' he said. 'Well, you can go away. There is no need of surveillance.'"

"And you left?"

"Yes, sir."

"You fools!" cried the chief, jumping from his chair. "Let the king be king. I am the chief of police. Each to his own profession! Go back to your posts; only take care not to be seen by his majesty."

The particular agent who followed King Humbert's carriage was once sus-

pended for not being near enough to ward off an unsuccessful assailant. On hearing of it, the king sent for his minister of the interior.

"The agent has not committed any fault," said his majesty. "He ought not to be punished. Give him a better horse, and his carriage will not be out-distanced by mine."

The officer was reinstated, and a better horse provided; but the king slyly ordered the fastest horses in the royal stables attached to his own carriage, and took particular delight in leaving the policeman further behind than ever.

In Humbert's day the whole guard of the Quirinal police consisted of twenty-four men. Journalists freely entered and asked the king's aids and secretaries for news. Once a madman penetrated the king's private cabinet without having met a single guard in the long corridors of the palace. The royal train had no special guards. At Monza, where Humbert finally met his death, there was scarcely any pretense at surveillance, and the assassin's blow was easily delivered. Now, however, all is changed in Italy.

King Victor Emmanuel, though he has the same aversion to guards as his father, is always surrounded by secret agents, police on bicycles, or cuirassiers on horseback. Only at very early or unusual hours does the king venture out without escort. Humbert wore citizen's clothes, and carried only a small cane; Victor Emmanuel always dresses in uniform, and carries a saber and a small revolver. It is said that he also wears the fine steel coat of mail which Queen Margherita gave to his father, who would not wear it.

When the king travels, the entire railway line is guarded, especially at bridges and tunnels. A pilot train goes in advance, and no one is allowed on the station platforms. About three years ago, all the station-masters on the line between Rome and Pisa were suspended for failing to carry out these orders to the letter. Around the royal palaces the military and police surveillance is rigid. No person can pass the threshold without encountering a dozen different guards, who demand to see his permit. Journalists are not admitted. The king

and queen delight in any opportunity to escape from all these restrictions and to spend quiet days in the country, where they are unrecognized, but they find it more and more difficult to obtain the freedom that their most humble subject enjoys.

PRECAUTIONS IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austro-Hungary is little guarded. He goes about his capital even more freely than does the German Kaiser. The police do not clear the street for his carriage. He refuses to have secret agents about him, even after the tragic death of the empress. When he travels, necessary precautions are taken by the authorities, but there is no elaborate system of surveillance such as is practised in almost all other countries.

In striking contrast to this is the closely guarded existence of Prince Ferdinand, who rules the little principality of Bulgaria. The royal palace at Sophia is always watched by soldiers, and artillery stands in front of it. His predecessor, Prince Alexander, was kidnapped and expelled, and in 1895 the Bulgarian prime minister, Stambouloff, was cut to pieces in the streets of the capital. No crowned head in Europe, save only that of his neighbor, Peter of Serbia, rests so uneasily as that of the Bulgarian prince.

In Greece, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium surveillance of royal families is reduced to simplest forms, for the rulers of these lesser nations are not the shining mark of the anarchist and the assassin. In turbulent Spain, prime ministers have fallen under the blows of political fanatics, but the young king, kept closely within royal palaces, and protected by his youth, has not yet been subjected to the dangers that threaten more important and conspicuous monarchs.

THE GUARDIANS OF KING EDWARD.

In Britain, that most democratic of monarchies, which has not lost a ruler by assassination for hundreds of years, where exiled revolutionists from other lands pledge themselves to protect the king's life, and he goes freely about in city and country, any elaborate surveil-

lance would seem unnecessary. Yet there is a double system, extensive in its scope, always in operation, and frequently expanded until it touches far corners of Europe. So secretly is it manipulated, however, that beyond a few policemen and an occasional sentry around royal palaces the public sees and knows nothing of the means by which King Edward is shielded from danger.

Neither king nor people desire the ostentatious and arbitrary methods adopted in Russian and Italy. That would be against national traditions. Therefore Scotland Yard, the greatest detective organization in the world, organizes a protection invisible and elastic, yet efficient. Except when in his own private apartments, King Edward is never beyond the shadow of numerous unobtrusive guards. The whole system is presided over by Inspector William Melville, of Scotland Yard, a man of remarkable detective ability and infinite resource. He accompanies the king almost everywhere, though he is rarely seen, and on an instant's notice he could, if necessary, summon the entire police and military power of the nation to guard the sovereign.

One part of the dual organization is the household police stationed at the various royal palaces. Windsor Castle has forty-five men, Buckingham Palace seventeen, Sandringham twelve, Balmoral nine. These men, assisted by a few soldiers, form a simple guard around the residences and grounds, keeping off all intruders. At night they draw a cordon through which no one can pass unchallenged. When his majesty drives about London, vigilant detectives are scattered along the whole route. On ceremonious occasions the police give over the immediate guard to the military, an escort of fifty cavalrymen surrounding the royal carriage.

Inspector Melville does not place too much dependence on the anarchists' assurance that the king will not be attacked. There is no restraining a fanatic seeking notoriety. On the Scotland Yard books are the names and addresses of perhaps two hundred avowed anarchists residing in London. When the king is appearing in public, every one of these men must be accounted for,

and not allowed out of sight until his majesty is safely within palace walls. Seventy detectives, composing the anarchist division, devote most of their time to watching these dangerous people, both for home safety and for information to foreign police.

When King Edward goes to a country residence, such as Balmoral or Windsor, agents are sent in advance to watch for suspicious strangers. The railway companies guard all bridges, tunnels, and crossings. As the king frequently travels in other countries of Europe, a reciprocal system of secret service has been arranged between Scotland Yard and the foreign police. An unwritten code is that each country makes itself responsible for the safety of all visiting sovereigns. During King Edward's visits to Homburg, one hundred men of the German secret service are detailed to assist Inspector Melville during the entire sojourn.

Extraordinary precautions are taken

at times of supposed danger, and thousands of soldiers and police are drawn into service. Unfounded rumors and anonymous warnings often cause radical changes of royal plans or enormous increase of guards. There was a false alarm in England when Queen Victoria died. Warning was received that several anarchists were seen at Portsmouth, through which place the king was about to pass. Fifty of Scotland Yard's anarchist experts were on the ground in a few hours, troops were stationed, the entire police force of the district drawn into service, and nothing happened.

But with all these vast systems of surveillance, police officials, both in monarchies and in republics, admit that no king or president, unless imprisoned within palace walls, is sure of personal safety. The individual assassin, confiding his secrets to no confederates, and willing to sacrifice his own life, can find opportunity to strike at any sovereign.

IF I WERE KING.

If I were king, there should be no more cold ;
The blast that brings the snow,
And stills the thrush's note, and sears the wold,
No more should blow.

If I were king, there should be no more tears,
For poverty and pain
In exile graves should sleep a thousand years—
Nor wake again.

If I were king, the shadows' eastward stride
No trembling eye should mark,
None watch the empty shallop with the tide
Drift out to dark.

'Twere not enough for me that hope should shine
Where grief and trial sit ;
From memory's book I would efface each line
In sorrow writ.

Each fleeting hour should know some greater joy,
Envy should lose its sting,
Nor plighted hearts grow cold, nor kisses cloy,
If I were king.

If I were king, and you, sweetheart, were queen,
Oh, halcyon days were they !
Such pageantry as mortals ne'er have seen
Should mark our sway.

At your dear feet the applauding world should lie,
For you the welkin ring—
If only you were queen, my love, and I,
Your slave, were king !

Charles Mumford.

The Awakening of the Lieutenant-Governor.

A PRESENT-DAY STORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL.

I.

THE Governor of Iowa was sitting alone in his private office with an open letter in his hand. He was devoutly and gloomily wishing that some other man was just then in his shoes. The Governor had not devoted a large portion of his life to nursing a desire of that nature, for he was a man in whose soul, as a rule, the flame of self-satisfaction glowed cheerfully; but just now there were reasons, and he deemed them ample, for deploring the fact that fate had made him chief executive of his native State.

Had he chosen to take you into his confidence—a thing the Governor would assuredly choose not to do—he would have told you there were greater things in the world than the Governorship of Iowa. He might have suggested a seat in the Senate of the United States as one of those things. It was of the United States Senate that his excellency was thinking as he sat there alone moodily deploring the Gubernatorial shoes.

The senior Senator from Iowa was going to die. He differed from the other Senators in that he was going to die soon, almost immediately. He had reached the tottering years even at the time of his reelection, and it had never been supposed that his life would outstretch his term. He had been sent back, not for another six years of service, but to hold out the leader of the Boxers, as they called themselves—the younger and unorthodox element of the party in Iowa, an element growing to dangerous proportions. It was only by returning the aged Senator, whom they said it would be brutal to turn down after a life of service to the party, that

the "machine" won the memorable fight of the previous winter.

From the viewpoint of the machine, the Governor was the senior Senator's logical successor. Had it not been for the heavy inroads of the Boxers, his excellency would even then have been sitting in the Senate Chamber at Washington. It had not been considered safe to nominate the Governor. Had his supporters announced that the time was at hand for a change, there would have been a general clamor for the leader of the Boxers—Huntington, undeniably the popular man of the State. And so they concocted a beautiful sentiment about "rounding out the veteran's career," and letting him "die with his boots on"; and by the omnipotence of sentiment, they won.

Down in his heart the venerable Senator was not seeking to die with his boots on. He preferred to sit in a large chair before the fire and read quietly of what other men were doing in the Senate of the United States. But they told him he must sacrifice that wish, for if he retired he would be succeeded by a man whose lack of conservatism would bring discredit upon Iowa. And the old man believed them, and went dutifully back into the arena.

And now it seemed as if a voice from somewhere beyond the dictation of man was declaring against the well-laid plans of the machine. As the machine saw things, the time was not ripe for the senior Senator to die. He had just entered upon his new term, and the Governor himself had but lately stepped into a second term. They had estimated that the Senator would live on for at least two years, but now they heard that he was going to die almost at once. It

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, a remarkably vivid portrayal of a political episode, is pure fiction, none of its characters or incidents being drawn from real life.

would hardly do for his excellency to name himself for the vacancy, and it seemed dangerous just then to risk a call of the Assembly. They dared not let the Governor appoint a weaker man, even if he would consent to do so, for they would need the best they had to put up against the leader of the Boxers. With the Governor, they believed they could win, but the question of nominating him had suddenly become a knotty one.

The Governor himself was bowed with chagrin. He saw now that he had erred in taking a second term, and he was not the man to enjoy reviewing his mistakes. As he sat there reading and rereading the letter which told him that the work of the senior Senator was almost done, he said to himself that it was easy enough to wrestle with men, but a little hard to try one's mettle with fate. He spent a gloomy and unprofitable day.

Late in the afternoon a telegram reached the executive office. Styles was coming to town that night, and wanted to see the Governor at the hotel. Things always cleared when Styles came to town; and so, though still unable to foresee the outcome, he brightened at once.

Styles was a railroad man, and vulgarly rich. People to whom certain things were a sealed book said that it was nice of Mr. Styles to take an interest in politics when he had so many other things on his mind, and that he must be a very public-spirited man. That he took an interest in politics, no one familiar with the affairs of the State would deny; but the real nature and extent of that interest was the subject, in some quarters, of no little speculation. The orthodox papers painted him as a public benefactor, but the Boxers arrayed him with hoofs and horns and clothed him in a flaming suit of Mephistophelian red.

The Governor and Mr. Styles were warm friends. It was said that their friendship dated from mere boyhood, and the way in which the two men had held together through all the vicissitudes of life was touching and beautiful—at least, so some people observed. There were others whose eyebrows went up mystifyingly when the Governor and

Mr. Styles were mentioned in their Damon and Pythias capacity.

That night, in the public benefactor's room at the hotel, the Governor and his old friend had a long talk. When twelve o'clock came they were still talking; more than that, the Governor was excitedly pacing the floor.

"I tell you, Styles," he expostulated warmly, "I don't like it! It doesn't put me in a good light. It's too apparent, and I'll suffer for it sure as fate. Mark my words, we'll all suffer for it!"

Mr. Styles was sitting in an easy attitude before the table. The public benefactor never paced the floor; it did not seem necessary. He blew several artistic rings of smoke and watched them fade gracefully into nothingness. Then he raised himself a little in his chair.

"Well, have you anything better to offer?"

"No, I haven't," replied the Governor, almost tartly, "but it seems to me you ought to have."

Mr. Styles blew another ring, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the fineness of its tissue until it spent itself in space. There were times when the philanthropic dabbler in politics was irritating.

"I think," he began presently, "that you exaggerate the unpleasant features of the situation. It will cause talk, of course; but isn't it worth it? You say it's unheard-of; maybe, but so is the situation, and wasn't there something in the copy-books about meeting new situations with new methods? If you have anything better to offer, produce it; if not, we've got to go ahead with this. And really, I don't see that it's so bad. You have to go South to look after your cotton plantation; you find now that it's going to take more time than you feel you should take from the State; you can't afford to give it up; consequently, you withdraw in favor of the Lieutenant-Governor. We all protest, but you say Berriman is a good man, and the State won't suffer, and you simply can't afford to go on. Well, we can keep the Senator's condition pretty quiet here; and after all, he's sturdy, and may live on to the close of the year. After due deliberation Berriman appoints you.

A little talk? Yes, but the American people, in Iowa at any rate, are excellent at forgetting. It seems to me the thing works out very smoothly!"

II.

WHEN Mr. Styles leaned wearily back in his chair and declared a thing worked out very smoothly, that thing was quite likely to happen. In three days the Governor went South. When he returned, the newspaper men were startled by the unexpected announcement that business considerations which he could not afford to overlook demanded his withdrawal from office. Previous to this time the Lieutenant-Governor and Mr. Styles had met in one of the cities of southern Iowa, but the result of their meeting had not been made a matter of public record.

As the Governor had anticipated, many things were said. Inquiries were made into the venerable Senator's condition—which, the orthodox papers declared, was but another example of the indecency of the Boxer journals. The Governor went to his cotton plantation. The Lieutenant-Governor went into office, and was pronounced a worthy successor to a good executive. The venerable Senator continued to live. As Mr. Styles had predicted, the gossip soon quieted into a friendly hope that the Governor would realize large sums with his cotton.

It was late in the fall when the senior Senator finally succumbed. The day the Iowa papers printed the story of his death, they printed speculative editorials on his probable successor. When the bereaved family commented with bitterness on this ill-concealed haste; they were told that it was politics—enterprise—life.

The old man's remains lay in state in the rotunda of the State Capitol, and the building was heavily draped in mourning. Many came and looked upon the quiet face; but far more numerous than those who gathered at his bier to weep were those who assembled in secluded corners to speculate on the wearing of his toga. It was politics—enterprise—life.

Mr. Styles told the Lieutenant-Gov-

ernor to be deliberate. There was no need of an immediate appointment, he said. And so for a time things went on about the State House much as usual, save that the absorbing topic was the Senatorial situation, and that every one was watching the new chief executive with alert and untiring eyes. The retired Governor now spent part of his time in the South, and part in Iowa. The cotton plantation was not demanding all his attention, after all.

It could not be claimed that John Berriman had ever done any great thing. He was not on record as having ever risen grandly to an occasion; but there may have been something in the fact that an occasion admitting of a grand rising had never presented itself. Before he became Lieutenant-Governor, he had served inoffensively in the State Senate for two terms. No one had ever worked very hard for Senator Berriman's vote. He had been put in by the machine, and it had always been assumed that he was machine property.

Berriman himself had never given the matter of his place in the human drama much thought. He had an idea that it was proper for him to vote with his friends, and he always did it. Had he been called a tool, he would have been much ruffled; he merely trusted to the infallibility of the party.

The Boxers did not approach him now concerning the appointment of Huntington. That, of course, was a fixed matter, and they were not young and foolish enough to attempt to change it.

One day Governor Berriman received a telegram from Mr. Styles suggesting that he should "adjust that matter" immediately. He thought of announcing the appointment that very night, but the newspaper men had all left the building, and as he had promised that they should know of it as soon as it was made, he concluded to wait until next morning. There was no pressing hurry.

Governor Berriman had a brother in town, attending a meeting of the State Agricultural Society. Hiram Berriman had a large farm in southern Iowa. He knew but little of political methods, and held primitive ideas of honesty. There had always been a strong tie between the brothers, despite the fact that Hiram

was fifteen years the Governor's senior. They talked of many things that night, and the hour was growing late. Both were thinking of retiring when the Governor remarked, a little sleepily:

"Well, to-morrow morning I announce the Senatorial appointment."

"You do, eh?" returned the old farmer.

"Yes, there's no need of waiting any longer, and it's getting on to the time the State wants two Senators in Washington."

"Well, I suppose, John," Hiram said, turning a serious face to his brother, "that you've thought the matter all over, and are sure you are right?"

The Governor threw back his head with a half-scoffing laugh.

"I guess it didn't require much thought on my part," he answered carelessly.

"I don't see how you figure that out," said Hiram warmly. "You're Governor of the State, and your own boss, ain't you?"

It was the first time in all his life that any one had squarely confronted John Berriman with the question whether or not he was his own boss, and for some reason it went deep into his soul, and rankled there.

"Now see here, Hiram," he said at length, "there's no use in your putting on airs and pretending you don't understand this thing. You know well enough it was all fixed before I went in." The other man looked at him in bewilderment, and the Governor continued, rather tartly: "The party knew the Senator was going to die, and so the Governor pulled out and I went in just so the thing could be done decently when the time came."

The old farmer was scratching his head.

"That's it, eh? They got wind the Senator was goin' to die, and so the Governor told that lie about having to go South just so he could step into the dead man's shoes, eh?"

"That's the situation—if you want to put it that way."

"And now you're going to appoint the Governor?"

"Of course I am; I couldn't do anything else if I wanted to."

"Why not?"

"Why, look here, Hiram, haven't you any idea of political obligation? It's expected of me."

"Oh, it is, eh? Did you promise to appoint the Governor?"

"Why, I don't know that I exactly made any promises, but that doesn't make a particle of difference. The understanding was that the Governor was to pull out and I was to go in and appoint him. It's a matter of honor," and Governor Berriman drew himself up with no little pride.

The farmer turned a troubled face to the fire.

"I suppose, then," he said finally, "that you all think the Governor is the best man Iowa has for the United States Senate. I take it that in appointing him, John, you feel sure he will guard the interests of the people before everything else, and that the people—I mean the working people of this State—will always be safe in his hands; do you?"

"Oh, Lord, no, Hiram!" said the Governor irritably. "I don't think that at all!"

Hiram Berriman's brown face warmed to a dull red.

"You don't?" he roared. "You mean to sit there, John Berriman, and tell me that you don't think the man you're going to put in the United States Senate will be an honest man? What do you mean by saying you're going to put a dishonest man in there to make laws for the people of Iowa, to watch over them and protect them? If you don't think he's a good man, if you don't think he's the best man the State has"—the old farmer was pounding the table heavily with his huge fist—"if you don't think that, in God's name, why do you appoint him?"

"I wish I could make you understand, Hiram," said the Governor in an injured voice, "that it's not for me to say."

"Why ain't it for you to say? Why ain't it, I want to know? Who's running you, your own conscience or some gang of men that's trying to steal from the State of Iowa? Good God, I wish I'd never lived to see the day a brother of mine put a thief in the United

States Senate, to bamboozle the honest, hard-working people of this State!"

"Hold on, please—that's a little too strong!" said the Governor.

"It ain't too strong. If a Senator ain't an honest man, he's a thief, and if he ain't lookin' after the welfare of the people he's bamboozlin' them, and that's all there is about it. I don't know much about politics, but I ain't lived my life without learning a little about right and wrong, and it's a sorry day for Iowa, John Berriman, if right and wrong don't enter into the makin' of a Senator!"

The Governor could think of no fitting response, so he made none. This seemed to quiet the irate farmer, and he surveyed his brother intently, and not unkindly.

"You're in a position now, John," he said, and there was a kind of homely eloquence in his serious voice, "to be a friend to the people of Iowa. It ain't many of us ever get the chance of doin' a great thing. We work along, and we do the best we can with what comes our way, but most of us don't get the chance to do a thing that's goin' to help thousands of people, and that the whole country's goin' to say was a move for the right. You want to think of that, and when you're thinkin' so much about honor, you don't want to clean forget about honesty. Don't you stick to any foolish notions about bein' faithful to the party; it ain't the party that needs helpin'. No matter how you got where you are, you're Governor of Iowa right now, John, and your first duty is to the people of this State, not to Tom Styles or anybody else. Just you remember that when you're namin' your Senator in the morning. Guess I'll go up to bed now. Good-night!"

III.

It was long before the Governor retired. He sat there by the fireplace until the embers had shriveled to a lifeless heap, and he was too deeply absorbed to grow cold. He thought of many things. Like the man who had preceded him in office, he wished that some one else was just then encumbered with the Gubernatorial shoes.

Next morning there was a heavy feeling in his head, which he thought a walk in the bracing air might dispel, so he started on foot for the State House. A light snow was on the ground, and the atmosphere had a crispness that was reassuring and stimulating. It would make a slave feel like a free man to drink in such air as that. The Iowa air was glorious—Iowa was a glorious State! From the foot of the hill the State House loomed up magnificently before him, its golden dome glistening through the snow. Somebody had asked, once, how they kept that dome so bright. The Governor laughed as gleefully as a boy. Such a question—when the dome was real gold! Everything in Iowa was real gold.

As he walked through the corridor to his office, the officials and clerks greeted him with cheerful, respectful salutations. It made a man feel like living to be spoken to like that. The Governor believed they did respect him, or they wouldn't get so much of it into their voices. Why, of course—why shouldn't they respect him?

When John Berriman reached his desk, he found another telegram from Styles. It was imperatively worded, and as he read it he put his hand to his throat—something seemed tightening there. The briskness and the satisfaction were gone from his bearing in an instant. He walked to the window, and stood there looking down at the city. It was a fine city—he loved that city! There were many fine cities in Iowa, there were great interests to preserve, there were thousands upon thousands of good, honest people to befriend. He wondered if many of those people looked to their Governor with the old-fashioned trust that his brother had shown. His eyes grew a little dim; he was thinking of the satisfaction it would afford his children, if—long after he was gone—they could tell how a great chance had once come into their father's life, and how he had proved himself a man.

"Will you sign these now, Governor?" said a voice behind him.

It was his pardon clerk, a man who knew the affairs of the State well, and whom every one seemed to respect.

"Mr. Haines," he said abruptly, "who do you think is the best man Iowa has for the United States Senate?"

The pardon clerk stepped back in amazement. Then he told himself he must be discreet. Like many of the people about the State House, in his heart Haines was a Boxer.

"Why, I presume," he said, "that the Governor is looked upon as the logical candidate, isn't he?"

"I'm not talking about logical candidates. I want to know who you think is the man who would most conscientiously and creditably represent Iowa in the United States Senate."

"If you put the matter in that way, Governor, Mr. Huntington is the man, of course."

"You think most of the people believe that?"

"I know they do."

"You think, then, if it was a matter of popular vote, that Huntington would be the new Senator from Iowa?"

"I guess they all have to admit that, Governor. The State's strong for Huntington."

"That's all, Mr. Haines. I merely wondered what you thought about it."

Soon after that Governor Berriman rang for a messenger boy, and sent a telegram. Then he settled quietly down to routine work. It was about eleven when one of the newspaper men came in.

"Good morning, Governor," he said briskly; "how's everything to-day?"

"Very nicely, Mr. Markham. I have nothing to tell you to-day, except that I've made the Senatorial appointment."

"Oh," laughed the reporter excitedly, "that's all, is it?"

"Yes," said the Governor, smiling too; "that's all!"

The reporter looked at the clock and gathered himself hastily together.

"I'll just catch the noon edition," he said, "if I telephone right away."

He was moving to the other room when the Governor called to him.

"See here, it seems to me you're a strange newspaper man!"

"How so?"

"Why, I tell you I've made a Senatorial appointment—a matter of at least some slight importance—and you

rush off and never ask whom I've appointed."

The reporter gave a forced laugh. He wished the Governor would not detain him with a joke now when every second counted.

"That's right," he said, with strained pleasantness. "Well, who's the man?"

The Governor raised his head.

"Huntington," he said quietly, and resumed his work.

"What?" shouted the astonished reporter. "What?" Then he stopped in embarrassment, as if ashamed of being so easily taken in. "Guess you're trying to jolly me a little, aren't you, Governor?"

"Jolly you, Mr. Markham? I'm not given to jollying newspaper reporters. Here's a copy of the telegram I sent this morning, if you are still skeptical. Really, I don't see why you think it so impossible. Don't you consider Mr. Huntington a fit man for the place?"

"May I ask," said the reporter weakly, "why you did it?"

Governor Berriman rose with dignity, and his small figure looked almost large.

"I had but one motive, Mr. Markham. You may say in your paper that I thought the matter over, and of all the men in Iowa whom I know, Mr. Huntington seemed best fitted for the place."

Tom Styles reached the State House just as the corners were growing indistinct in the long corridors that afternoon. Mr. Styles was not blowing rings that day, and he was not standing on ceremony. With a face upon which it was not pleasant to look, he rushed past the private secretary and into the Governor's office.

John Berriman was seated alone at his desk. Mr. Styles came close, and leaned down until he almost touched the Governor's face.

"And so you sold out, did you, you little sneak?" he hissed. "Tell me, how much——"

The Governor slid his hand underneath the desk.

"Mr. Jackson," he said, as the white-haired darky appeared in the door, "please show the gentleman from the room!"

Medical Science and Its Enemies.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M. D.

NO OTHER SCIENCE HAS HAD TO FACE SUCH BITTER OPPOSITION AS THAT WHICH STRIVES TO HEAL THE ILLS OF THE HUMAN BODY—ONLY IN RECENT TIMES HAS LIBERTY OF THOUGHT AND OF SPEECH SET IT FREE TO WORK AND TO ADVANCE.

THE cultivation of the science and art of healing the ills and injuries of the human body has had to overcome more obstacles and opposition than any other science to which men devote themselves.

At any time in the history of the world, if a man was interested in astronomy, the heavens were spread out before him every clear night, and he was free to make observations of the movements of the heavenly bodies. If botany attracted him, he could go forth to study and dissect flowers and plants to his heart's content. But the science of medicine is based on a knowledge of human anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and this knowledge cannot be obtained except by careful and repeated dissections of the dead body. Both before and since the Christian era, down to a comparatively recent period, superstition, prejudice, and religious awe of death were so potent that to dissect a human body was not only a desecration, but an offense against its Creator. Students of medicine were thus shut off from the most important source of knowledge. Men would slaughter one another by thousands on the battlefield, but they would not allow a dead body to be examined by those whose object was to get information to aid them in prolonging human life.

It was not until the year 1615 A. D. that such a simple and seemingly palpable fact as the circulation of the blood was demonstrated; and it was twelve years later before Dr. Harvey published his discovery to the world. A historian of the time says:

The effect was such as greatly to deter Harvey from making any further discoveries known, and he positively lost several patients by publicly announcing his discovery.

At the very time when such arts and sciences as sculpture and architecture were at their height in Greece and Rome, the artists themselves knew almost nothing about the construction, movements, and nutrition of the arms and hands with which they produced their wonderful masterpieces.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The Egyptians are credited with the earliest attempt to cultivate medical science and to formulate anything like a system of preventing and treating diseases. Moses was doubtless familiar with the methods of the Egyptians, and it was upon knowledge thus obtained that he founded the remarkable sanitary code which we find in his third book, "Leviticus." And some of our modern methods of stamping out infectious diseases—especially the isolation of the patient, and the disinfection or destruction of clothing and furniture used by infected persons—are closely allied to those taught by the great leader of the Israelites.

But among the Israelites and the Egyptians the practise of medicine was confined to the priests. Both these peoples believed that the infliction and the cure of diseases were direct interpositions of their respective deities, and the ministers of these deities were naturally regarded as the proper persons to intercede for a sufferer's restoration to health. This state of things seems to have continued until the fifth century before the Christian era, when, according to the historian Herodotus, the medical specialist made his appearance among the Egyptians.

Every distinct distemper had its own physician, who confined himself to the study and cure of that alone; so that every place was crowded with phy-

sicians; for one class had the care of the eyes, another of the head, and another of occult diseases.

Thus it seems that it was by means of specialism that the first steps were taken to rescue the healing art from the domain of superstition, magic, and mysticism, and to place it on a sound scientific basis. The patient was now placed in the hands of men known as physicians, and forming a distinct and separate class from the priesthood. It is doubtful whether he was any better off under the care and treatment of these early specialists, who were always ignorant and often merely charlatans; but the change marks the beginning of the long and hotly contested struggle between medical science and superstition.

But the foundation and the cornerstone of the grand structure which medical science presents to-day was laid by Hippocrates, one of the greatest men in history, who lived in the fifth and fourth century B. C. He broke away from the old traditions and superstitions regarding disease, and by thought, observation, and sound reasoning, began the development of scientific medicine. The school of Alexandria took up his work and methods, and it was there that anatomy was first studied by dissections of the human body.

For the next three or four centuries medicine, especially anatomy, continued to develop slowly along the same lines in Egypt and some of the eastern nations. Then came Christianity, that greatest event in the world's history; and because it dealt directly with man's welfare, both here and hereafter, it could not fail to have a tremendous effect on the healing art. The blessed doctrine of love and brotherhood for all, and of self-sacrifice for those distressed in soul or body, which was taught by Jesus of Nazareth, brought His followers to look at the whole subject of medicine from a new viewpoint.

DISEASE AS THE WORK OF DEMONS.

During the early history of the Christian church, however, through the middle ages, and down to comparatively recent times, medical science met with continued opposition. Much of the old pagan ignorance, prejudice, and superstition regarding the origin and cure of

disease passed on to the advocates of the new religion. Indeed, the zeal and enthusiasm of these new converts resulted in even more strenuous hostility to scientific medicine than it had encountered from some of the pagan nations in the centuries immediately preceding the coming of Christ. Healing by miracles was the order of the day. Persons suffering from all manner of diseases and injuries were taken to the shrines of the Saints, or to certain streams or pools or sacred relics, to be cured by their occult influences; just as in former times patients were taken to the temple of Esculapius, or that of some other heathen divinity.

The early Christians would not hear of rational causes for human maladies. Like the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Persians, they attributed all disease to malign and diabolic influence. The devout St. Augustine said:

All diseases of Christians are to be ascribed to these demons; chiefly do they torment fresh-baptized Christians, yea, even the guiltless new-born infants.

CLAUDIUS GALEN AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

The first great name that stands out in the history of rational medicine after the Christian era is that of Claudius Galen. Galen was born at Rome in the year 130 A. D. He was a man of pronounced individuality and force of character. His theories about disease, and the methods of treatment he advocated, were crude and inefficient; but nevertheless he gave a powerful impulse to medical science, and made for himself a reputation for skill and learning which extended beyond the confines of his native country. Galen's position in the medical world of the early Christian day may be compared to that of Hippocrates in the classic era of Greece.

Hospitals and infirmaries now began to make their appearance, generally in connection with monasteries; and some of the monks began to study the writings of Hippocrates and Galen. These early establishments were of the crudest kind, and the treatment they afforded their patients was a wretched mixture of the poorest kind of rational medicine and superstitious priestcraft.

The Jews, as a race, were better educated than other nations, and many

scholars among them took to studying and teaching medicine as a science. They founded schools at Salerno, in Italy, and at Montpellier, in France; and the influence of these institutions did much to advance the science throughout the then known world. The opposition of the church, however, continued, and it was doubtless the spreading influences of these schools of rational medicine that caused the fourth Lateran Council, in the thirteenth century, to forbid physicians to give medical treatment without calling in an ecclesiastic for consultation. Clerical extremists went so far as to brand all scientific men as sorcerers, magic-mongers, and atheists. Hence the old proverb—than which nothing is more untrue—that “where there are three physicians, there are two atheists.” It is hardly necessary to point out that the wiser a man becomes, the more he will be a worshiper of the Almighty Creator, and that there is perfect harmony between real religion and real science.

About this time the “signature” system of treating disease arose. It held that the Almighty had put a sign or mark on certain herbs and plants to indicate to man what particular malady each would cure. Thus liverwort had a leaf like the liver; hence it cured diseases of the liver. A plant named eyebright, because it had a spot on the leaf resembling the human eye, would cure eye diseases. Celandine, being yellow, would cure jaundice; and bear grease, being taken from such a hairy animal, would prevent baldness. This strange pseudo-science invested another system—that of dosing the unfortunate patient with unmentionable mixtures, and applying lotions and salves too filthy to describe, in order to render his body so loathsome that the demon tormenting it would depart in disgust.

THE SLOW DAWNING OF TRUTH.

The invention of printing, and the great geographical discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, gave new life to scientific investigation of all kinds. About this time arose Andreas Vesalius, a Belgian physician at the court of Madrid, and one of the world's greatest champions of scientific truth.

Devoting himself to the study of anatomy, he got dead bodies from the gibbet or the grave. He braved popular fury, threats of excommunication, and the terrors of the Inquisition, in his zeal for the quest after scientific truth.

The Reformation brought no slackening in the warfare against scientific medicine. Belief in demonology, witchcraft, and diabolic possession was as pronounced in the new church as it had been in the old. Martin Luther, John Calvin, Melancthon, and Beza held stoutly to the doctrine that bodily sickness was caused by Satan. Indeed, they taught that all the troubles and annoyances of Christians were little devils sent to torment them, in hope that they might, in a moment of irritation, curse God and return to the service of the Evil One. Beza, speaking of those who believed that insanity was a natural disease, said that “such persons are refuted both by sacred and by profane history.”

The period of witch-burning which followed the Reformation furnishes some of the blackest pages in the history of “pastoral medicine.” Unfortunate creatures, especially women, suffering from hysteria and neurasthenia, were tortured into confessing themselves witches, and into implicating others, who were in turn apprehended by the church authorities. Thus a steady procession to the stake was kept up, and the wide-spread terror that ensued only tended to increase the number of victims.

Down through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the struggle continued, with steady gains for scientific medicine. In 1725 St. André, a Parisian court physician, had the courage to publish a book showing that demoniacal possession was nothing but lunacy. In 1768 a French law declared that all persons who had heretofore been supposed to be possessed were to be considered in future as simply diseased, and were to be treated accordingly.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'S GRAND WORK.

Not until the nineteenth century, so lately closed, was medical science able to throw off every vestige of ecclesiastical interference. This complete eman-

cipation resulted largely from the freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, which came with the establishment of popular government here in the New World, and with its influence on other nations. In the matter of new discoveries and inventions for saving life and limb, for curing and preventing disease, and for assuaging pain, scientific medicine has accomplished more in the last hundred years than in any five previous centuries of the world's history. Anesthesia of various kinds; asepsis and antisepsis, which have enormously widened the field of operative surgery; the germ theory of disease, with the revolu-

tion it has wrought in curative and preventive treatment; the Roentgen ray, which lays the human frame before the surgeon's eye—these are only a very few of the great discoveries and inventions of modern medical science.

The one great lesson taught by the history of medicine is that freedom of belief, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action are the roots from which it flourishes; and the peoples who enjoy these blessings to the fullest will always lead the world in finding out the secrets of nature and in applying them to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

The Fatted Calf.

THE STORY OF HIS SLAYING, AND OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.

BOURKE began it when we were at school. Bourke is my brother, three years younger, slim and wiry as an Indian—and something of that jealous complexion. I used to beat him in the class-room, while he beat me on the campus; and when I was finally found to be a fair center rush, largely on account of my weight, Bourke nicknamed me the Fatted Calf—and the name stuck.

I know now, and I knew then, that it stuck because I hated it. Folks in this world love to see other people writhe—especially when the other people are fat. There is something ludicrous, and nothing touching, in the anguish of the obese.

My brother Bourke is good to look at, and as fickle as the wind; he has been engaged in the breaking of female hearts since he was in pinafores—a pursuit at which I never strove to excel him. Therefore it was not a great surprise to me when I came upon him and Kate Heath, our next-door neighbor, spooning on the lawn between the two places, and they announced to me in one breath that they were engaged.

"Again?" I asked brutally. "That makes three times this year, doesn't it?"

"It's only two for me," pouted Katharine; "and I don't know whether I will be engaged to Bourke, after all. He says he's going to South America, and if he starts next week, so that he can't be up in the mountains, I don't see the use!" Bourke and I were shouting at her naïve admission, and she looked at us reproachfully. "I didn't say two at one time," she explained with some asperity.

Bourke quieted down and looked anxious.

"Oh, come, Katharine, you're not going to call the thing off for such a silly reason as that," he urged. "I'll be back from Buenos Ayres in less than six months—and think of the letters!"

"I do think of the letters—horrid bores!" his fiancée retorted ungratefully. "What I want is somebody up at Skyland to be nice to me. There's a honeymooning couple in the crowd, and two pairs of engaged wretches. No"—with sudden resolution—"if you're going to South America it's off!"

"See here, Charlie," said my brother, turning to me, as he always did in a

tight place; "you're going to be up at Skyland—what's the matter with you? One Langdon and another Langdon are pretty much the same thing—with the addition of a few pounds."

If he had spared me that last gibe, I might have agreed at once. As it was, I said grimly:

"It is, when you happen to be 'one Langdon'; but if, as in my case, you chance to be 'another Langdon'—that makes all the difference!"

I had loved Katharine Heath, patiently adored her, as many years as I had known her. When she and Bourke were in the kindergarten together, I, in the primary, used to be commissioned to take them to the seat of learning. I think I mentioned that Bourke was breaking female hearts at that early age; he broke Katharine's on an average about once a week—and I had to mend it as best I could in my clumsy, older-boy fashion. Of course she never noticed my devotion, then or later. Who attends to what a fatted calf does? Haven't we always heard disparagement of calf love?

To be a sort of fiancé emeritus to Katharine Heath—the situation promised some happiness, and a great deal of anguish. The latter I was used to; I had chummed with sorrow from the first in this my one love affair, and I dreaded it not at all; but I was afraid the happiness might hurt. Yet, of course, when I saw tears in Katharine's eyes, I took the old position of mender of breaks, patcher-up of torn places, and weakly agreed to all that those two madcaps proposed.

II.

We had been a week at Skyland. I found the sweet decidedly outweighing the bitter in my engagement. Katharine had told me that her grandmother—Heaven bless the old lady, and reward her with lengthened days for her good judgment!—said she was relieved to see that her granddaughter had shown some sense, and had taken me instead of my frivolous brother. Indeed, Kate showed a disposition to burn an almost more than legitimate amount of incense to my vanity, and my vanity wasn't used

to it. I was afraid, sometimes, that I should forget exactly who I was, and how placed, those potent fumes so intoxicating me.

We were lounging home from the links one afternoon, Katharine with her sleeves still rolled to the elbow, her cheeks pink from the exercise. We sought a quiet knoll, and sat where we were in sight of the hotel, with its cottages on the one hand and the shirt-waisted or scarlet-coated players upon the other.

"You make an absolutely perfect fiancé—in public," Katharine began abruptly, without looking at me.

I took from her hand the golf club with which she was digging in the sod.

"That thing is not a hoe," I said reprovingly, with the single intention of destroying her employment so that she might be more likely to look at me when she spoke. "You know I'm only half a fiancé," I went on, "and if I'm filling half the position well, what more can you expect?"

"What, indeed—from some men?" Katharine retorted, and she looked at me now oddly enough.

"Katharine," I said in my most elder-brotherly manner, "I find myself quite enjoying the arrangement. I have looked on at other fellows' mistakes—and I'm growing gray at the business. It always seemed to me that they filled the part rather clumsily. I've believed for years that I could do much better. I've actually been keeping up with the fancies of the modern young woman in the way of sweets and flowers, and such small attentions, with the idle notion of what an ideal fiancé I should be able to make. But of course I don't need to remind you that I am, as it were, on half pay. I trust I do the thing, as you so generously admit, up to the nines in public; that's what I was hired for, I believe. In private," I went on severely, "you would look for no change in my demeanor. You would reprehend anything of that sort, and be the first to reprove it, I am sure."

Her face was turned away, but I was certain she was blushing; and she answered in a small, muffled voice that might have been shaken by either tears or laughter:

"Oh, certainly!"

Somehow I felt pleased at the state of things. I sucked a sense of power from the atmosphere of it.

"Com," I said, rising and offering my hand, "let's go and sit in the pagoda, or joss-house, or whatever they call that absurd thing over there on the lawn. The sun is too warm for you here." She rose obediently, and walked beside me. I really believed I was getting somewhere, making some point, though Heaven knows it seemed unlikely. "And then, my dear Katharine," I returned to the charge in a rather patronizing tone, "you must consider *me* in this matter. I am aware that nobody ever does; but pray let me suggest that you should, for a moment only. I delight, I positively revel, in showing the devotion of a fiancé in public. But I should not wish, by my demeanor when we're alone together, to cheapen that sentiment which I hold sacred to—which I hold sacred to—"

"Oh!" cried Kate, pausing abruptly in the door of the little summer-house, and drawing back with wide, startled eyes. "Another girl!"

"An ideal," I returned loftily.

"How interesting!" she murmured, as we settled ourselves comfortably. I suspected latent irony in her tone; but she looked up very sweetly, and went on: "So you've got an ideal, you dear old Carl!" Everybody else calls me Charlie, which is absurd for a big man. "Please tell me all about her!"

Then I launched forth upon what I conceived to be the greatest piece of diplomacy of my life. The chances were even that Bourke would hold to this engagement, fickle as he was—who could ever weary of Katharine? Well, then, I would have her for a sister-in-law; and in that case, what more desirable than that my foolish infatuation should be buried, and hidden, and forgotten?

I looked at the dear girl before me, who had always appeared to me the most lovable and desirable creature on earth, and I described to her an ideal which was pretty near her opposite in every point I mentioned. I don't, as a usual thing, like inflicting pain, even when it is merely wounding a young coquette's vanity—and nobody could

deny that Kate was a good deal of a flirt; but it really was a pleasure to me to observe the trembling lip and moistened eye with which she received my statements.

"You see," I concluded, as a finishing stroke, "my tastes and Bourke's are quite different."

"Bourke! Don't mention Bourke, please!"

This was so open a bid for me to make a fool of myself that I remonstrated.

"See here, Katharine, I may be fat—well, I *am* fat—but I'm not everything that begins with *f*."

"You mean you're not a fool," she said. "I think you are. A man's never quite such an idiot about—about certain things as when he believes he isn't—when he thinks he knows it all!"

The speech was not conciliatory; but the tears which came with it were more than I could bear. I caught the two little hands, and drew her around to face me. We were quite alone in our joss-house, and I asked tremulously:

"What's the matter, dear? Tell me. You know I will make it all right for you. I always have—I always do, don't I?"

"You can't do anything about this," she mourned. "It's Bourke!"

I sat upright suddenly, and almost pushed her away. Here she was grieving for Bourke, and I had been such a conceited fool as to fancy that she cared about what my ideals were!

"He is coming home," she whispered. "I got a telegram. He turned back at Tampa."

In the excitement of this news it did not occur to me to observe that Kate ought naturally to have been delighted over it instead of weeping. I got abruptly to my feet. I went and stood in the summer-house door. How things had changed for me in one moment! And yet, what a fool a man can be! What had I had the moment before? A little cheat of happiness; a paltry and humiliating position which a man of spirit would never have accepted.

I looked out and saw Bourke descending from the auto which the hotel sent to the station to meet guests. I put my fingers to my lips, and gave the old-time

whistle with which all the boys on our block used to call one another. He turned, saw me, waved his hand, and I beckoned.

"Here comes Bourke," I said to the girl behind me in the summer-house. "I'm going."

There were two doors to the summer-house. Kate caught my arm as I passed her.

"Don't! You mustn't. Stay and tell him—tell him—you mustn't go!"

I looked down at her sternly, yet longingly.

"Tell him what?" I asked. "Tell him that I've been in love with the girl he's engaged to ever since we were children? Tell him that I can't get over it to suit him—just simply because she's to be my sister-in-law? Tell him—oh, Kate, you push a man's strength too far! You expect too much of me. I'm only human, like the rest of them. I can't help loving you, and I haven't the grace to keep still about it!"

All at once I knew why I had been made so big and strong; it seemed to me for one dizzy instant that it was to take care of this sweetest and tenderest of God's creatures. I dropped my hands softly down to her arms, and, lifting her as I had done many a time when she was a child, I kissed her softly and sorrowfully on lips that answered mine. Then I set her down.

"Bourke's coming," I whispered—of course I would put an anticlimax to a scene like that—and I shot out of one door as he entered by the other.

III.

I WALKED blindly for a few moments, with Kate's kiss on my lips, her voice in my ears—crying after me:

"Carl—Carl—don't go!"

When I thought they had had time for their lovers' raptures, I went deliberately back—better have it over now. They didn't look very rapturous as I went in. Bourke nodded a careless greeting; Katharine was in the middle of a sentence.

"I tell you I never cared anything at all about you, Bourke," she was saying. "I didn't think, and don't think, that you care anything about me. You just

have to flirt with every girl that's around. I engaged myself to you to see if I couldn't make him notice it, anyhow. If I was mistaken, and have really hurt you, I'm sorry."

Oh, then it wasn't Bourke, but somebody else! I was surprised to find a relief to know that I should not have Katharine for a sister-in-law. I wasted no thought upon Bourke's suffering from any sentimental wound.

And I was right in this, it seems; he looked from one to the other of us with dancing eyes.

"Well, then," he said gaily, "I'm to understand that you two are engaged—genuinely engaged. I call that a pretty state of affairs for a man to find awaiting him. You're a nice brother, Charlie, you are!"

"No, we're not," complained Katharine, between petulance and laughter. "It isn't my fault, I'm sure; but the stupid old thing won't ask me!"

A great light was breaking upon me. I don't think I said anything; I don't know what I did; but my next consciousness was that I was standing with my arm about Kate, facing my returned brother.

"The very thing!" exclaimed that individual. "Kate's been hopelessly gone on you for years; I knew it, but I never gave her any encouragement," he rattled on merrily. "Well, you two are engaged and I'm—married! Don't all speak at once, please. Yes, it's a new one. I met her at Tampa. She was staying with the Heywards. Her father had just died, and things were going to be pretty hard for her."

"Married!" repeated Katharine, with an incredulous note in her voice. "Where's your wife?"

But her suspicions were unfounded; the wife was produced in due season. We held a little family banquet that evening in one of the hotel ordinaries, to present Bourke's wife and announce my engagement. When it came to toasts and speech-making, Bourke made some extremely brilliant remarks about the return of the prodigal and the slaying of the fatted calf. He was supposably the prodigal, and he alleged that the latter animal had fallen to Katharine's bow and spear.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Three Famous Reformers.

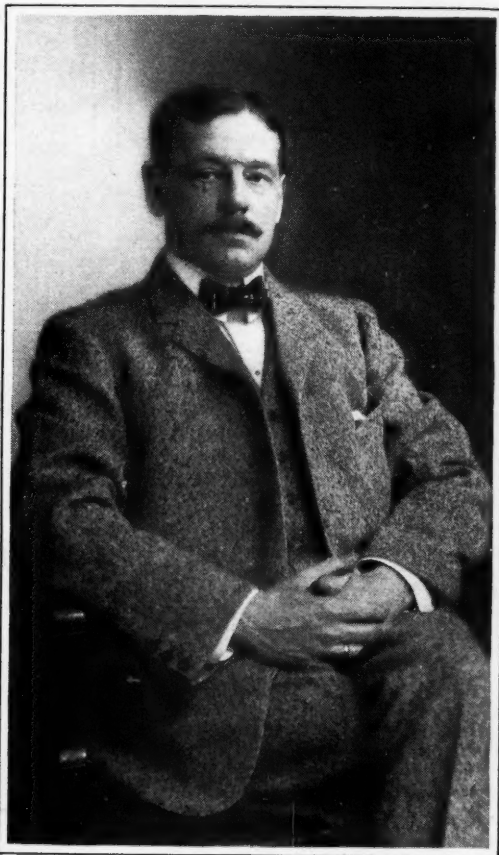
NOTHING is more interesting in American life than the appearance of a real reformer, one who by activity, courage, and genuine interest in the work at hand really accomplishes a material change for the better. In most of our large cities the last decade has been a period so productive of intolerable conditions that the better element, at times, almost lapsed into despair. Spasmodic reform movements met with only temporary success, and corrupt rings, backed by organized armies of heelers, grafters, and plunderers, dominated the situation.

About five years ago the tide began to turn, and some really great victories came within reach of the reformers. San Francisco turned things upside down. Minneapolis revolted against the ring; its government became involved in a most sensational boodle scandal. New Orleans cast off its leeches; Philadelphia upset the plans of its oldest pillagers. New York, writhing under the burdens put upon her by the criminal neglect of her officials and the industrious activity of her criminals, struck several vigorous blows for a readjustment. All over the Union the power of the collective conscience was made manifest.

Among the men who won public favor and applause, to say nothing of personal satisfaction, because of actual good accomplished, one may discern three distinct types; types represented by William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, and Judge William H. H. Emmons, chairman of the Boston police commission. All these men have done things worth while. They have inspired law-breakers with fear, they have

smashed rings, they have broken up criminal alliances between classes whose very acquaintance means peril to law and order. They have done more, perhaps, than any three men in similar walks of life to remove contempt for the law and to substitute respect.

District Attorney Jerome represents the type that fights vice, and all that it stands for, with an ax. He believes in breaking down doors, and in battering his way to any spot where it is necessary



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK CITY.

From a photograph by Paley, New York.



JOSEPH W. FOLK, CIRCUIT ATTORNEY OF ST. LOUIS,
MISSOURI.

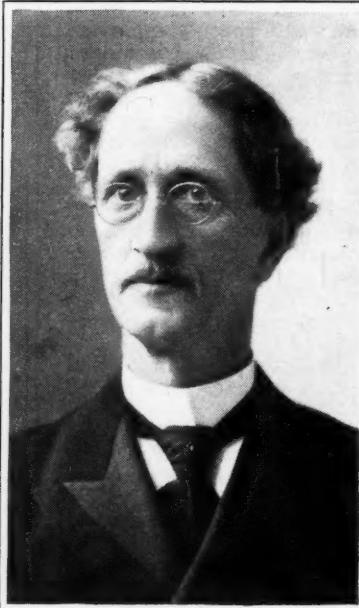
*From a photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Strauss,
St. Louis.*

to serve a summons. He fights cunning with force. When campaigns are on, he mounts platforms, and says just what he thinks about people whom he regards with disfavor. Rich and poor alike must pay the penalty of their misdeeds whenever their cases come within the radius of his official activity. He has harassed the gambling fraternity of New York so that there is a difference of several millions of dollars a month in their pool-room and card-table transactions. He has repeatedly raided top-floor faro tables where poor men are robbed of their wages and gilded roulette layouts at which only the very rich are allowed to play. Get-rich-quick concerns, confidence men, lawless corporations, jury fixers, false witnesses—all these recognize in him a terribly persistent enemy bent solely on filling the jails and penitentiaries with their kind. Jérôme at times may seem spectacular, but this impression is generally offset by his effectiveness.

Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, belongs in an entirely different class. He began to attack corruption

among the politicians, bending his energies to the work of purging the city council of St. Louis. He set his course straight ahead, and, hewing to the line, let the chips fall where they would. In a very short time he developed the astounding fact that the boodlers were in absolute control of the city, that money was being used in every direction, that hardly an official hand had escaped the stain of bribery. Folk struck at the very root of things, and of the eighteen corruptionists whom he brought to the bar, seventeen were convicted. Through the intervention of a higher court they escaped punishment, but there was a healthy state of panic among the men at whom he pointed accusingly.

The people of St. Louis recognized traits in Folk that make for popularity. His fame spread from the city to the country, and he was suggested as the best candidate for the Governorship of Missouri on the Democratic ticket. The convention named him with four hundred and thirty-eight votes from the country delegates, as against one hundred and eleven votes from St. Louis. The machine beat him out in the Missouri



JUDGE WILLIAM H. H. EMMONS, CHAIRMAN OF
THE POLICE COMMISSION, BOSTON.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Purdy, Boston.

metropolis, but the rural vote seems tolerably certain to elect him Governor.

When this magazine reaches its readers, it is barely possible that New York's district attorney may be seriously considered for a similar honor in the Empire State. Apparently it pays to be a reformer who really reforms something.

"Some one told the Governor I had

effectively disciplined the police under him, not to mention such side enterprises as a tour of the churches and Sunday school classes for the purpose of delivering lectures on morals. He has organized support all over the city, and spends half the night exploring the dives in the slums. He is a terror to evil-doers, and frequently appears, phantom-like, in the



MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS, WHO HAS COMPILED TWELVE RULES WHICH SHE CLAIMS WILL AID IN ABOLISHING THE DIVORCE EVIL.

From a photograph by Gilbert, Philadelphia.

been talking too much. The Governor said that if that was my only fault, they had little to complain of." This from Judge William H. H. Emmons, chairman of the Boston police commission. He was appointed to his post by Governor Bates of Massachusetts. His whole policy, since he appeared on the horizon of Boston's criminal zone, has been to make it so hot for the lawless element that quick exits were found preferable to long conversations. Judge Emmons has succeeded in putting a stop to prize-fighting, has driven the gamblers into hiding, restrained public drunkenness, and has

midst of high revelers, clapping the hand of the law tightly about the sinful. He is a constant round of distressing surprises to the submerged tenth.

In appearance he resembles a Quaker—tall, severe, and plainly attired in frock coat, black tie, and slouch hat. For seventeen years he was a justice in the Boston police courts. He knows almost every "tough" in and around the city, and invariably acts quickly whenever any of the belligerent gentry fall into his clutches.

While his picture would give one the impression of unchangeable sternness,

Judge Emmons greets everybody with a most fascinating smile. Even the crooks have witnessed this bland expression in all its ambiguous qualities. Owing to his judicial training, he takes great delight in tendering legal lectures to any and all classes, summing up with a vehemence that leaves little to be said. Hence, no doubt, arose the impression that the commissioner talks too much. But the Governor holds that a man who effectively upholds public order in a great city, as does Judge Emmons, has accomplished something worth talking about.

Will These Prevent Divorce?

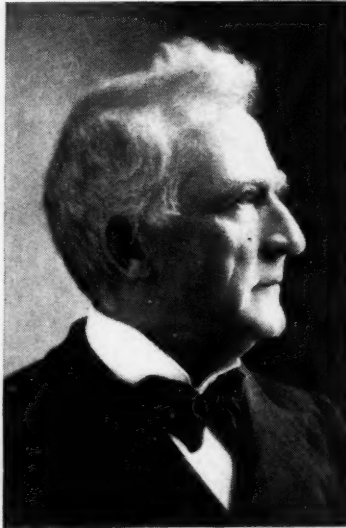
MRS. FREDERIC SCHOFF, president of the National Congress of Mothers, at the annual convention held in Chicago a few weeks ago, set forth some rather interesting rules, twelve in number, which she declares will go far toward abolishing the divorce evil. Briefly stated, her twelve matrimonial commandments are as follows:

1. Begin at the beginning by teaching children the real meaning and sacredness of marriage.
2. Teach them that it is a permanent relation, for life or nothing.
3. Enlighten girls as to their duty as future wives and mothers.
4. Impress upon boys the fact that marriage is the holiest bond in life.
5. Never advise girls to marry for any other motive than love.
6. Money should be strictly ruled out of the marriage consideration. Character is the chief requisite.
7. Make re-marriage for divorced people impossible.
8. Ostracize absolutely divorced couples who re-marry.
9. Let ministers all over the country unite to refuse sanction to such marriages.
10. Let unhappily mated pairs focus every effort to making the best of the situation.
11. Let impossibly mated couples separate, but not remarry.
12. Let parents, teachers, clergymen, legislators, and all reformers unite to utterly discourage the evil and stamp it out of the country.

Mrs. Schoff further gave it as her opinion that the solemn formula "for better, for worse, until death us do part," was the only basis upon which the bond of holy wedlock should be established.

Colonel John S. Mosby.

In order that he might accept an appointment as assistant attorney in the Department of Justice, Colonel John S. Mosby has taken up his residence in Washington. There was a time in the early sixties when the arrival of this intrepid Southerner at the capital of the United States would have meant a tragedy. Every man who remembers the Civil War will appreciate this statement.



COLONEL JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY, NOW IN HIS SEVENTY-FIRST YEAR, WHO ORGANIZED AND LED THE FAMOUS "MOSBY GUERRILLAS" DURING THE CIVIL WAR, AND WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN APPOINTED TO AN ASSISTANT ATTORNEYSHIP IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, AT WASHINGTON.

From a photograph.

It was this same John S. Mosby, a young Virginian, who organized the corps known to history as Mosby's Partizan Rangers. The mission and the pleasure of the colonel and his men consisted in harassing the Union army by cutting communications, destroying supply trains, capturing pay wagons, and otherwise doing every possible sort of mischief in the rear of the Federal troops.

His command of cavalry, while officially under Lee, was practically independent of all army restrictions, and his movements were directed solely by the skill and energy of Mosby himself.

The greatest punishment Mosby could inflict upon a member of his command was to send him back to the "regular" army. Mosby had between six and seven hundred troopers under him—soldiers of fortune, officers from the regulars, free-lance Southerners aflame with patriotic love for the South, boys who broke from their mothers' very arms to follow him, and civilians clamoring for a fight to the finish. No more mixed command, and no braver one, ever went forth to war. The story of its engagements and its exploits is the most romantic historical



WALTER J. TRAVIS, WHOSE DEFEAT OF EDWARD BLACKWOOD ON THE SANDWICH LINKS IN ENGLAND, WON FOR HIM THE TITLE OF AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

From a photograph.

picture of the Civil War, each chapter of which is a record of heroism.

Among the boys who came to Mosby begging for leave to join his command was one John W. Munson, from Richmond. Munson was but sixteen years of age, raw-boned, and large for his years. Mosby looked him over and detected the fighting characteristics evident in every inch of the Richmond youngster, with the result that John Munson joined Mosby's Guerrillas, as they were commonly called in the South, and remained at the

colonel's side, frequently sleeping on the same pillow, until the close of the war.

Colonel Mosby has often said that no man living to-day is better equipped to write the story of those eventful years than this same John Munson, who now resides, surrounded by a large family of boys, in Orange, New Jersey. The stirring incidents that swirled about his youth are still fresh in his mind, and his pen is busy setting down the story of "The Recollections of Mosby's Youngest

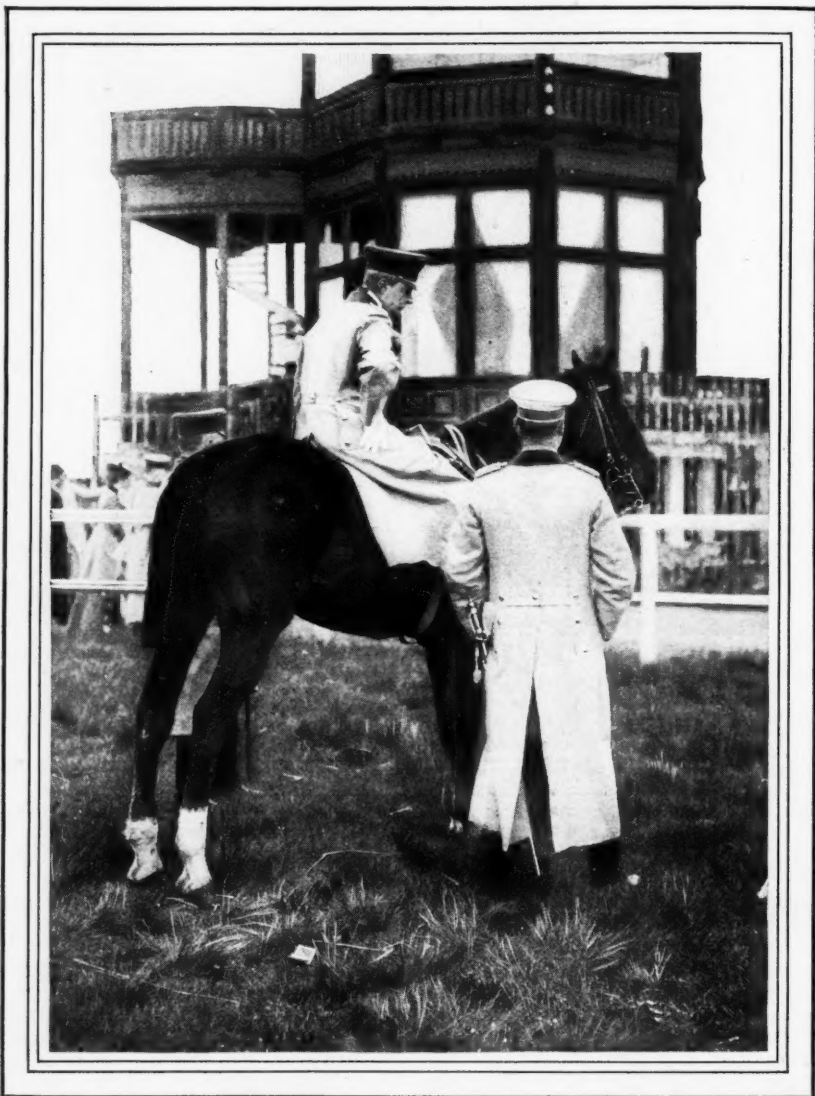
Guerrilla," which will begin in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE at an early date, illustrated with some hitherto unpublished pictures.

Mr. Munson will relate countless untold stories of Mosby's Guerrillas, and tell how it came about that Mosby, who neither drank, smoked, gambled, nor swore, and who weighed but one hundred and twenty-three pounds, ruled with an

iron hand the wildest, fiercest, and most terrifying cavalry command that ever raided a supply train.

Travis, the Golf Champion.

WALTER J. TRAVIS, an American, three times amateur champion of his own country, has won a similar title in Great



CROWN-PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM ON HIS FAVORITE STEEPLECHASER KERIMAN, ON WHOM HE RAN THE FAMOUS DEAD HEAT WITH LIEUTENANT VON PLESSSEN IN BERLIN.

From a photograph by Blank, Berlin.

Britain, where he defeated some of the best golfers in the world on the Sandwich links, in Kent, at the beginning of June. In the early rounds of the British tournament he had to meet a series of redoubtable antagonists, including Holden, of Liverpool, Robb, of St. Andrews, and Reade, the Irish champion. His closest match was that with Robb, whom he defeated by a single hole; his easiest victory was in the fifth round, when he won from Hilton, a former English champion, by five up and four to play. In the semi-final he vanquished Hutchinson, of Liverpool, who had put out Maxwell, the title-holder, in the previous round.

Edward Blackwood, of St. Andrews, the last hope of Britain, who met Travis in the final, is a Scottish player, magnificent in driving and accomplished in putting. The concluding match was at thirty-six holes, and it was played in a gale of wind, which did not seem to trouble Travis any more than his antagonist. Both were more or less erratic in the long game, but on the greens Travis gave a display of steadiness and accuracy that astonished the spectators and won the coveted trophy, his margin of victory being the decisive one of four holes, with three to play.

Next year Travis will have to defend his title at Prestwick, in Ayrshire, the famous links there having been selected as the scene of the British amateur championship of 1905.

Travis is a man of forty-two, but he did not take up golf till 1886. Within a year or two he was carrying off club honors, but he gained no prominence in the sport until 1898, when he tried for the United States championship, but was defeated by Findlay Douglas in the semi-final round. Two years later he won the title, a success which he repeated in 1901 and again last year.

No golf player here or abroad has the



COURTENAY PERCY ROBERT VERNON, BARON LYVEDEN—AS CHAIRMAN OF A LONDON MUNICIPAL COMMITTEE LORD LYVEDEN RECENTLY COMPLETED A TOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN CITIES. IN HIS YOUTH HE SPENT SOME YEARS IN AMERICA, SERVING FOR A TIME AS A WAITER ON THE NEW YORK BOWERY.

From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

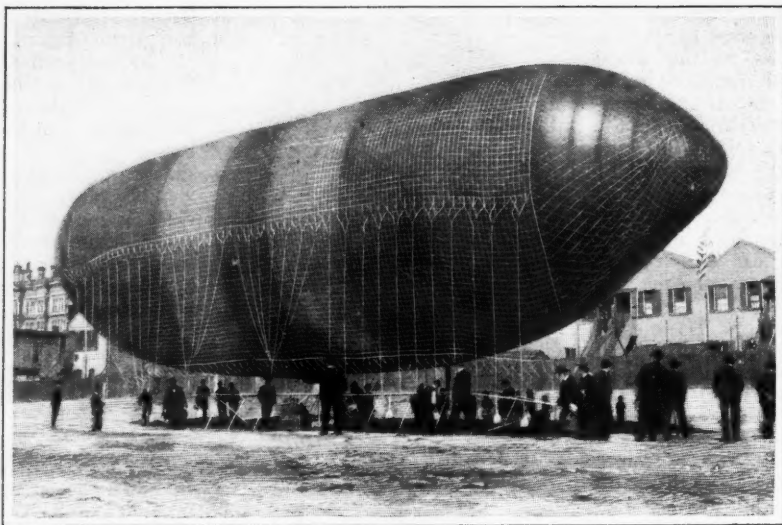
Travis originality. He has little regard for the strict rules of form, scoffs at players who are attached to particular clubs, and holds to the theory that a good sportsman should play a first-class game with any set of clubs over any links. It is said that he frequently selects a new style of putter on the eve of a tournament, and plays with it as skilfully as if he had handled it for years.

The only consolation that England found in the defeat of her champions lies in the fact that Travis was born in Australia. No doubt the entire British empire regrets that he did not remain under the old flag.

The Strenuous Crown Prince.

GERMANY has not only its emperor, but its emperor's son and heir as well. What of his imperial sire's characteristics the crown prince has inherited will be left for the court biographers to record. Just at present the young man is attracting attention because of his somewhat unusual achievements on horseback. A few months ago he startled the army by riding in full accouterments, mounted on one of his best gallopers, to the head of the marble stairway approaching the Sans Souci Palace at Potsdam with a full company of infantry at his heels. The maneuver did not meet with his royal father's approval. It elicited much applause on the part of the populace, however, and Prince Frederick William was frequently thereafter pointed out as the strenuous son of a strenuous sire. It was even whispered that the Kaiser, while publicly frowning upon the exhibition, privately considered it a daring piece of horsemanship—as indeed it was.

Recently the crown prince on his favorite steeplechaser Keriman, on the course of the Berlin-Potsdam Riding Club, ran a dead heat with Lieutenant von Plessen, a nephew of General von



A GENERAL VIEW OF DR. AUGUST GRETH'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON, WITH WHICH HE MADE HIS EXPERIMENTS IN CALIFORNIA THIS SUMMER.

From a photograph by Backus, San Francisco.

Plessen, who was here as adjutant to Prince Henry during his American visit. Under ordinary circumstances the race should have been run off. The prince, immediately after dismounting from his horse, bowed to his opponent and resigned the prize. It was a gracious act which lost none of its luster from the fact that Plessen is regarded as the best horseman in the German army; and when the story came to the emperor, he smiled with that keen satisfaction which is the outward expression of inward pride.

Lord Lyveden's Career.

COURTENAY PERCY ROBERT VERNON, third Baron Lyveden, who recently visited America for the purpose of studying the management of our chief cities, with thirty members of a municipal committee from London, is not ashamed of his previous association with the industry of the United States.

As a boy, Lyveden selected, at the request of his father, the late rector of Grafton Underwood in Northamptonshire, a career in the army, but failing in his examinations enlisted as a private in the Royal Artillery. From the field he drifted to the stage, playing in several English productions. In 1884 he came to the United States, met with financial losses, and accepted employment as a waiter on the New York Bowery. Not

unnaturally, he soon tired of his occupation, and went to North Carolina, where he engaged in the fishing industry. This, too, proved to be a life that did not suit him, and he fled from it to become a sailor on a steamship in the South American trade. Finally he wound up his American career on the liner *Paris*, now the *Philadelphia*. On this boat he became head steward, an occupation which he is said to have adorned.

In 1901 he succeeded, on the death of his uncle, the second Lord Lyveden, to the family titles and estates, and since that time he has become one of the most popular peers in the United Kingdom. He is proud of the honest dollars that he earned in the United States, and on his recent visit entertained his associates with many interesting narratives of his early life on this side of the water.

The municipal committee of which Lord Lyveden was chairman visited St. Louis, Washington, Niagara Falls, and other points of interest, and received various courtesies at the hands of public officials.

Dr. Greth's Dirigible Balloon.

DR. AUGUST GRETH, the Californian whose dirigible balloon has attracted the attention of aeronauts all over the world, is to give at St. Louis an exhibition of his ability to steer his air-ship whither he

wills. That Santos Dumont, the Lebaudy brothers, and others equally anxious to depart from and return to the earth gently and with their skins intact are keeping a professional eye open on Greth, there is no doubt, for it is generally admitted that the California genius, but for a slight accident to his machinery, would easily have beaten the thirty-eight-mile record for a single flight, made by the Lebaudys in France.

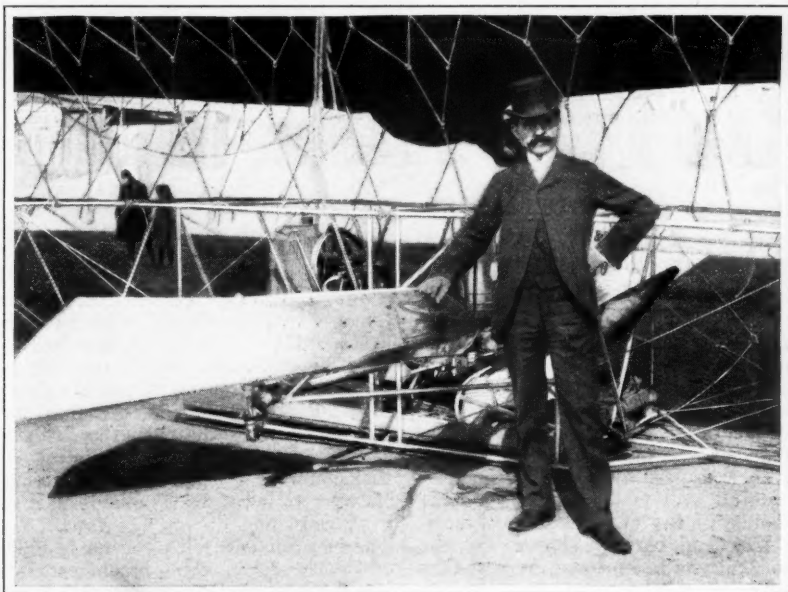
Incidentally it should be stated that, according to the newspaper reports, the Greth experiment in San Francisco contemplated carrying as passengers Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, a veteran balloonist, and Frederick W. Belcher, an expert machinist, to whom the operation of the motors was to be intrusted. For some reason or other, never satisfactorily explained to the interested spectators, or even to Dr. Greth and Mr. Belcher, Captain Baldwin, after making a short speech to the assembled guests, stepped into the car, gave the signal to the men at the ropes, and the air-ship slowly rose from the ground.

Dr. Greth and his machinist, gathering the impression that the captain was merely trying out the mechanism, remained out of the car. Great was their astonishment when the lone occupant

signaled to free the monster tugging at the ropes, and the next instant sailed away, putting the air-ship through a series of evolutions that were remarkable exhibitions of the ease with which the operator could control the vessel in a north wind that was blowing. Presently the machinery stopped, and the American Eagle, as Dr. Greth calls his creation, settled to the ground. The inventor and the machinist reached the scene of the descent on trolley cars. Baldwin blamed the motors for the stoppage. Belcher, with wrath in his eye, stepped over to the machine, touched a wheel, and set it whirring at a great rate. Apparently Baldwin was confounded. Dr. Greth holds that had Belcher been at the mechanism during the trip, the American Eagle would have beaten all records.

The propellers of the Greth air-ship, there being one on each side, have a diameter of six and a half feet, and are built of aluminum. The motor used is a fifteen-horse-power automobile engine, delivering about five horse-power to each propeller.

Dr. Greth is at work upon a dirigible balloon about twice the size of his present air-ship. He will construct three new types in all. One of them will have four propellers and two motors, with a lifting



THE MOTOR MECHANISM OF THE GRETH AIR-SHIP—DR. AUGUST GRETH, THE INVENTOR, IS SHOWN WITH HIS HAND RESTING ON ONE OF THE PROPELLER BLADES.

From a photograph by Backus, San Francisco.



GENERAL OKU, THE JAPANESE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY BESIEGING PORT ARTHUR—HIS COUNTRYMEN REGARD HIM AS A STRATEGIST OF UNUSUAL BRILLIANCE.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.



REAR-ADMIRAL NASHIBA, SAVED FROM HIS FLAGSHIP, THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP HATSUSE, WHICH ON MAY 15 STRUCK A FLOATING MINE TEN MILES FROM PORT ARTHUR AND SANK.

From a photograph by Maruki, Tokio.

capacity of nearly four thousand pounds, qualifying it to carry several passengers.

Congressman Dick's Successor.

ONE of the political surprises of the year is the nomination of W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, for Congress, from the famous old Garfield district in Ohio. Nomination in that district, when the nominee is on the Republican ticket, means election. Mr. Thomas is thirty-five years of age, and a bachelor. He is rated as a millionaire, having business interests all over Ohio, the most important being in the manufacture of steel machinery and clay products. If the election goes as is expected, he will take his seat at Washington in December next, to fill out the unexpired term of General Dick, who resigned in order to take the late Mark Hanna's seat in the Senate.

The old Garfield district is famous for the reason that it has had but five Congressmen to represent it in the last fifty-eight years. What is still more interesting, all five figured in the history of the country. The first was John R. Giddings, the celebrated anti-slavery agitator. Following him was James A. Garfield, who was Senator-elect and President-elect while yet in Congress. Garfield's election to the Presidency made room for Judge Ezra R. Taylor, who served twelve years, at the end of which time he declined further honors, resigning from political life. He was followed by Stephen A. Northway, who died during his fourth term. The mantle then fell upon the shoulders of Charles Dick, whose recent promotion left the field open again.

Thomas, while not especially experienced in the game of politics, was induced to enter the lists. In the light of

circumstances that subsequently developed, he found himself in the position of a compromise candidate. Warring factions turned to him for peace, and drawing his strength from all quarters he was nominated.

The younger political generation in

is composed of men who with but three exceptions are over fifty years of age.

Gen. Kuropatkin's Icon.

AN icon is a religious picture associated with the worship of the Russian



W. AUBREY THOMAS, REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEE FROM THE OLD GARFIELD DISTRICT OF OHIO, FROM WHICH GENERAL CHARLES DICK RESIGNED TO SUCCEED THE LATE MARK HANNA IN THE SENATE.

From a photograph.

Ohio seem to be reaping the rewards of youth. Eight of the twenty-one members who seem sure of election to the next Congress are under thirty-nine years of age, and five are under thirty-five. The present delegation from Ohio

church. Any sort of a picture may be converted into an icon by receiving the blessing of a priest. Mosaics, bas-reliefs, enamels set in brass and gold, and miniature oil paintings are preferred.

Since Russia found herself plunged in-

to war there has been an unprecedented demand for icons among the soldiers, the faithful regarding the possession of one as a protection against death and disaster. All the Russian generals have been presented with these religious pictures, some of them being magnificently worked and very expensive. The icon shown in the illustration on this page is one that was given to General Kuropatkin when he left St. Petersburg for the front.

Every Russian regiment has its icon, which is carried aloft when the soldiers go into battle. Many wonderful stories are told of the power of these talismans, and almost all devout members of the Greek church possess one in some form or other.

David d'Angers' Washington.

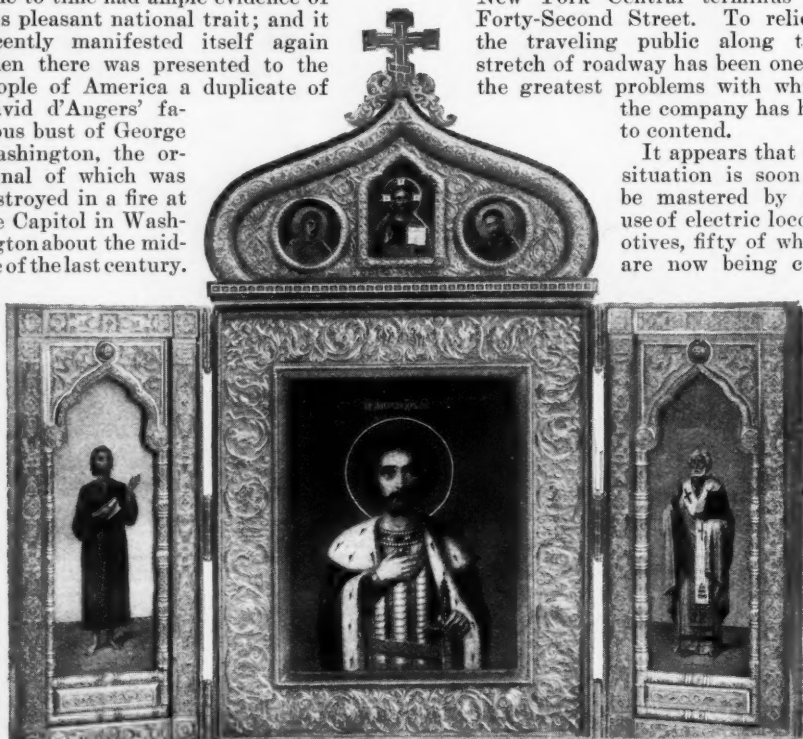
It is probably true that the French are entitled to be regarded as the most appreciative of peoples. America has from time to time had ample evidence of this pleasant national trait; and it recently manifested itself again when there was presented to the people of America a duplicate of David d'Angers' famous bust of George Washington, the original of which was destroyed in a fire at the Capitol in Washington about the middle of the last century.

The duplicate bronze, now occupying a place of honor in the United States Capitol, was brought into existence at the suggestion of the descendants of Rochambeau and other prominent Frenchman who visited this country last year. As one way of paying us a delicate compliment, and of recalling the early struggles for independence in which France had a memorable share, the idea of duplicating the bust took shape, and by popular subscription a fund was raised which has reproduced the lost work of the great French sculptor.

Seventy-Five Miles an Hour.

THE American traveling public is familiar with the famous New York Central tunnel on Manhattan Island. It is perhaps the most uncomfortable, soot-filled, sweltering tunnel on the American continent, made so because it is the only avenue through which three hundred and sixty trains a day come and go from the New York Central terminus on Forty-Second Street. To relieve the traveling public along this stretch of roadway has been one of the greatest problems with which the company has had to contend.

It appears that the situation is soon to be mastered by the use of electric locomotives, fifty of which are now being con-



A REPRODUCTION OF THE ICON, OR HOLY PICTURE, GIVEN TO GENERAL KUROPATKIN BY HIS FRIENDS WHEN HE LEFT ST. PETERSBURG FOR THE SEAT OF WAR—AN ICON IS THOUGHT, BY DEVOUT RUSSIANS, TO GUARD ITS OWNER AGAINST DISASTER.

From a photograph by Bulla, St. Petersburg.

structed in Schenectady for the tunnel traffic. These powerful engines will develop twenty-eight hundred horse-power each, or, to be more explicit through comparison, one thousand horse-power more than that developed by the steam locomotives now hauling the Empire State Express and the Twentieth Century Limited when running at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

The electric motors will weigh about eighty-five tons apiece, and are constructed to run with safety at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. Their length will be thirty-seven feet, and they are built on the double-ender principle, so that they will run in either direction with equal facility. They will take the place of steam locomotives on all through trains as far north as Croton, thirty-four miles on the Hudson division, and White Plains, twenty-four miles on the Harlem division.

This means the elimination of the old steam locomotives from the New York terminal of the road, and the restoration of normal temperatures in the Manhattan tunnel, the most important and widely popular improvement made by the New York Central company during the last decade.

Canada's New Governor-General.

The advent of a new Governor-General of Canada means no such unsettling of policy and upheaval of personnel as are wont to follow a change of Presidents at Washington. The functions of the Canadian viceroy are mainly ornamental, and it makes small practical difference whether they are performed by one suave aristocrat or by another. Britain turns out



THE REPLICA OF DAVID D'ANGERS' BUST OF WASHINGTON, PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA—ITS DUPLICATE WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN WASHINGTON YEARS AGO.

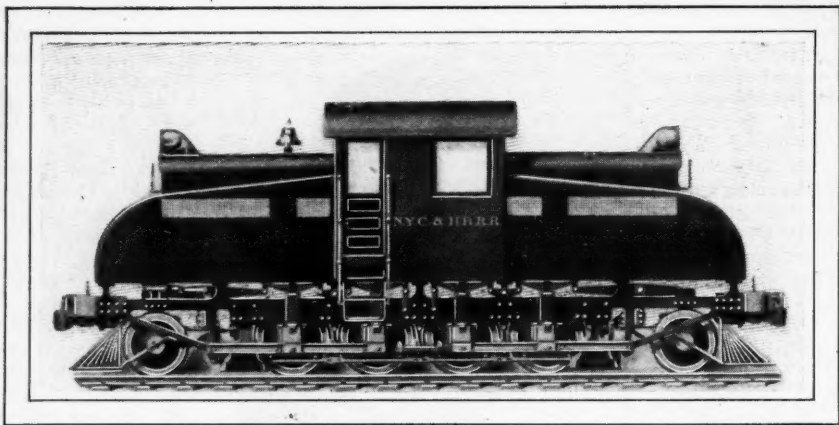
From a photograph—Copyright, 1904, by Wallen Parwett, Washington.

a whole class of these soldier diplomats, and excellent service, on the whole, they have done for the empire. In its newer lands they stand sword in hand, as it were, as pioneers of organized government and pro-consuls over unruly savages. In its established and self-governing states they don gorgeous uniforms and hold miniature courts as representatives of the throne that forms the one great tangible bond of imperial unity.

Hence the appointment of Albert Henry George, fourth Earl Grey, to succeed Lord Minto at Ottawa is a matter of personal rather than political interest. The two earls are brothers-in-law, the Countess of Minto being the sister of her husband's suc-

cessor. Both come of old Border families—Minto from the Scottish side of the once blood-stained line, Grey from the English. Each, by a curious coincidence, is the fourth holder of his earldom, Minto's title dating from 1813, Grey's from 1806. Both are men a little beyond fifty, the newcomer being four years the younger. Both know the world and have seen service. In a word, both are good types of their class.

The Greys have helped to make the last hundred and fifty years of British history. The peerage was created for Major-General Charles Grey, who commanded a brigade of Howe's army at Germantown in 1777, and who afterwards took St. Lucia and other West Indian islands from the French. The second earl was the English prime minister who passed the Reform Bill and abolished slavery. The third was twice a cabinet minister; his cousin, Sir George Grey, served in four cabinets. The third earl dying childless, the title is now held



TYPE OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE SOON TO BE INSTALLED ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD TO HAUL TRAINS THROUGH THE MANHATTAN TUNNEL—THESE MOTORS HAVE A SPEED OF SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

by his nephew, a son of the General Grey who was private secretary to the Prince Consort, and who piloted King Edward through the United States in 1860.

The present Earl Grey is one of the men who have done most to build a great British state in South Africa. He was one of the close friends and allies of Cecil Rhodes, and stood with him in organizing and financing his pet enterprise, the Chartered Company, which seized the empire between the Orange and the Zambesi just in time to forestall the greedy hands of other nationalities. When Dr. Jameson's suicidal raid on the Transvaal ruined its leader and sent him from high command in Africa to an English prison, Lord Grey succeeded the adventurous Scottish doctor as administrator of Rhodesia. His work there was warmly commended, and set him in line for some such high position in the imperial service as the post to which he has just been appointed.

People Talked About.

PHILANDER C. KNOX, Attorney-General of the United States and Senator-designate succeeding the late Matthew Stanley Quay from Pennsylvania, is one of the most democratic Cabinet officers that ever lived in Washington. In most of the cases that have signalized his connection with the Department of Justice, he has made it a point to lay great stress upon the part played by his subordinates. His manner is frankness personified, and his straightforward style of speech is suggestive of the West. While he lives in a fine home well equipped with attend-

ants, he not infrequently answers his own door-bell and ushers his visitor into the reception-room.

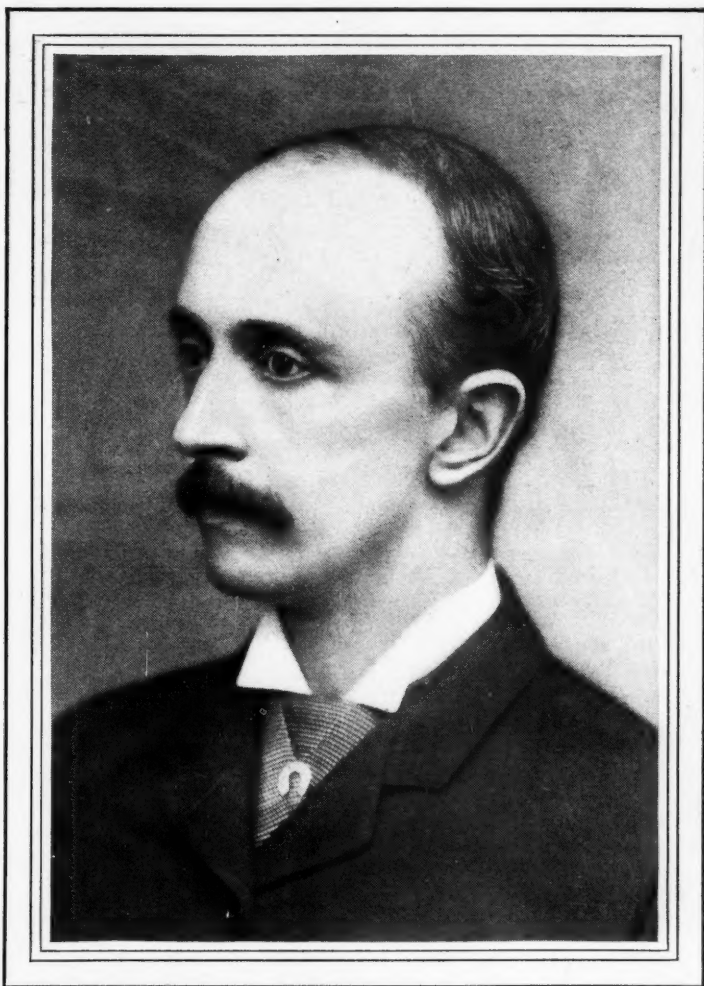
ALBERT, Prince of Monaco, it has been announced from the tiny principality whose chief attractions are its scenic beauty and its famous gambling resort, is about to visit the United States in his steam yacht, the *Alice*. The prince is devoted to the study of oceanography, and will explore American and West Indian waters. It is his desire that the people of the United States should be made familiar with the fact, or alleged fact, that the entire profits of his gaming tables are devoted "to the cause of charity, to the advancement of science, and to good works." Small consolation this to the player who lays his odds on red when the ball rolls into the black!

ADJUTANT-GENERAL SHERMAN BELL, who held command in Colorado during the recent campaign between the union miners and the National Guard of that State, first attracted attention as one of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, subsequently known as Roosevelt's Rough-Riders. He developed an almost dog-like devotion to his lieutenant-colonel, and followed him through the war of 1898 with a fidelity that won for him the confidence and good will of the man on horseback, who later became President.

During Roosevelt's tour of the country in the 1900 campaign, the first man to meet him on the Colorado State line was Sherman Bell. When the Vice-Presidential candidate spoke in the town hall

of Victor, some miners started a racket, and continued the disturbance after the visiting party left the building. Sherman Bell followed Roosevelt to his special car, and climbed up on the rear plat-

editor of royal blood in Europe. He edits and publishes what he chooses to call *Glas Czernogorca* (The Montenegrin Voice). The policy of his newspaper is to print such things as will attract the



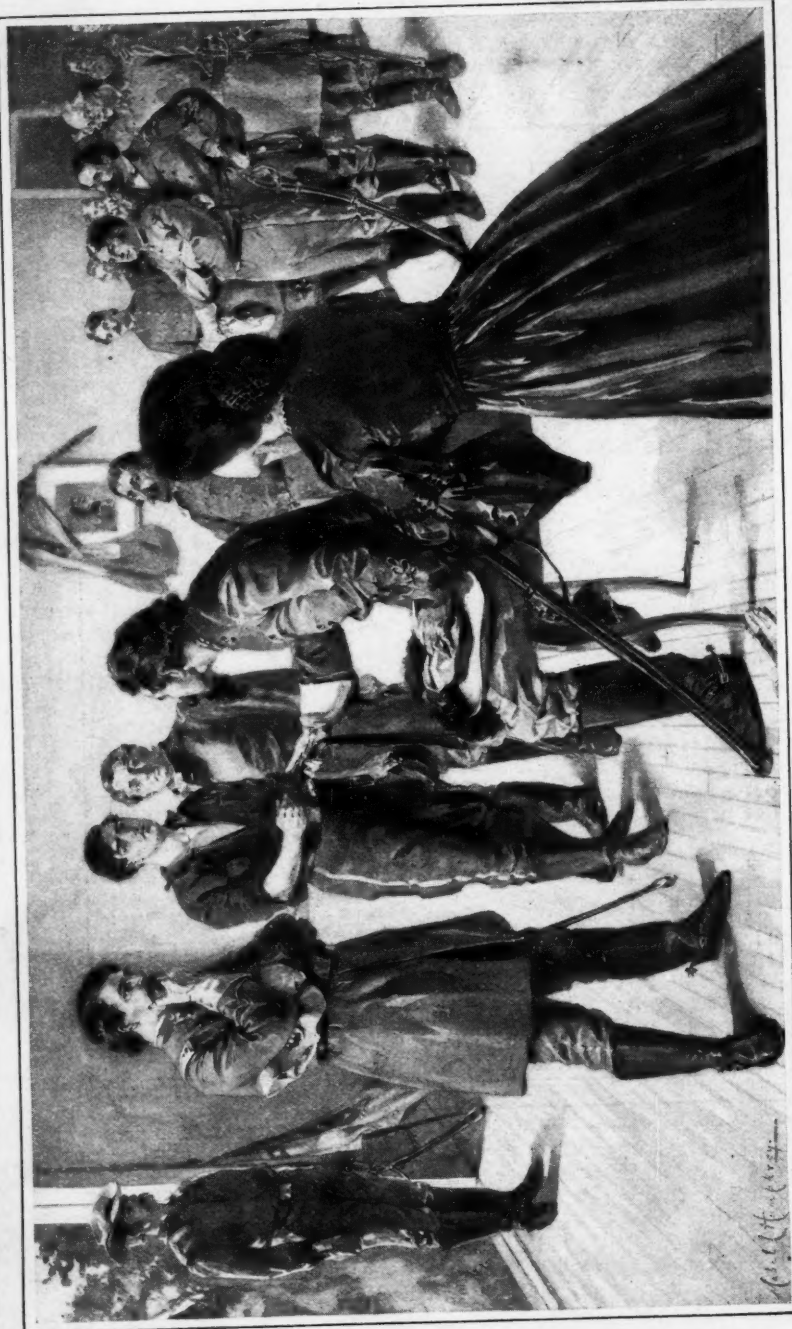
ALBERT HENRY GEORGE, FOURTH EARL GREY, APPOINTED TO SUCCEED LORD MINTO AS GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

form. There was blood in his eye, and a very lively time ensued. Roosevelt said to some of the newspaper correspondents, afterward, that his principal fear in that distressing hour was that Sherman Bell would begin killing people.

THE Prince of Montenegro is the only

notice of foreign diplomats and draw attention to the little principality and its ruler. It is whispered that the royal editor is not infrequently under the influence of strong drink, a condition that leads to the appearance of some surprising things in his official and personal organ.



"I HOLD IN MY HAND CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF YOUR GUILT. YOU CAN'T DENY YOUR PROPERTY!"
(See story, "The Cap-Box.")

The Cap-Box.

THE STORY OF A SOUTHERN GIRL AND HER PRISONER.

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

I.

ON the brow of the rise, Alspaugh's mare halted in obedience to her rider's unspoken wish. Alspaugh himself crooked a lanky leg over the pommel of the saddle. Then he produced, filled, and lighted a corn-cob pipe, and gave himself over to a dreamy contemplation of the countryside, surveying the lay of the land through narrowed eyelids.

It drowed in a shimmer of heat—a fair prospect of undulating farmlands, golden and green, diversified with patches of timber, threaded by narrow streams that laughed back at the smiling skies, compassed round with rugged foothills; all infinitely peaceful.

Yet to the north, up the road over which Alspaugh had traveled, Morgan's division of the Army of the Ohio was resting warily on its arms; and to the south, somewhere in the hot, hazy distances that even the soldier's keen glances could not pierce, an army of ragged Confederates skulked defiantly, looking ever hungrily back to Cumberland Gap, which they had evacuated only a day or two gone, retreating before the Union advance.

Between the two armies there lay a debatable ground. Alspaugh considered it, sucking uneasily the reed stem of the corn-cob; for he found it of a questionable aspect. To his mind a menace lurked in the hollows of those hills, masked by the very peacefulness of their showing. In particular he pondered on the dense column of dun-colored smoke that rose steadily a mile or more to the south—rose from behind a hill, without a break through the still air, spreading out at a height to foul the brilliant skies.

"What's that, d'ye think?" Alspaugh wanted to know. "Brush burn-

ing, or guerrillas? Maybe I'll run over and find out, later."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe against his calloused palm, he chirped cheerfully to the horse, swung off from the road, and entered upon a narrow driveway, rankly weed-grown, that wound a serpentine course through grounds manifesting a like state of long neglect.

It was just eleven o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June, 1862. Before him, through a fringe of beeches, loomed a gray, rock-ribbed mansion, shuttered and gloomy. To all appearances it might have been deserted for years; but across a more distant stretch of lawn Alspaugh could see a frantic negro scuttling as for dear life, his rags weirdly fluttering. Alspaugh was moved to howl after him, and the darky discovered, mended his pace marvelously, giving vent to unearthly screeches. Alspaugh chuckled, but forbore to give chase; the incident merely served to reassure him. He would have no trouble getting what information he desired, for no men were about.

A quizzical grin played in the corners of his mouth as he neared and remarked the expressionless face of the mansion.

"Watching me through the shutters," he said to himself. "Wonder if I look so perfectly awful as all that? Well, war's—business." He clucked to the mare again. "I'm not proud; if they wont welcome me at the front door, I'll go 'round, like common folks."

In the rear he found the evidences of human tenancy that he had expected—a pile of kindling-wood fresh cut by the kitchen door; abundant moisture around the well-curb; a number of haughty fowls subservient to a domineering rooster. Also, an upper window, the only one unshuttered, betrayed

a sash-curtain of snowy whiteness, drawn back by fresh pink ribbons. But his hail went unanswered.

Dismounting, he marched to the kitchen door and raised his hand to knock a thunderous summons upon the panels. His descending fist, however encountered nothing more substantial than air; the door had opened before him.

"Well?"

The Northern soldier stared, a pleased surprise kindling in his gray eyes. His cap came off abruptly, and he bowed—but mutely.

"Well? What do you want?"

The tone was as repellent as the speaker was decidedly to the contrary. A girl stood upon the threshold; a girl, but almost a woman, dark, rebellious, and wonderful in a number of ways which Alspaugh had scarce time to enumerate: a beauty in a temper. She frowned upon him, fearless, eyes snapping a challenge beneath her level brows; and she stamped a foot which Alspaugh thought absurdly inadequate for the purpose.

He recovered from his wonder and smiled cheerfully, meditating an excuse for his presence.

"I belong to a foraging party," he said glibly. "We are levying on the neighborhood for food for the army——"

"We have nothing!"

"So I observe," he agreed ingenuously, glancing absently toward the rooster and his family. "That being the case, I shan't disturb—you."

She ignored the emphasis, staring through the intruder, who would not budge. He shifted upon his feet, his spurs jingling, and smiled in the face of adversity.

"Could I have a glass of water, if you please?" he asked finally. "I'm powerful thirsty."

Without a word she turned her back and disappeared; when she returned it was with a glass in her hand.

"There!" she said, and indicated the well.

Alspaugh regarded it with interest. It was of the old order—an endless chain of small buckets operated by a crank; and he decided that it would be

a matter of some difficulty simultaneously to raise and catch the water.

"Would you be so kind as to hold the glass for me?" he requested diffidently.

The girl hesitated, her frown deepening. Then, still quietly, she stepped out, taking the glass from his hand.

"Thank you," he remarked; but she would not reply.

He labored at the creaking windlass. She stood with face half averted, but he had time to appraise her more specifically. Presently the water gushed from the iron lip and brimmed the glass. To escape the splashing the girl drew her skirts away, daintily, and proffered the drink. Alspaugh courtously demurred.

"After you——?" he suggested, his eyes full upon her face.

She debated his case for a brief instant, her anger rising—rising with the flush that crimsoned her cheeks beneath his ardent gaze. Then, without warning, the water struck Alspaugh between the eyes; he jumped, gasping, and remembered to swear inwardly.

"That's how we treat Abolitionists!" she stormed. "How—how dared you—an enemy of my country——"

Blindly he groped for his handkerchief—a bandanna—thanking Heaven that it was presentable. Secretly he was amused, outwardly dignified and stern, drying his eyes and dripping cheeks in uncompromising silence.

"With your permission," he said to her, and took the glass. With some trouble he managed to draw himself the drink, swallowing it with composure; the girl remaining mute and almost shamefaced after her first violent outburst. "Thank you," he said coldly, returning the glass.

She struck it from his hand, dashing it against the well-curb, to fly into a thousand fragments.

"Because a Northern soldier drank from it?" asked Alspaugh, gravely interested.

She nodded furiously, eyes blazing, lips set and hard; perhaps she dared not trust them. Alspaugh laughed softly, bowed, got to his horse and mounted.

"Good-day," he said pleasantly, from the saddle; adding as an afterthought,

as he rode away: "My, what an angry child!"

II.

A LITTLE patch of swampy timber land, a few acres in area, lay steaming and sweltering under the sun of high noon. Along its eastern edge ran what was by courtesy a road, in reality a broad ribbon of mastic mud, black, knee-deep, and treacherous. Technically both were within the sphere of Union occupation, but actually they were a half mile or so beyond the picket lines.

Within the timber, however, a detail of some fifty private soldiers of the Federal Army, under the watchful eye of a corporal, were felling saplings wherewith the swamp road was to be "corduroyed" for the passage of artillery and supply trains. The grove resounded with the staccato clamor of the keen ax-bits and the crashing of the fast-falling young trees. The men of the detail drawn from Alspaugh's regiment, Alspaugh himself among them—came from the half-cleared swamps of the Northwest, where they, even as their forebears, had hewn them their homes out of the living wilderness forests; past-masters in the art of the ax were they, before whom the slender saplings swept down like timothy before a scythe.

Alspaugh, inclined to grumble because of the labor involved, nevertheless found, after the first few blows, that the ax just "fitted" him, was of the right weight, and hung true on the handle. Presently he began to enjoy himself, and mowed a swath in the swamp like the expert woodsman that he was.

In time, however, he suspended operations; he was breathing fast, and the perspiration fairly ran down his cheeks. Taking off his little fatigue cap, he fanned himself with it, ineffectually.

"Sa-ay!" he hailed the corporal. "Has it struck you that this is a mighty reckless way we're a doin' of this?"

"How's that, Adam?"

"You know the Johnnies are over the hill yonder, not more than a mile from here?"

"What of it?"

"What of it?" Alspaugh selected a fallen tree and deliberately seated himself. "Why, the racket we make might draw the enemy's fire."

"What of that?" said the corporal.

"It's too risky," argued Alspaugh. "You send word to the general that I say so, and I'll wait here till I hear from him."

"By thunder, if you don't get to work, I'll report you!"

"But, corporal, these brave boys are perishing of thirst. Hi, boys, give me your canteens. I'm going for water!"

And he did go for water. Taking half a dozen canteens, he sauntered off to the right, in which direction he declared he was positive there must be a spring; and was soon lost to the view of his laughing comrades. In time, on rising ground, he came upon a patch of dewberries, and set to work upon it, oblivious to all else until—it came suddenly: "Surrender, or I'll shoot you!"

"The devil you say!"

Reaching for a particularly ripe berry, Alspaugh tipped his face slightly and gazed into the muzzle of a rifle. Promptly he straightened up; after which he stood at attention.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Why, certainly!" he assured his captor.

His first definite impression was of a pair of velvety black eyes glancing purposefully down the barrel of the rifle. Then he found that they were the eyes of a girl, and at once understood that they were eyes wherein one might fall and drown—by good fortune. Afterwards he recognized the girl; only a day had passed since the affair of the well-curb.

"Ah!" he said. "You didn't need the gun; your eyes are enough!"

"You are impertinent, sir!" And the eyes flashed dangerously, like unto summer lightning. "Precede me, and remember that an attempt at escape will be fatal!"

"With pleasure. But what makes you think that I'll try to get away from you?"

In obedience to the command he passed through the underbrush and came out upon the road. He found that the girl was mounted; she wheeled her

horse cautiously, keeping the muzzle of the gun full upon the young man. "Do you see that big oak on the hilltop there?" she demanded frigidly.

Alspaugh nodded pleasantly, watching her face. She flushed angrily.

"There's a Confederate sharpshooter up that tree," she proclaimed, "and his rifle is trained on you!"

"Why, the mean thing!" protested Alspaugh.

She bit her lip; he sighed with mock dolefulness.

"Yes, ma'am," he continued cheerfully. "I hope he'll miss me, but I want you to hit me—if I'm fool enough to run away from as——"

"Sir! Your insolence——" She paused. "You talk too much," she concluded.

"It is a bit wearing," he admitted cheerfully; "but, bless you, I don't mind!"

"Get on, sir!"

Despite the quiver of the suppressed smile upon her lips, her tone was resolute; Alspaugh knew that she meant it. He stepped out at a livelier pace, the horse treading sedately behind him, the girl relaxing no jot of her vigilance. Alspaugh told himself that he could "sense" the gaze that she fixed upon the small of his back.

"If only you'd let me walk backward, so that I might see you, ma'am——"

"Keep straight ahead, sir! You see that big chimney over yonder? Well, go that way; that's Lee & Gordon's mill."

"Fine mess of grist you're bringing them! I say, what are you going to do with me, anyhow?"

"Turn you over to General Forrest. Move faster!"

"What are you going to do that for? I'll get away from him, sure's you're a foot high; but you couldn't drive me away from *you* with a dog!"

"If he permits you to escape, that is his fault. My duty will be done when I've turned you over to him."

"Yes, I reckon so," Alspaugh agreed, adding in a tone of whimsical remonstrance. "But I don't see how you can bear to part with me."

To this she did not reply. Undaunted, he tried again.

"Do you make a habit of this sort of

thing? Or did you just happen to gather me in?"

No answer.

"What did you do it for, anyhow?"

This time the reply came explosively.

"Because I'm a Southern girl—that's why! I saw my chance to help weaken the Yankees, and I improved it."

"H'm," he assented gravely. "You hurt 'em badly, too. The army of the Ohio's going to have a mighty tough time without me!"

But the élan was gone from his railery. Things were going much too far, he believed; the capture which he had been disposed to treat as a joke bade fair to become a most serious matter. He had not been awed by the imaginary sharpshooter, but he was convinced that the girl herself would stand no trifling.

"Forrest!" he said to himself as he plodded. "That's bad. They say he hangs every Yankee who falls into his hands—if he doesn't eat him. I wonder if she knows that? Guess not; though that's no consolation."

Abruptly he faced about; the girl was startled, but ready.

"Don't do that!" she warned him. "I'll shoot—indeed I will!"

"Shoot, but hear me!" he said gayly; but she saw that his eyes were serious. "I want you to do me a favor; there's no telling what will happen, you know. No, I'm not going to beg off; but I've a mother living up in Ohio. Will you send her this if—if you hear of anything happening to me?" He held out his hand; in the palm lay a ring. The girl was relenting. He saw that; she knew that he saw it. But ere she could speak, he interposed. "It's an heirloom; she would like to have it. Just that and my name—won't you, please? It would be a small thing to do for a dead man, wouldn't it?" He took from his pocket a battered diary and the stub of a pencil, and tore out a leaf whereon he scribbled his name and address. "You'll do it? I can trust you?"

She accepted the ring; the hostility was gone out from her face, a grave tenderness was come into her eyes. But her resolution to hand him over remained unshaken.

"I will do that for you," she conceded.

ed, slipping the ring upon a finger. Then, gathering up the reins: "Move on, sir!" she commanded.

III.

FORREST's face was long, lean, pallid; the face of an ascetic lit by the eyes of a zealot. He was a brave, keen soldier, a very representative petal of that brilliant blossom, the flower of Southern chivalry; but in his attitude, as he slouched across the table, twisting his slender white fingers together, eying Alspaugh, the prisoner found something suggestive of wolfishness.

Alspaugh himself stood upon his two feet and faced the man with a high fearlessness. A Confederate cavalryman stood at his either side; an orderly was erect in the doorway. The girl sat uneasily upon the edge of a chair near General Forrest. She was speaking.

"I heard the sound of axes in the distance. Then I saw the prisoner; he was alone, in a berry patch. A little while before I had picked up this rifle——"

Forrest examined it carelessly.

"It is unloaded and the hammer is broken," he announced wearily.

"But I did not know that; neither did he. He seemed to come quite willingly."

Forrest coughed discreetly; he turned upon Alspaugh a non-committal expression.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"Alspaugh."

"Ah! You admit it?"

Alspaugh stared.

"Certainly. Why not? Adam Alspaugh, private, Twenty-First Ohio."

"Yes." A long pause and tense; Forrest shaded his eyes and studied a paper on the desk. "Orderly," he said suddenly, "call the officers of the brigade for a drum-head court-martial."

The girl started, paling.

"General Forrest!" she gasped.

"What are you going to do?"

"Hang him, Miss Thorpe."

For a moment the room in the mill swam around Alspaugh; then he set his teeth grimly, and steadied himself. That was absurd, of course. Why should he be hanged? Forrest merely

wanted to scare information out of him, probably.

By twos and threes the brigade officers arrived; they whispered to one another, conferred with Forrest, looked coldly at the prisoner. As for the girl, she sat with her head bent low, fidgeting with her riding-whip. She was breathing rapidly, and Alspaugh knew that she was repenting.

Forrest convened the court-martial without ceremony; his voice was hard and unemotional.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this morning I was called upon by a Mrs. Swain. Your neighbor, I believe, Miss Thorpe?"

"She lived two miles down the pike, sir. But——"

"Pardon me. I am coming to that. Mrs. Swain's home was robbed and burned to the ground yesterday by a gang of bushwhackers led by this man, Alspaugh——"

"A lie!" Alspaugh branded it calmly.

"Silence, sir! Mrs. Swain's description of the leader fits this hound in detail—tall, well-built, wearing a blue uniform, a man with gray eyes. The outrage was perpetrated at eleven in the forenoon——"

The girl fairly jumped with relief.

"That proves that he had no part in it," she gasped.

"Why?"

"Because the prisoner was at my home at that hour."

"Indeed?" Forrest seemed not greatly impressed. "For what purpose?"

"He—he asked for a glass of water." She flushed slowly, nor dared to meet Alspaugh's eyes. "I gave it him. He went away at once. He was very gentleman-like, I thought. I am sure he had no part in the crime, General Forrest."

"Thank you," Alspaugh said gratefully.

"You are sure of the hour, Miss Thorpe?"

"I looked at the clock a moment or two after he left."

"In what direction did he ride?"

She hesitated; seemingly it was with a distinct effort that she managed to answer:

"Toward the south."

"He was mounted—yes? He rode away rapidly?"

Strangely enough, she was finding it extremely hard to give evidence that would go to condemn an enemy of her people. Alspaugh came to her rescue gallantly enough.

"It is unnecessary to question Miss Thorpe further on that point," he volunteered. "I readily admit that I rode south, even that I was at the Swain homestead. In point of fact, I arrived in time to see it a deserted, smoking ruin. But it is absurd to connect me——"

Forrest smiled acidly.

"I hold in my hand convincing evidence of your guilt. This belt was wrested from you in your struggle with Mrs. Swain. You can't deny your property!"

Suddenly the girl found herself on her feet, strangling a cry in her throat. Alspaugh's stare of blank surprise as he took the belt in his hands had been succeeded by an appalling pallor that bespoke his hopelessness.

It was a plain strap of worn black leather, with a brass buckle bearing the Federal "U. S." But attached to it was a cap-box; and on the under side of the flap, Alspaugh read his own name, in his own hand: "Adam Alspaugh, Twenty-First Ohio." He moistened the corners of his lips with the tip of his tongue.

"It is my name," he said slowly. He fumbled with the cap-box, stuck one finger through its bottom. "You see?" he said. "I don't expect you to believe me, but I threw that cap-box away while we were encamped at Sandy Springs. Some camp-follower must have picked it up."

He returned the belt and spread out the palms of his hands helplessly.

The girl could not face him.

"We don't believe you," she heard Forrest announce in his passionless voice. "The case is too plain. Can you explain what you were doing within two miles of Mrs. Swain's house yesterday morning, if you are innocent on this charge?"

Alspaugh's lips tightened; he threw a quick, furtive glance about him. He had no chance for escape. He knew

himself damned already in the hostile eyes of the judges; and what he was about to reply would be misconstrued.

"I was on a reconnaissance," he said; "under orders."

"Ah! A spy?"

"If you call a man in full uniform between the lines a spy, yes."

"And may I inquire what information you got on your expedition?"

Forrest put the question absently, as if he attached no importance to it; but Alspaugh was prepared.

"Certainly you may inquire," he answered cheerfully. "But you don't expect me to answer, do you? I think you may as well sentence me to be murdered and have done with this farce, gentlemen."

"Yes," agreed Forrest slowly.

The girl turned and left the room.

IV

UPON the homeward road her horse set his own pace, a slow one, unchilden; the girl herself was scarcely conscious of her whereabouts. She rode with a drooping head, wrapped in musings. A dying sun bathed her in a crimson splendor, and upon her hand the carnelian in the ring blazed like a drop of living, palpitating blood—upon her hand! She shuddered.

Clouds gathered; and the night's shadows closed about her swiftly. It was to be a black night, moonless; and when it had passed swiftly, as it would surely pass—— She shuddered again, and was shaken by a sigh deep as a sob.

The guard tent was backed up against the edge of the woodland, whose nocturnal stirrings made sibilant the long hours to Alspaugh. He sat in the center of the plot of moist earth, painfully hunched up; his wrists bound behind his back, his feet similarly secured. There was no one to talk to, not a chance for flight. His hands and feet were numb, and within the tent was black darkness.

In the dawning he was to hang. It was very unpleasant to think about. So he tried to think about the girl. He felt very sorry for her. He could imagine how the horror of it would sting her.

The long hours dragged. At midnight there was a change of guard, and he was inspected by lantern-light. He bore it stolidly, without replying to the friendly overtures of the officer of the guard. Then again the prisoner was left alone, with nought but his own conscience and the monotonous pacing to and fro of the sentry to keep him company.

Once he napped lightly. But a slight rustling in the rear of the tent roused him, and he sat for what seemed like ages straining his ears to catch a repetition of the sound, which did not come. Something else did, however—the coolness of a knife-blade against his wrists. He held his breath, a cold perspiration breaking out upon his face, his heart hammering like distant thunder.

The knife sawed through strand after strand; and when it was done, the hilt was thrust into his aching palm. He grabbed it with a silent prayer of thanks, and attacked the ropes upon his ankles with desperation. In a moment he sat free. The sentry still paced up and down, to and fro, unconsciously.

Noiselessly Alspaugh turned over and lay prone, wriggling toward the spot where the canvas had been slashed. As he reached it, the groping hand met his face; he seized it, and its mate pressed a revolver into his palm. They were the soft hands of a woman. He could put one and two together very satisfactorily; so he pressed her one hand to his two lips.

Stealthily as thieves in the night they made an arduous passage through

the woodland. In one place they waited twenty minutes—as many years!—for a sentry to move to the further end of his beat. At length they were without the lines. Somewhere they came out upon an open road; and the starlight struck down and faintly outlined the face of the girl.

She had stopped; he saw that she was weeping, very softly but intensely. He stood speechless, amazed, until she turned upon him.

"Oh!" she cried. "Why, why did you do it?"

"But I did not do it," he expostulated. "If you believed I did, why did you come to me?"

"I don't mean that!" she whispered passionately. "I know that you were innocent. But why—why did you kiss my hand? I hate you!"

"But I love you," he explained in a breath. "How could I help it? You can't blame me." He paused. "Is it the pollution of my lips? You broke the glass. Will you cut off the hand? Or will you give it to another, to cleanse it of dishonor? Or"—he faltered—"can it wait? Will you keep it so, for me, until——"

Both were silent.

"I'm afraid of this country," Alspaugh laughed tenderly, after a while. "It's full of surprises. But I'm coming back to it—I'm coming back—I'm coming back!"

But the girl was gone from him, alone through the night; and on her finger the carnelian ring was like a drop of living blood.

WHY ASK FOR PROMISES?

WHY ask for promises? Yet, if you will,
 For all these things can I swear faith to you:
 For these my eyes that ever shall be true
 To mirror back your eyes in good or ill;
 For these my hands that ever shall lie still
 In your own hands; for these my feet that knew
 One time the path love's footsteps loitered through
 For these my words your name alone shall fill.
 But till that day death calls me to its own,
 For this my heart, no promise small or great
 The oath that keeps my lips inviolate,
 That sets its seal on speech, is broken, thrown
 In empty fragments by, when sure, alone,
 The free, wild heart goes speeding to its mate!

Theodosia Garrison.

Society's Writing Craze.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

A NEW AND ALARMING IRRUPTION INTO THE OVER-CROWDED FIELD OF LITERATURE—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WORK OF THE CHEERFUL, BUSINESSLIKE "HEN-COOPER" WHO WRITES FOR HER DAILY BREAD, AND THE MORBID AND EGOISTIC OUTPOURINGS OF THE IDLE WOMAN WHO SCRIBBLES TO "FIND EXPRESSION FOR HER SOUL."

ONLY those familiar with the inner workings of the American publishing houses have any conception of the craze for writing that now rages like a forest fire among the women of New York's fashionable society. The epidemic may be traced directly to the legitimate success achieved by a few book women who were well known in the social world before they betook themselves to the pen.

The most distinguished of these literary women knows the secret of getting down deep into the hearts of her sex with stories that appeal to the entire sisterhood of the weary, the overwrought, the supersensitive, and the heart-hungry. But it is unfortunate that so gifted and forceful a writer should have sprung from the same social strata as those idle, imaginative persons who think that to make black marks on white paper is to be literary, and who cannot distinguish between the classic laurel wreath of Olympus and the printer's ink with which Park Row bedaubs its counterfeited heroes.

New York scribblers of this class seek the applause of the so-called "society people" whose gabbling tongues and clattering heels are wont to echo through the corridors of the Metropolitan Opera House on gala nights. The pages of triviality that set these people talking are, in the opinion of their authors, quite equal to those inspired by the divine gift that brings the flush to the cheek of a tired seamstress, or an hour of blissful, soothing forgetfulness to that worn-out house-

hold drudge called the mother of a happy family.

I do not mean, of course, that society contains only one woman of literary attainment, for I know of fully half a dozen who have done, and are still doing, work of genuine merit, while there are others who are striving honestly and capably for success. But after all, the number of those who know how to write seems pitifully small when, as a publisher recently put it to me, "every woman in New York society is having a go at the literary business, while those who are not trying to write are crazy to act." As to this mania for the stage, that is, as Mr. Kipling would say, "quite another story," and one that I shall perhaps discuss at some future time.

SOCIAL POSITION AS AN AID TO SUCCESS.

The mania for writing has taken such a firm hold on the fashionable feminine mind that it has long since ceased to be a mere temporary fad. Some philosophers are wondering, with no small degree of apprehension, to what lengths it is likely to be carried. Curiously enough, a great many of these scribbling women imagine that what they call their "social position" is going to prove an enormous help to them in their literary labors. Some have the impertinence to assume that the great success achieved by the woman to whom I have already referred is due chiefly to her social connections, which they argue are no better than their own.

I fear that no feeble words of mine

can dispel this absurd delusion. Nevertheless, at the risk of seeming ridiculous in the eyes of the sex that I always desire to please, I solemnly assert that this woman's wit, humanity, and insight into her own sex have proved factors of infinitely greater importance to her success than all the "social position," with its accompaniments of invitations to balls, dinners, and musicals, that ever made envious the heart of the outsider.

At the present moment at least four thousand pretty forefingers within the golden portals of fashion are smeared with ink, while a like number of white brows are ruffled, and usually dormant brains stirred, in the mad struggle for literary fame. If by my humble yet earnest words on this subject I could smooth out one of those brows, cleanse one of those forefingers of its unbecoming and unaccustomed ink-stain, and reduce one of those tired craniums to its normal state, I should feel that I had not labored in vain. I fear, however, that nothing that I can say will have any effect in stemming the tide of incredible folly which is bearing so many toward bitter disappointment. I can, however, assure the four thousand industrious members of a usually idle Four Hundred that, although membership in their sacred order will perhaps gain for them a little misleading and short-lived newspaper fame, it will not be worth anything at all as an aid to genuine literary attainment. Let them consider this hard, cold fact before they bend their delicate fingers and still more delicate brains to the stern toil that authorship necessarily involves. A knowledge of the truth may save them no small labor and much ultimate humiliation.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND THE AMATEUR.

It has been my privilege to read some of those manuscripts which owe their existence to the delusion that almost any vain, idle, and ignorant woman can produce fiction, provided only she be "in society." I have long since learned how to distinguish work of this class from the honest effort of those who are sincerely trying to learn the profession of writing. I have made a point of

studying the difference between the two, as I have conscientious scruples in regard to aiding and abetting frivolous persons in any attempt to take money which they do not need out of the pockets of hard-working women who have laboriously learned how to write, and who need every penny that they can make. And at the same time I have some regard for a reading public which has never done me any harm.

As a general thing, the cloven foot of the fashionable amateur betrays itself in the very manner in which she seeks to dispose of her wares. A professional usually sends a story by mail, enclosing with it a brief, businesslike note and return postage. Occasionally she may call with her work, but as a rule she is seldom seen in a publisher's office. The society scribbler, on the other hand, is almost sure to try to use some sort of social leverage, or "pull," as the ungodly put it. She comes to the office with a card of introduction from somebody—it makes very little difference from whom—or with a sponsor who introduces her personally. She never fails to smile graciously on the editor, the office-boy, the cashier, or anybody who she thinks may facilitate the sale of her manuscript. Sometimes she tells the principal editor—if she succeeds in reaching him—that she is at home on Thursday afternoon from four till six.

THE BUSY AND CHEERFUL "HEN-COOPER."

The "hen-cooper," as professional writers are called among themselves, is never sure of being home on Thursday or any other afternoon, and the editor would not care if she were. She is likely to be out, even if the day be stormy, racing through the town to sell her manuscript, to make collections, or to gather fresh material for her pen.

I have heard of manuscripts that were tied with blue ribbon, but I never saw one of them. Nor does feminine amateurism reveal itself in defective punctuation. Punctuation is the very last accomplishment that a woman masters on this side of the grave, and in nine cases out of ten death overtakes her before she does so. There are, however, a few women who know that there

are some punctuation marks beside the dash, and not one of these but is a professional writer of thorough training and ripe experience.

One difference between the woman who writes because it is her profession, and the woman who writes because it is not, is to be found in the spirit that animates their work. The one is inspired by cheerfulness, the other by morbid sentiment. There is nothing that is not cheerful and wholesome in the works of Louise Alcott—with the possible exception of "Moods"—and Miss Alcott's early life was one of constant drudgery and pitiful self-denial. "Rebecca," the creation of a professional writer, is sunshiny on every page, and so is that charming story "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," which came from the pen of the hard-working, self-denying wife of a poor clergyman. The same cheerful, optimistic spirit pervades the work of the whole sisterhood of "hen-coopers" who write about fashions and society for their daily bread, and who interview opera singers, murderesses, social leaders, and dressmakers for their butter and jam.

THE WAIL OF SELFISH IDLENESS.

The idle woman, on the other hand, sounds the note of morbid discontent in unmistakable tones. To express her woes and her longings she seeks the very easiest of all literary forms, showing an instinctive skill in avoiding that which is most difficult in the art of story-telling. Eight times out of ten, her effusion takes the form of either a woman's diary or a series of letters, and seven times out of the eight it voices the wail of the unappreciated, the discontented, the disillusionized, or the selfish and greedy woman.

Indeed, if I were to judge by her writings, I should say that the fashionable American woman of to-day lives for the gratification of but two great and noble desires. One of these is to be "understood," as she terms it, and the other, amounting in many instances to a hysterical passion, is to get more spending money. As for poor man, he has shrunk sadly from his former high estate in the dominion of the world. Nowadays he is merely a male animal who not only fails

to earn enough to satisfy his mate, but is also too much of a brute to appreciate her finer instincts, or to sympathize with her attempts to find voice for her soul.

Curiously enough, women who write because they need the money seldom clamor to be "understood"; and so far from revealing their hatred for man in every sentence, they actually display a partiality for our society—in print, I mean—which I find extremely gratifying, indicating as it does that we have not completely lost our traditional hold on the lovelier sex.

A SAMPLE OF THE EGOISTIC LITERATURE.

Here is a sample of the sort of literature produced by the fashionable woman who has lived chiefly for the gratification of her own impulses and fancies, and who gives expression to her feelings under some such title as "Innermost Heart-throbs," "The Wail of a Human Soul," or "A Bruised Reed":

CROFTSIDE, January 1, 1904.

MY DEAREST MIGNONNE:

At last I am free! I received this morning the papers that give me the legal right to resume my own name! It is difficult for me to realize that my ten years of martyrdom are over. When Judge Huydercooper—who has managed my case wonderfully—called to tell me the glad news I broke down and sobbed like a child. Frederick swears that he will never pay a dollar of the beggarly hundred a week that that contemptible mean Judge Beeswax awarded me. But Judge Huydercooper says he will land him in jail within twenty-four hours if he does not pay up instantly. You ought to have heard what a beautiful plea he made when he asked for four hundred a week, just enough to enable me to keep body and soul together!

Ah, Mignonne, it is a bitterly sad thing to be born a woman! No more now from your broken-hearted

FIFI.

CROFTSIDE, January 15, 1904.

MY DEAR MIGNONNE:

I don't see how you can be so unreasonable as to regard one hundred dollars a week as a liberal award! As if such a paltry sum as that could compensate for the years of agony and the cruel, bitter disappointments that have been my lot! You say that Frederick has been unfortunate in business, and will find it impossible to pay this sum and at the same time support and educate our little Susie? You seem to forget that it was distinctly understood when I allowed him to keep our child that he should not oppose my demand for a suitable allowance. Do you suppose that I would have permitted our little one to be torn from my arms if it had not been for some agreement of this sort? Ah, Mignonne, you little know what it is to be a mother!

William—that is to say, Judge Huydercooper—called last evening to tell me that that infamous

wretch whose name I once bore is ten dollars short on his second week's payment.

Oh, the bitterness of it all! Before the honeymoon of my freedom is half over the clouds of perfidy and ingratitude begin to gather on the horizon.

I often wonder, Mignonne, if, when I am dead, the world will realize how I have been misunderstood. My only prayer for you, darling, is that you may never be made to realize, as I have, how much better and nobler we both are than this cruel world in which we live.

FIFI.

PALM BEACH, March 1, 1904.

MY OWN DARLING MIGNONNE:

I wonder if I dare trust you with a secret that is too sweet for me to keep all to myself? A fortnight ago I came here, as you know, utterly crushed in spirit, disillusionized, weary of the world, and hoping in the quiet of a large seaside hotel to find once more that peace of mind to which I have been so long a stranger. During my first week here I seemed as one in a dream. I spent my time in wandering aimlessly up and down the long piazzas, or in sitting hour after hour on the white sand with my gaze fixed on the blue sea. It was from one of these reveries that I was awakened quite suddenly yesterday morning by the sound of a familiar voice. On looking up I saw Judge Huydercooper coming toward me with both hands outstretched, and with a look of ecstasy on his face that brought the quick color into mine.

He sat down beside me, and, taking my hand gently in both of his, said with oh, so much tenderness, that he had come all the way from New York to break some bad news to me. For a moment my heart stood still, for I thought that that miserable Frederick had defaulted on his alimony.

"Don't tell me that he is short again!" I began, but William read my thoughts at a glance and interrupted.

"No, not that," he said. "I bring the last instalment with me. He has paid it in full. It is of Susie that I come to speak with you. You must be brave and listen to me. She has the croup."

Of course it was lovely of him to come all this way to tell me that, and you can imagine how relieved I felt. Why, Mignonne, I'm almost ashamed to tell it, but before I knew what I was doing I was sobbing on his shoulder, and he, with his arm around my waist, was whispering words of consolation in my ear. I did not know it until then, but I have loved Judge Huydercooper with all the intensity of my trusting, simple nature ever since the day that he made his beautiful plea to Judge Beeswax asking for suitable alimony.—How that miserable, dried-up specimen of humanity could have listened, as he did, without a sign of emotion on his face, except when he actually grinned, I utterly failed to understand. It was in that speech that he compared me to a dove mated with a fish-hawk and then cruelly deserted in her nest. And everybody said that they had never listened to words so replete with beautiful poetic imagery. When he said that I was burnished, and that a livelier iris changed on me in the spring-time, he was simply eloquent, and Judge Beeswax had to grin in a horrid way to conceal his emotion.

You must be careful not to say a word of what I have told you, dearest Mignonne, because before our engagement is announced William is going to try to induce Frederick to commute the alimony for a lump sum. I only write to you because of my great and overpowering joy. It seems that at last after

years of heart-ache and unhappiness, I am destined to be understood.

Ever your own

FIFI.

A DELUGE OF LITERARY EGOISM.

From signs visible on the literary horizon, I can predict with almost absolute certainty a perfect cyclone of wails and outcries and rhapsodies that will burst over our heads in the very near future, in the form of letters and diaries and intimate, introspective studies of unappreciated femininity. This tornado of literary egoism will be the certain fruit of the craze for writing to which I have already alluded. If I am not mistaken it will be greatly stimulated by the popular interest awakened by a recent novel written by a young New York matron who is famous for her wealth, her prominence in society, and her personal beauty. Time was when such a woman would have been content with her social honors. Time was when, if she wrote at all, it would have been for private circulation among her friends. Time was, too, when the publication of a story, even under such a name as hers, would have awakened merely the idle curiosity and interest of her friends, and would have enjoyed but scant attention from the press.

We toilers of the pen who have long since given up all hope of becoming beautiful, and who are familiar with the almost impenetrable safeguards with which the money-bags of the town are encompassed round about, are prone to wonder why any one should take the trouble to write when it is so easy to remain wealthy and beautiful.

However this may be, this young woman of society will have the satisfaction of knowing that, apart from any success that may or may not have attended her trip into literature, she has inspired the inky forefingers of thousands of snowy hands and started them off in the swift race for fame. Possibly her conscience will reproach her for what she has done when the book market becomes choked with the glaciers of morbid egoism that her pen has helped to loosen from her ice-clad native heights of society, upon which we in the valley gaze from afar off; but that is quite another story.

The Class Boy.

THE EVENING WHEN ANABLE, CLASS OF '80, TALKED FREE TO ERASTUS HENDRICK.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

I.

ERASTUS HENDRICK pulled off his green eye-vizor, removed the books from the wire standards which held them open and upright on the table, and wiped his pen carefully. Then he arranged the books in a methodical pile, the largest underneath, and glanced at the alarm-clock with an apprehensive shrug of his shoulders. It was time for him to go over to the campus and make his monthly call on Clement Anable.

Although he was a senior in college, Hendrick did not lodge on the campus. He had never been asked to share a room with anybody, and single rooms in the dormitories were expensive. Several gentlemen who had been classmates of Hendrick's dead father were paying Erastus' way through college, and every penny counted, so Hendrick lived cheaply and alone on an obscure side street. By lamplight the scant furniture of the room looked particularly cheerless and barren. Hendrick sniffed the stuffy air, raised the window, and went to the closet for his hat and his other coat.

On an upper shelf in the closet was a tall silver-plated cup which had been given to Hendrick's father twenty years ago by the members of the class of '80, because he was the first man among them to have a son. Hendrick's father was a favorite in those prosperous days. Engraved on the cup were the names of the class committee, headed by that of James Anable. Hendrick had heard Mr. Anable complain humorously because his Clement was not the '80 class boy instead of Erastus. The class of '80 was famous for college loyalty, and it was something of a distinction to be its eldest son. During freshman year Hendrick kept the cup on the mantel; but its bright splendor contrasted so emphatically with the shabbiness of the room, and, in a way, with Erastus him-

self, that he had relegated it to the closet.

The honor of being the '80 class boy could hardly have added to Clement Anable's popularity. In the entry of the dormitory Hendrick hesitated, enjoying the social buzz and bustle of the campus after the loneliness of his lodgings, and listening wistfully to the laughing babble behind the door. He knew from experience that it would subside when he went in, that the other visitors would gradually drift away, and that within ten or fifteen minutes he would be left alone with Clement.

Hendrick's prediction was accurate. Young Anable yawned resignedly and stretched himself on the window seat. He was a lithe, handsome fellow, but his blond comeliness was perhaps not quite manly. The luxuriously fitted room was blue with pungent tobacco-smoke, and Hendrick's dull eyes watered behind his spectacles. Clement was forced to a laborious search for possible topics of conversation.

"Well, Rastus," said he, "I suppose you've tried for the essay prize—the '80 medal?"

"No, I have not, Clement," replied Hendrick in his finical voice. "I read up a little on the assigned subject, but I decided I could not afford the time from my studies. Have you sent in your essay to Professor Budlong?"

Anable nodded.

"The copy just came back from the typewriter's," he said. "You see, I felt bound to try, on account of '80 giving the prize. Father would be pleased as Punch if you or I should win it, Rastus. You ought to have sent in an essay. It would be a great card if you should win their medal, being the class boy;" and he laughed indulgently.

"Yes, I should have competed, I dare say," acknowledged Hendrick; "but my studies——"

"He broke off with a weary little sigh, for his scholarship record was not

credible, although he toiled unceasingly over his lessons.

Clement bounced briskly from the window seat.

"Well, I have to dress for a dancing thing at the Van Steubens," said he. "Don't go, Rastus. Stay here while I change my clothes, and then walk along with me. You look yellow—you don't get outdoors enough. There are some magazines on my desk. I won't be fifteen minutes."

He swung through the crimson portières into his bedroom, and was soon heard splashing in a bath. Hendrick picked up a magazine. Underneath it were loose sheets of manuscript, scrawled with Anable's bold handwriting. The title and the first sentence stamped themselves on Hendrick's mind sharply before he was quite aware of it. Evidently it was the original draft of his classmate's prize essay. Hendrick read a full paragraph. He moved toward the bedroom, scowling hard at the carpet. The phrasing of the paragraph affected him curiously.

For a moment he halted at the crimson curtains. Then he returned to the desk and skimmed hurriedly through the composition. His face twitched as the words sank deep into his memory. He lost sight of propriety in his amazement and troubled chagrin.

When Anable emerged, obtrusively modish in his evening clothes, Hendrick made an excuse and hurried back to his own quarters. He did not stop to touch a match to the lamp, but grabbed up a tattered book from his table, and carried it eagerly to the window, whence a steely glare of electric light streamed in. The book was a bound volume of an old Berlin periodical. When Hendrick was thinking of writing for the '80 medal he had chanced on the book in the cellar of a second-hand shop. He opened it at a turned down page.

II.

MR. JAMES ANABLE irritably puffed a big cigar in the library of his classmate, Professor Budlong. The chair in which he sat was massive and ornately carved, and the florid banker seemed to be precisely the proper figure of a man to oc-

cupy it. The professor, thin and stooping, smoked a cigarette in a quaint meerschaum holder which he thought gave him a certain European air.

"I claim we've done our duty by Tom Hendrick's boy," asserted Anable, "when we've paid his college bills. That's enough, it seems to me, under the circumstances. Buddy, he's not much account, now, is he?"

The professor adjusted the broad eyeglass ribbon over his ear.

"Rather negative, perhaps," he murmured.

"Negative!" ejaculated Mr. Anable. "He's a disgrace to his father's class. He's a disgrace to '80, that's what Erastus Hendrick is."

"Oh, not quite that," gravely protested Budlong, who had no sense of humor. "He's never done anything disgraceful, Jim."

"He's never done anything at all, Buddy. That's the point. It isn't for the lack of trying, either. Seems as if the poor chap realized that we'd like to see him make a mark somewhere. My Clem tells me that Hendrick has attempted nearly everything in college. He's tried debating, and writing, and chess—yes, sir, chess! No use at any of 'em. He tried to run with the hundred-yard men, and lasted two days with the cross-country squad. He grinds like an old-fashioned valedictorian, and he stands a good show of missing his degree. He never had a smell of a society. It's too bad. Our class boy! Now, if Clem Anable had only been born a few months earlier—by Jove, I simply can't help contrasting those two youngsters, Buddy!"

"So I have perceived," remarked the professor dryly.

Anable recovered his equanimity with a laugh. He never took any pains to conceal his pride in his son's achievements, and he boasted about it almost as much as he boasted about Clement himself.

"Well, how about the essays for our medal?" he asked, in order to change the subject. "Have you examined them yet?"

Budlong shook his head and indicated a bundle of papers on the desk. His visitor fluttered them lazily. All were

typewritten and unsigned, and to each was attached a sealed envelope containing the author's name. Anable wondered if his son's manuscript was among them. He hoped so, but he did not know. He had urged Clem to try for the medal.

While he was inspecting the essays, Budlong opened the door in response to a knock so timid that Anable had not heard it.

"Why, good evening, Hendrick," said the professor, in dignified surprise.

Anable leaned forward genially.

"How goes everything, Erastus?" he inquired. "How's the '80 infant?"

"I am in excellent health, thank you, sir," said Hendrick. "I didn't know you were in town, Mr. Anable. Perhaps I'd better call later, but I—I wish to avoid delay." As he blinked at Anable through his spectacles, the banker noted with a mild disgust that he was the picture of the goody-goody divinity student of comic caricature. Hendrick fumbled nervously with his rusty black hat. "I called," he went on, "I called in connection with the essay competition, Professor Budlong."

"Don't mind me," suggested Anable. "I'm glad you're interested in the '80 medal business, Erastus. You ought to be. That's your class, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Hendrick. "I've come to—to withdraw a thesis. I want to take it away. I don't wish it to be entered for the prize." Mr. Anable sank back a trifle in his chair. "I want to withdraw an essay," doggedly repeated Hendrick.

The professor and Anable exchanged glances.

"Of course you have that privilege, Hendrick," conceded Budlong. "It's somewhat extraordinary, though. May I ask why——"

"I'd rather not say."

"But we are bound to be strictly fair." The professor meditatively handled the papers on the table. "I must ask you to prove to me which is your essay. It would not be fair to open any of these envelopes and by mistake disclose another author's name."

"I can prove which essay I mean, sir," said Hendrick. "I can quote a good deal of it, almost word for word."

"Well, give me the opening sentences."

Hendrick complied, and the professor hesitated over one of the manuscripts to which a blue envelope was fastened.

"This seems to be it," he decided.

"Wait a minute!" interposed Mr. Anable. The others looked at him, for there was a sharp rasp in his voice. "In court," he proceeded, "that quotation wouldn't be evidence that the essay is Hendrick's, would it? I don't mean to reflect in the least on your word, Erastus, but—well, we must have everything aboveboard, that's all. I'm on the medal committee, you know, and we can't return an essay to you without positive proof that it's yours. Now, the only positive proof of the authorship is sealed up in that envelope. Have we a right to open it?"

"I dare say that the original draft of the essay would be good evidence, Hendrick," hinted Budlong.

Hendrick mumbled unintelligibly. His sallow face became pink, and he twitched his thick spectacles as if they hurt him. The signals of his distress did not pass unchallenged by Mr. Anable's keen eyes.

"Erastus," said the banker quietly, "you're concealing something, aren't you? Is this essay yours or not? And why do you wish to withdraw it?"

"Because it was stolen!" blurted Hendrick abruptly. "Because it's a piece of dishonest work!"

"What? Stolen?"

"Your essay, Hendrick? Stolen?"

The questions came simultaneously from Budlong and Anable. The latter picked up his cigar mechanically, lit a match, and blew it out before breaking the silence again.

"What do you mean by 'stolen'?" he asked. "Plagiarized?"

"I mean that the '80 medal was a great temptation," stammered Hendrick, wiping his forehead. "A great temptation, sir, to a student having reasons to wish—to wish to distinguish himself in the eyes of you gentlemen who established the prize. Don't be any harder on him, sir, than you have to be. He isn't the only one who ever gave in to temptation. The boy who wrote that

essay—this temptation was too strong for him!”

“For him?” echoed Anable unpleasantly. “Why not put it in the first person?”

“Was too strong for me, then,” corrected Hendrick, with a defiance which contrasted oddly with his customary meekness. “The essay there was plagiarized. I can prove that, any way.” He thrust his hand into his coat pocket and produced the worn leaves of the German periodical. “Read that, sir,” he said to Budlong. “I think you’ll see why this essay shouldn’t be entered for your prize.”

Budlong scanned the printed pages. Hendrick’s little burst of vehemence subsided, and left him leaning against the table edge like a criminal in the dock.

“Yes, the essay should be destroyed,” said the professor, turning to Anable. “It is an audacious theft, beyond any doubt. I——”

“Let me tear it up, then,” interrupted Hendrick earnestly. “Surely you need not keep it any longer. Give it to me, sir. Give me—my essay!”

Budlong passed the manuscript to him, and he held it loosely, as if it was contaminated.

“Have you nothing more to say, Erastus?” demanded Mr. Anable.

“No, sir,” murmured Hendrick, shifting the essay indecisively from one hand to the other. “Only—since there’s no harm done—that you won’t find it necessary to tell——”

“Tell?” cried Anable hotly. “Do you think we’d shame the class of ’80 by telling such a shameful story about Tom Hendrick’s boy? Do you think we’d tell how one of our sons tried to steal the class medal?”

“No, sir,” gulped Erastus.

The banker waved a wrathful dismissal with his cigar. Hendrick was very glad to go. He shuffled out hastily with his eyes set straight ahead.

III.

“WELL, that’s the limit!” complained Anable, pacing about. “I knew the poor fellow was weak-kneed, but, by George, a contemptible trick like that

makes me downright sick. A fine specimen of a boy we’re sending through college!”

“At any rate, Jim, he confessed in time,” observed the professor mildly. “He’s hurt nobody except himself.”

“How about me, Buddy? Remember, I raised the subscription for him. I’m hurt down to the toes. What are we going to do?”

“I fancy there’s nothing to do,” said Budlong, glancing thoughtfully at the floor. “Hendrick appears to feel sufficiently remorseful. Hello, what’s this?”

He picked up a blue envelope that lay on the rug.

“Hendrick must have dropped it out of his essay,” Anable said. “I remember the look of it. Let’s see the thing,” and he tore off the end of the envelope carelessly. “Yes, sir,” he went on, “there’ll be a howl if this ever gets out, this—this—this——”

“Jim! Jim! What in the world is the matter?”

For a panic-stricken second the professor suspected apoplexy. Anable, staring wildly at a card, had collapsed into a chair.

“Great heavens!” he gasped. “Clement! Clement wrote that essay—that stolen essay! Erastus Hendrick was lying!”

Professor Budlong was not a man whose ideas were capable of any very speedy readjustment.

“What was Hendrick lying for?” said he, bewildered.

“To save him—to save me!” retorted Anable. “He discovered it somehow. But, Clem, how can I believe it? How can I make my son—my own son—realize his disgrace?”

“You mustn’t be too hard on him, Jim. Nobody will ever know. A disgrace—yes, but he isn’t the only——”

“Listen!”

A shuffling step was audible on the mat outside the door.

“It’s Erastus,” whispered Anable. “He’s come back for the envelope. I’ll take off my hat to him, Buddy; he can have anything I’ve got. Let me do the talking, the apologizing. We can talk free to Erastus because he’s our class boy, thank the Lord!”

Nine Points of the Law.

THE STORY OF BELLE FIELD'S SURRENDER IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY.

BY AGNES MORLEY CLEVELAND.

I.

THE Drag A. wagon was camped a hundred yards from Lower Water, waiting for the D. Cross outfit to "throw in" with it. The D. Crosses were a day overdue, and Westley was out of humor. So he grumbled:

"I'll wait till after dinner, and if that man Heffner don't git his wagon here by then, I'll move and let him work this range best he can with that layout of town bums he's got for punchers! I hope he don't git half the cattle. Thunderin' outrage, this sale, any way!"

"Did you know that Heffner attached Gray Dick the other day?" asked Gavalan, dropping the horse's hoof from which he was removing a shoe. "I saw Miss Belle yesterday, when I was hunting horses, and she told me that Heffner sent Dopy Mike after Dick, and she had to turn him over. She was all shot to pieces about it, but she said she had to do what a officer told her to."

Westley narrowed his eyelids and spat reflectively at the fire.

"Does Reed know that?" he asked after a pause.

"Maybe so he does, and that's why the D. Cross wagon ain't here," laughed Gavalan.

"If he don't know it, don't you go to givin' up no loose head about it when he comes," Westley warned him. "Reed ain't the man to handle this job."

"No, he ain't," agreed the other, "but I think Phil Gavalan is!"

"You're working under orders," retorted Westley, "and you'll jump in this deal when you're told to."

"Sure," laughed Gavalan, with such readiness that Westley regarded him suspiciously. "Anyhow, somebody is goin' to officiate at the grandest knock-

down-and-drag-out that ever come off in these mountains, and it ain't certain who the feller will be!"

With this Gavalan mounted his horse and left camp. Westley did the same thing, but took another direction. On the first ridge he met Belle Field, riding toward camp.

"Was headed your way," he announced abruptly. "Did Heffner take Gray Dick?"

A sudden light leaped into the girl's black eyes, and a pink spot glowed on either brown cheek.

"Yes, he's got him!"

More bitterness could not be compassed in four small words.

"Why did you let the fellow take him?" demanded Westley shortly.

"He sent me an order for him signed 'Abner Heffner, deputy sheriff,' and I thought I had to."

"Confounded shame your dad's away!" growled Westley.

The girl opened her lips to speak, and then hesitated. Westley was watching her.

"Say it," he prompted kindly. "I know what it is, anyhow. You was goin' to ask where Reed is. He's on the Alamosa, and won't git back till to-night."

The girl flushed. She was slight and willowy, half-child, half-woman. She sat her horse like a young Indian. With the glow that came into her cheeks, she was the picture of untrammelled young womanhood.

"It's because I'm afraid he might—it would only make it worse—I don't want him to—" she was stammering uncertainly.

"I'll keep the boy out of trouble," Westley considerably interrupted her.

"Of course I—you must not think—it's only because I do not want to be the cause of trouble!"

Westley laughed, which was reassuring.

"You've had a split. I know it by the way Clint's been actin' lately; but them's your affairs, and I'm old enough not to keer anything about such as that. In this other trouble I can help you, and I'm goin' to do it. Heffner is part fool if he thinks he can make that sort of a razee and git clear off with it!"

"Mr. Heffner is not doing this from a mistaken idea of duty." Belle's eyes blazed again. "He's doing it to hurt me!"

"Heffner's part fool, I say, and the other part is—fool, too!"

Westley had not intended to finish the sentence that way, but he bethought himself in time. Then he rode back to camp, and ordered the cook to move to Blue Spring immediately. An hour later, when the D. Cross wagon halted at the appointed meeting-place, it found only a smoldering fire.

"Now, if some jabbering idiot don't go and tell Reed about this as soon as he gits in to-night, we'll git that horse without any spillin' of human blood," said Westley, as he and Gavalan were hobbling horses on one side of the ramuda.

"I don't think anybody's anxious to let the job out, so I don't see what they'd tell him for," Gavalan replied. Then, as an after-thought: "Still, I don't know but what it's Clint's job, all right. I'd like to see the man that could take it away from me, if I was in his place! There he comes now, and I guess he knows about it—that's one of the D. Cross boys with him."

Clinton Reed rode up, threw himself to the ground, and, with half a

dozen motions in as many seconds, unsaddled his pony and started for the ramuda, rope in hand. Westley went to meet him.

"What you goin' to do?" the older man demanded.

"Catch a night horse," was the reply, as the young fellow strode past.

Clinton Reed was tall, well-built, and with a crude beauty in every outline. His face at the moment, however, was black, and the look in his gray eyes was not good to see.

"Did you tell Reed about Belle Field's horse?" Westley exploded to the D. Cross man, who sat stupidly staring.

"Not all," answered the man uneasily. "He bowed up so quick I couldn't."

"Not all!" repeated Westley, coming close up to him. "What do you mean by that?"

"Heffner's been fightin' the horse somethin' scand'lous," the man answered, half frightened by the menace in Westley's manner. "I come to find where you was camped," he added, relieved to change the subject. "We'll come up to-morrow."

Westley watched the fellow ride away, and

swore at him as long as he was in sight. Then he turned to Reed, who came up with his pony saddled.

"I'm going to Lower Water," Reed said in that sort of even tone which range men respect when they hear. "I may be back to-night, and I may not."

Westley spat deliberately.

"Course you ain't under orders," he began slowly, "and I can't tell you to stay; but since your cattle is in our herd, I'd like to ask you to wait till mornin'. The cattle have been actin' suspicious all evenin', and I'm afraid



CLINTON REED, COWBOY.

that big Box Bar steer will start a run to-night. We're pretty short-handed to handle a stampede."

Westley knew that he had played his highest card. If any power under high heaven could influence the determined boy before him, it would be the hint that Reed was shirking his part of the difficult task.

"Of course, if there's any real danger of the cattle running, I won't go," Clinton said; "but the longer I put off my meeting with Heffner, the less agreeable company I'll be when we do come together!"

"If you need any help in workin' his head over, call on me!" sung out Gavalan, coming up within hearing.

Reed laughed.

"All right, kid; when I can't settle my own troubles, you're the man I'll holler help to."

Westley caught Gavalan's eye, and in obedience to his signal the "puncher" strolled casually away. Westley followed, and when they were out of Reed's hearing, and apparently engrossed in the inspection of the horse-shoe keg, the older man spoke low and hurriedly.

"Squall just before day," he said. "Cut out the Box Bar steer and shove him toward the pinnacles. Let him trail a bunch, but keep the biggest part on the flat."

Gavalan's eyes sparkled.

"That's the business," he whispered approvingly.

II.

REED stood his guard over the cattle between midnight and three o'clock. Then he called Gavalan, who rolled out of his blankets with surprising and unusual alacrity.

"They're bedded down plumb quiet," Reed grumbled. "The boss must have been excited."

"Oh, they're apt to run yet," retorted the other, trotting off in the dark towards his picketed pony.

Reed threw himself on his bed, and lay looking up into the star-sprinkled vault of the heavens. Life seemed to him a miserable affair just then, for the only thing in it that he thought worth

having was farther from his reach than ever. Belle Field had refused to give him one specific word until she should return from college.

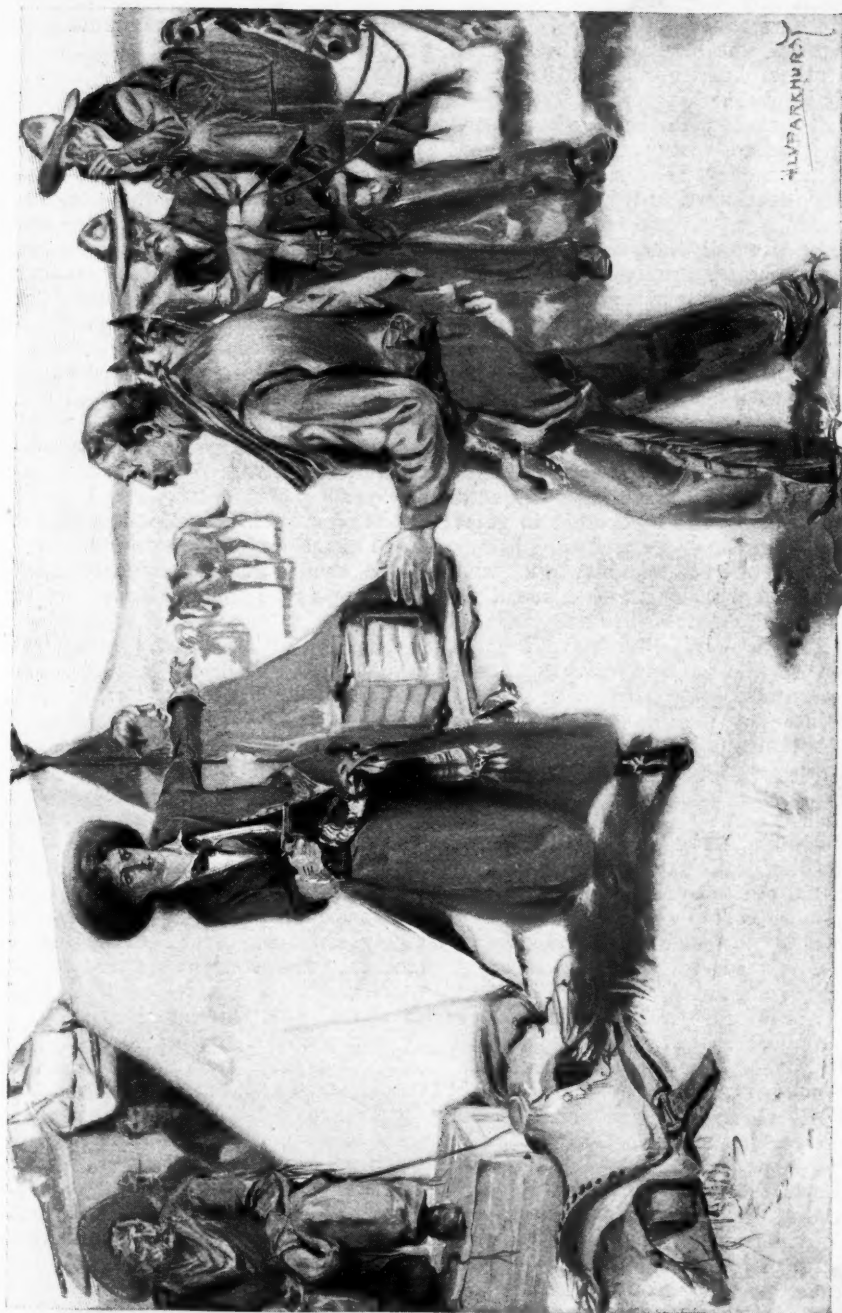
Return from college! Reed clinched his fists. Would she ever return? Out there in the world were there not men waiting for such a prize, men who could put him to shame in every polite accomplishment? And would not a girl reared on a cattle-ranch be sure to fall an easy victim to fine manners and graceful speech?

His great bitterness was the thought that perhaps he was not worthy of her; and yet when he recalled the men who had not been troubled by such scruples, and had brazenly sought her, he took heart; for Clinton Reed was a man who knew his strength—the strength of honesty, of cleanness, of manly honor. There was Heffner. He ground his teeth when he thought of Heffner. Worthless as the fellow was, he had shamelessly asked Belle to marry him, and had vowed vengeance when she refused. And now the scoundrel's hour of triumph seemed to be at hand. The D. Cross Cattle Company, of which Belle's father was the principal owner, had failed, and Heffner had succeeded in having himself appointed receiver and deputy sheriff for the purpose of gathering the cattle for the foreclosure sale. He had again offered marriage to Belle Field, and because she scornfully refused this second impertinence he attached her own pony, on the pretense that it was company stock. Her father was away, vainly trying to raise the money he needed, and so he could not protect her.

As Reed lay with these thoughts running through his head, his wrath against Heffner swept aside his own pain, and he thought only how he could stand between the girl he loved and the evil that had befallen her.

Suddenly his ears caught a suspicious sound, and he sprang to his feet just as a wild yell rent the still air. Gavalan's squall was an artistic triumph of simulated alarm.

"They've run, by the eternal!" Reed ejaculated, dashing for his horse. "That crazy kid must have scared them somehow or other. Hey, Westley and



"COME HERE! NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU DID TO THAT HORSE!"

THUNDERBOLT

the rest of you fellows, turn out! The cattle have run!"

Westley was already in the saddle; the others hurriedly tumbled out of their blankets.

"Stay right with the Box Bar steer, Clint!" yelled Westley, as Reed plunged past him, mounted on the best cow-pony in the Southwest. "We'll handle the others!"

Reed promptly headed for the pinnacles. Westley grunted with satisfaction as he swung around in front of the surprised cattle, who were wondering why they had been jumped out of a peaceful morning nap by a frantic cowboy who howled and urged them forward one minute, and whistled and tried to quiet them the next. When the other boys reached the flat, Gavalan and Westley were "milling" the herd and singing out to each other in great good humor.

"That steer will take him to the wild bunch, but he'll stay with him till he gits him!" shouted Gavalan.

"And he won't find a fresh horse when he gits back to camp!" roared Westley in reply.

White day was sweeping away the night when the boys returned to camp. Breakfast was ready. As Westley was saddling his fresh horse, Gavalan approached him.

"I think," he began, "I sorter belong in on this deal. I think the boss better give me orders to ride to Lower Water this morning."

Westley looked hard at the speaker. Gavalan returned the look squarely, and spoke again:

"Whatever might happen, two is better than one. Heffner has a tough set with him—and two is better than one."

Westley smiled grimly.

"All right, kid, come along! But don't you bat an eyelash till I say the word—sabe?"

Down the green canyon in the rare morning light the two men rode—knights errant, bound to redress the wrongs of the other fellow's lady-love, because in this unchivalrous age and clime a lady's wrongs may not be satisfactorily redressed by filling the villain full of bullets from a Colt's forty-five. Therefore the lady's own knight was

chasing a long-horned steer to the north, while the usurping knights rode gaily away to the south.

III.

THE D. Cross outfit was not yet ready to leave camp when Westley and Gavalan arrived. Although the sun was high in the heavens, the men were just roping their first mounts from the ramuda. Westley greeted Heffner shortly, but Gavalan sat staring at something a little distance away. Westley saw his black look, and followed it; then he opened his mouth to speak, but a low oath from Heffner stopped him for a moment.

Gavalan's hand went to his six-shooter, but Westley sent him a warning look.

"It's her trick. You let her take it if she can!" the older man said.

The camp waited in silence until Belle Field rode up and stopped before Heffner.

What it was her purpose to say was never known, for before she spoke her eye fell on the object that had arrested Gavalan's attention, and the color went from her face. A choking sound came from her, and she moistened her lips as if in physical pain. Heffner, watching her, grew ashen, for fear was in the man before the might of her passion.

"How long has he stood that way?" she demanded hoarsely.

The smoldering light in her eye wrung from the wretched Heffner a truthful reply, not the flippant retort which he had coached himself to give when that question should come.

"Since last night."

The torrent came and engulfed the fear-stricken man.

"You coward!" gasped the girl, and the words stung his flesh.

Then she struck her pony so that he reared and lunged forward frantically.

"Tramp him down, kill him, tramp him!" she cried, and dug her heels into the frightened animal's side, all the while keeping his head turned toward the livid Heffner, who dodged wildly backward and forward in his effort to keep out of the path of the plunging, kicking, snorting horse.

"Put up that gun, you fool!" growled Westley meanwhile, but Gavalan did not obey.

Belle slipped suddenly to the ground.

"Give it to me!" she said imperiously, and Gavalan handed her his revolver.

"Oh, God, boys, don't let her kill me!" shrieked Heffner.

Not a man stirred.

"Come here!" The girl's voice was like a whip-lash, and Heffner stood before her, grinning with terror. "Now tell me what you did to that horse!"

The heavy weapon shook in her hand, and Heffner watched its motion with fascinated horror.

"I rode him to town and back yesterday," he gurgled.

"You rode him ninety miles! What else?"

"I beat him over the head."

Heffner had imagined that he would tell her this with a triumphant leer.

"What else?"

"I spurred him in the shoulder."

"What else?"

"I never watered him for two days."

For a full minute the girl looked at him, and he knew that his life lay in her hand. He was on the point of sending out a wail for mercy when the girl spoke.

"Ab Heffner, if you were a man I'd kill you! But you're only a cringing beast, and I can't do it. I say only this. I hope that God will never let you get away from the memory of that suffering horse standing there, as he has stood for twelve hours; that when you come to die, your last earthly vision will be that poor horse yonder!"

She handed the six-shooter back to

Gavalan, and walked out to Gray Dick. He raised his head and whinnied at the sound of her voice. Westley came to her with a bridle.

"Miss Belle," he said in a whisper, "there is a horseman coming from the direction of Blue Spring. I'll go meet him."

"No, I'll go myself," she answered.

"Thank you for what you have done. I believe that I have resisted an officer of the law, and have used force in doing so. I may need your help later, but not now."

Westley brought her pony, and when she was mounted he handed her Gray Dick's bridle. The men stood motionless, and watched her ride away slowly, Gray Dick following painfully but with new courage. By Lower Water the girl met Clint Reed riding swiftly in her cause.

"Oh, Clint!" There were tears in her eyes and sweet appeal in her voice. "Oh, Clint, I need somebody!"

The man's heart stood still. And there, in sight of the staring camp, she promised him that never again would she try to fight one of life's battles without his help.

Could any man go forth and do murder after that? So Heffner rode out of camp with only Gavalan's taunts and Westley's quiet threats ringing in his ears, and ever in his mind's eye the group on the near-by slope—his dumb victim with its nose in the cool mountain spring, and the girl he had coveted looking into the stern but tender face of the man whom Heffner knew in his heart to be worthy of the trust she put in him.

A SONG IN DOUBT.

Is it lover or friend that she holds me?

I know not, but know

That she shapes me and molds me

As sculptor the pliable clay;

My longing, it floods and enfolds me

As does earth the snow,

Or as, at the lapse of the thrush song, the darkness the day.

Her eyes are as skies at their fairest,

Unfathomably blue;

Her lips are as rarest

Anemones touched by the sun;

Ah, heart of my heart, if thou carest,

Then give me the clue

That shall point out the radiant pathway to paradise won!

Sennett Stephens.

A Unique American Church.

BY ROBERT SCOTT OSBORNE.

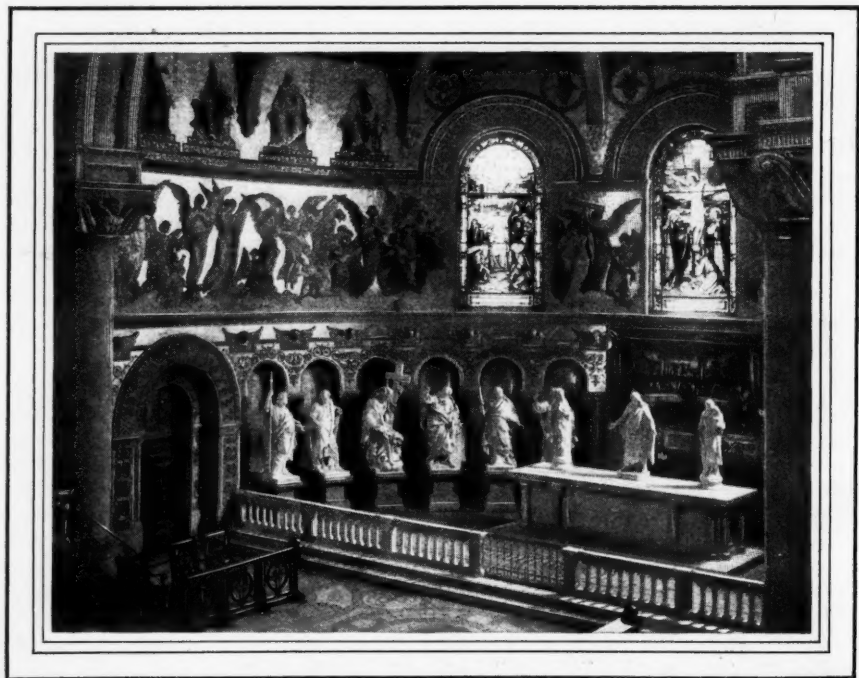
THE GORGEOUS MEMORIAL OF THE LATE SENATOR STANFORD OF CALIFORNIA, RECENTLY COMPLETED AT A COST OF MORE THAN SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

VERY seldom, if ever, has a grander and more costly monument been built of stone and mortar than those which perpetuate the memory of the late Senator Stanford of California and his son. The great university at Palo Alto bears the name of the younger Stanford, who died prematurely in his father's lifetime; the special memorial of the Senator is the remarkable church which has recently been completed after several years of work and at a cost of fully six hundred thousand dollars, borne by his widow.

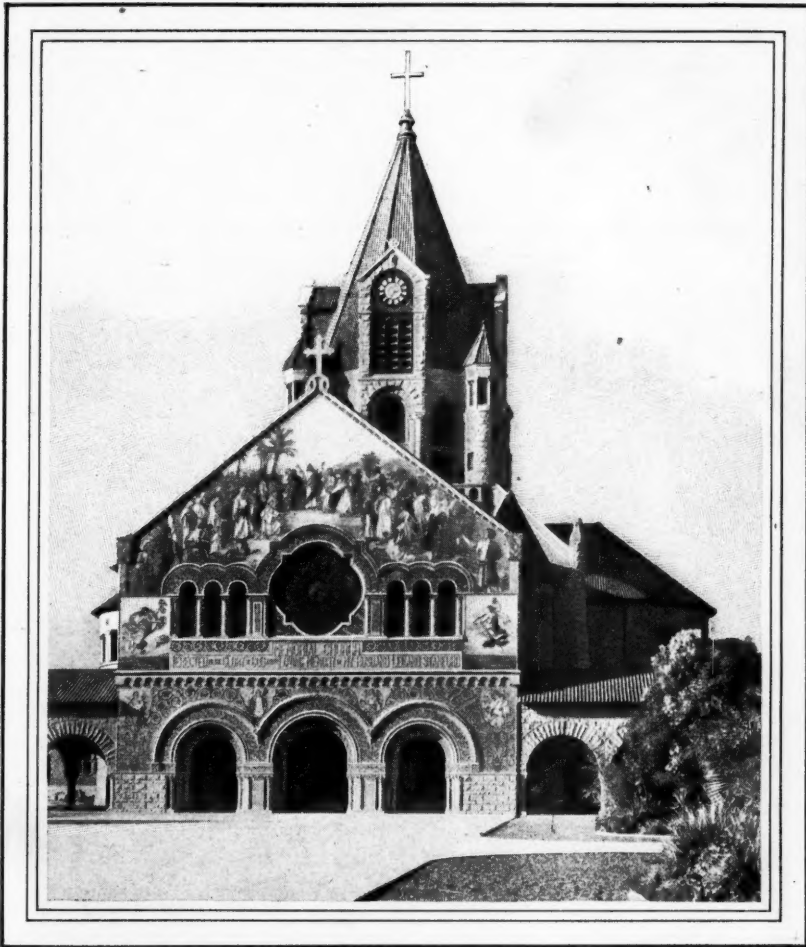
It is its extraordinary richness of decoration that makes this latter building

notable. No other church in America, and few in the world, can compare with it in this respect. Its sculptures and mosaics represent the skill and patient toil of some of the best artists of both the Old World and the New. It recalls St. Mark's at Venice in that even its exterior is adorned with elaborate mosaic pictures. The climate of California permits of external ornamentation which the rains and frosts of less fortunate regions would speedily ruin.

The upper portion of the main façade of the church is occupied by a mammoth mosaic representation of "The Sermon on the Mount," designed by an



THE ALTAR AND CHANCEL OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY, AT PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA.



THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH—THE MAIN DECORATION OF THE FAÇADE IS A GREAT MOSAIC OF "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT." THE INSCRIPTION ABOVE THE DOORS READS :
 "MEMORIAL CHURCH, ERECTED TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING MEMORY
 OF MY HUSBAND, LELAND STANFORD."

Italian artist. On this alone a dozen expert workmen labored for almost two years. The rose window below it is a costly piece of stained glass, whose subject is "Christ in the Temple."

The dimensions of the building are not large, but its interior is lofty and gives an impression of ample space. The ceiling, composed of fine Moorish tiling, is seventy-five feet above the floor. The walls glow with mural paintings and mosaics. The richest of the decoration centers in the chancel, where three tiers of figures run around the

semicircular walls. In the topmost row are prophets and judges of the Old Testament, done in mosaic, heroic in size and gorgeous of hue. The panels below are filled with angels celebrating the triumph of the risen Saviour; and below these are a series of niches, with marble statues of the twelve apostles. The statues, massive figures weighing about two tons apiece, were modeled in Italy, and by a curious miscalculation they were made too large to fit into the niches reserved for them. The difficulty was surmounted by placing them

in front of the niches, which thus form a background instead of a canopy, with an effect that is not unpleasant, although unusual.

The altar itself is carved from a solid block of the purest Carrara marble. It is decorated with an elaborate bas-relief interpretation of Rubens' famous "En-

practical, the useful, rather than the ornamental, and our architects, until quite recent years, have given comparatively slight attention to the purely decorative side of their art. Their most characteristic creations were the austere simple Colonial style, and the huge, box-like masses of the modern



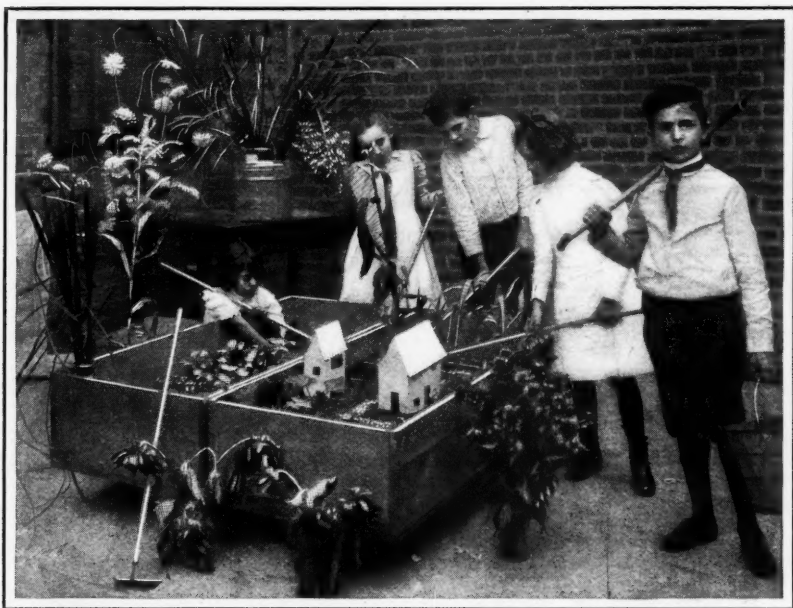
WINDOWS AND INTERIOR DECORATIONS OF THE STANFORD MEMORIAL CHURCH—THE WHOLE AUDITORIUM GLOWS WITH COLOR, THE WALLS BEING COVERED WITH MOSAICS AND PAINTINGS.

tombment." The three windows above it are particularly fine specimens of American stained glass—and stained glass is the one artistic product in which American workers admittedly excel those of all other lands.

It is said that the chancel, with its windows and decorations and the beautifully carved altar, cost three hundred thousand dollars—nearly half of the entire outlay on the church.

The whole building is a significant example of some of the latter-day tendencies of American architecture. Our national bent has always been for the

American business building. Of late, however, there has been a marked development of interest in decoration. Mural painting has received a great impetus, mosaic work has been revived, and stained glass has been brought to a perfection hitherto unknown. The Boston Public Library was the first triumph achieved in the new artistic field, and the deserved admiration that it aroused was an incentive to other designers of public and private buildings. The Stanford Memorial Church is the latest and one of the most notable products of the movement.



A GLIMPSE OF NATURE FOR CITY CHILDREN—MINIATURE FARMS IN THE COURTYARD OF A NEW YORK SCHOOL.

Play as a Means of Teaching.

BY BERTHA H. SMITH.

WHAT NEW YORK AND OTHER GREAT AMERICAN CITIES ARE DOING TO MAKE THEIR CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS A TIME FOR LEARNING HELPFUL LESSONS INSTEAD OF EVIL ONES.

IN cities, the problem of unemployed children is as urgent of solution as the problem of unemployed adults. More so, perhaps, for as the child is bent, the man's inclined. In the recognition of this fact, a new obligation has fallen upon our boards of education, the guardians of Young America.

In New York, daily at mid-afternoon, half a million children are freed from the restraint of the schoolroom—thrown out, most of them, upon their own resources. For five hours they have sat under the watchful eye of their teacher, their animal spirits curbed by a salutary discipline. For five hours their little minds have been as busy as a teacher could make them. Now, at stroke of three, they are turned loose

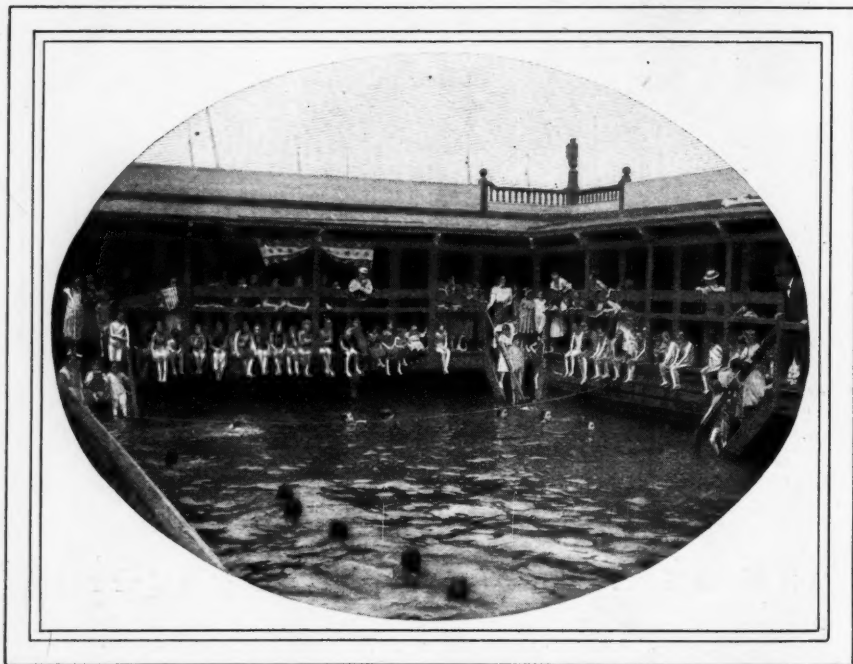
in a wild burst of freedom—upon the streets.

Where else can they go? In the building of great cities, the child is forgotten. No place is left for him to play. And in New York, particularly, necessity has forced a large proportion of the people into mean, cramped quarters, unworthy the name of home.

New York has no curfew. Play, begun at mid-afternoon in summer, lasts till late evening; later and later, as one goes from the streets of few children to the streets of many. Where children are reasonably few, mothers call them in at bedtime, and even count them over to see that none are missing. In the swarming tenement districts, many of the babies are on the street till well to-

ward midnight, dropping asleep, when too tired for play, on a box on the sidewalk. Boys past eight or ten are not always called to account if they do not come to their share of a bed at all.

five million dollars' worth of school property should stand idle for all but five hours a day, two hundred days in the year, in the face of an obvious need of its fuller use?



DEVELOPING A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY—SWIMMING LESSONS FOR VACATION SCHOOL CHILDREN AT A NEW YORK PUBLIC BATH.

Summer vacation gives just so many more hours for the street; and every hour means ugly lessons learned that years of school cannot erase from the mind; every day means a step further away from good citizenship.

THREE PRACTICAL QUESTIONS.

A while ago thinking people in New York began to ask themselves these significant questions:

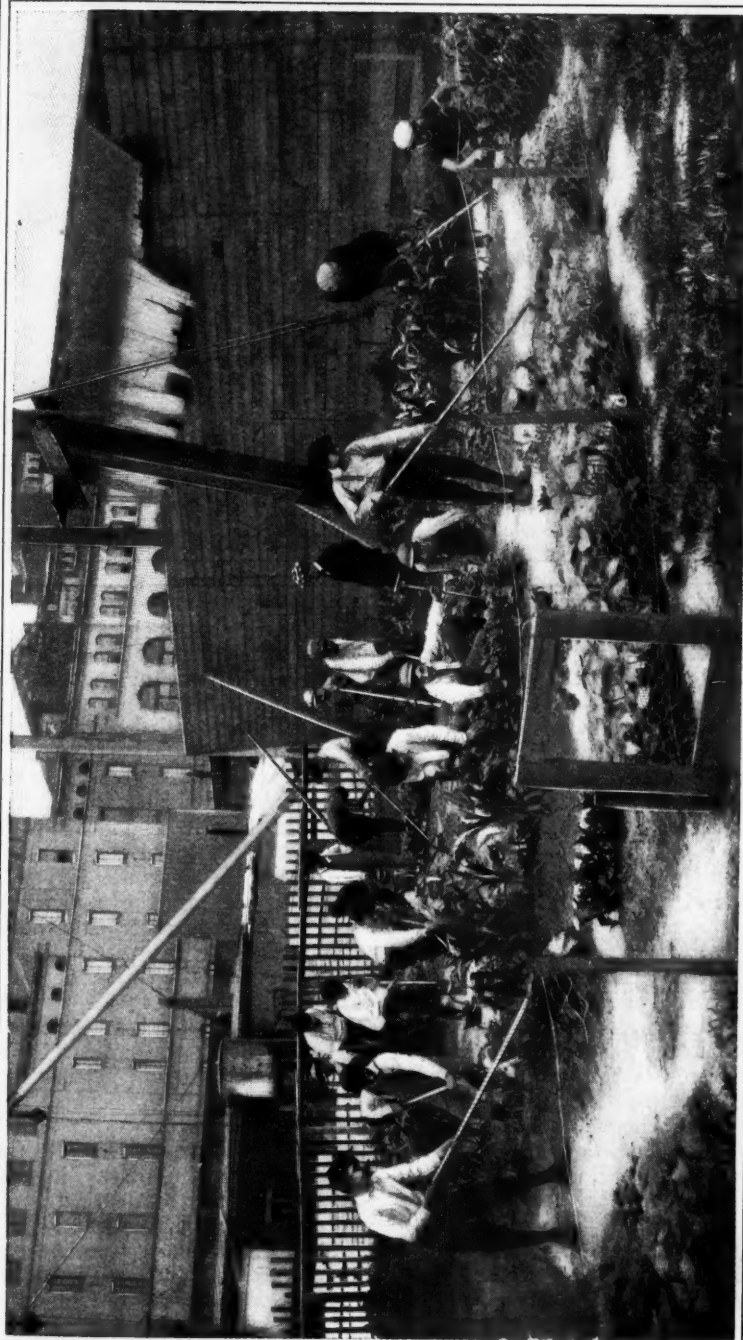
Is it right that half a million children should be sent to the street after three o'clock every afternoon during the school term, and all day during the long summer vacation?

Is it right to allow the good effects of school work to be dissipated for lack of regular occupation and discipline in the summer vacation?

Is it right that something like sixty-

These questions were asked not only in New York, but in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other great centers of population. The obvious answer crystallized into action, and public playgrounds were built. Then came a movement to institute recreation work in connection with the school systems. Sometimes this is done by educational, philanthropic, or civic organizations, sometimes by boards of education.

In New York the recreation work is made a part of the school system, under the jurisdiction of the Board of Education. It is divided into three departments—the vacation school, open on five mornings in the week, where manual training is made the special feature; the afternoon playgrounds, which are entirely separate from the public playgrounds supported by the Park Depart-



MODEL FARMING IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK—A VACANT LOT AT SIXTY-SIXTH STREET AND AVENUE A ON WHICH VACATION SCHOOL BOYS ARE RAISING CORN AND PUMPKINS.



TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS—A MODEL AFTERNOON TEA-PARTY FOR VACATION SCHOOL GIRLS.

ment; and the evening recreation centers, open throughout the year save for the few weeks of hot weather in summer, when they are supplanted by the school roof-gardens.

It is because New York has the greatest necessity, and because New York has gone the greatest length in meeting this necessity, that a study of the method employed in the American metropolis is of particular interest.

WHAT NEW YORK DOES FOR ITS CHILDREN.

Since the experimental days of 1899, when the New York authorities thought fifteen buildings enough to devote to vacation schools, the demand for admission—a purely voluntary demand on the part of pupils—has increased until now fifty-four schools, all that are available, fail to accommodate the thousands that apply each year.

July and August are the months for the vacation schools. This is the trying period when the children are in the streets all day, when mischief is rampant, when policemen are kept busy and the juvenile courts full. If vacation schools meant study, children would not come, and they could not be compelled to come. But in the vacation school

there is no sitting at stiff desks under the rigid discipline of regular school days, no bugbear books to tax sluggish minds, no classes called by teachers who have a habit of asking you to recite just when you are not prepared. There is no requirement for regular attendance, no set course of work. The idea is to make the school so attractive that children will come of their own accord.

Manual work is the magnet that draws an average of twenty thousand children daily to the vacation schools. The industrial instruction of the six-week summer term equals the entire course prescribed for the regular school year. Of the crafts taught, basketry perhaps stands first in popularity and educational value. So popular is this work with both boys and girls that more baskets are made in the New York vacation schools in two months than by all the tribes of North American Indians in a year. The reed and raffia are furnished by the school board, and the children are allowed to keep the things they make, which adds to their interest in their work.

Boys show an eagerness to learn things that promise speedy profit. Chair-caning has become quite a thri-



TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS—A CLASS IN NURSING AT A NEW YORK VACATION SCHOOL.

ving industry in the summer schools, and in some neighborhoods not a chair remained uncared at the end of last term. It was not unusual to see a boy coming to school with his little sister's high chair swung over his shoulder, or one that he had bargained to reseat for some tenement neighbor.

Bench-work and fret-sawing always have a good following, and many boys learn enough in this way to shorten their apprenticeship in carpentering. Venetian iron-work is still more popular. Last year, at the closing exhibition of summer school work, the pride of all the teachers was centered in a miniature Brooklyn Bridge modeled by one boy and wrought in iron by him and a number of his comrades.

In the matter of equipment for this work, New York has been distanced by some of the other American cities, notably Cleveland, where workshops are built in all the school yards. But no matter how meager and insufficient the facilities, the main object of the vacation school is accomplished. Underlying it, too, is a teaching still more vital to the future citizen of the republic—that the work of one's hands, that all work which contributes to the comfort

and pleasure of life, is both dignified and honorable.

TEACHING THE FUTURE HOME-MAKERS.

An effort is made to interest the girls in domestic science. Millinery is well enough, and the girls are taught not only to make raffia hats, but to construct frames and trim them simply and neatly. Knitting and crocheting are all right in their way, too; but what is vastly more important among the class which these schools aim to help is, the teaching of the rudiments of house-keeping—to them an unknown art.

Some of these girls have never seen a bed properly made up, and wonder what sheets and pillow-slips are for when they see the models, complete to the last detail. The needle most of them know. It is by the needle they get their bread and a roof over their heads. Where women do the finishing of factory garments at home, little tots of four or five are often kept busy pulling out basting-threads until long after the sand-man's time, and girls of kindergarten age hem or baste at their mother's side. It is something new, however, when they are taught to cut and make a garment for themselves, as is done in

vacation school when they can be spared to go there.

What they learn in the cooking classes is quite different from anything they see at home. The wholesome preparation of simple food is a practical lesson that has been carried into many tenement homes, together with revolutionary ideas as to the use of table-cloths, brooms, and dusting-cloths. Girls who learn the possibilities of neatness and

mens of field and water life as the teacher can procure. It takes little urging to get children to spend some time each day in these rooms. Many of them get here their first idea of growing things, and of the feathered and finned creatures of the woods and streams—a strange and distant realm to the boys and girls of the streets.

Asked why he liked to stay there so long, one little fellow said:



KEEPING THE NEW YORK CHILDREN OFF THE STREETS—A TYPICAL SCENE IN ONE OF THE VACATION PLAYGROUNDS, OF WHICH THE CITY MAINTAINS MORE THAN A HUNDRED.

order, and the simple details of household arrangement, will not, after they are married, hang out of a window idly watching the scene below while their dishes stand unwashed on the table and untidy children crawl over a dirty floor.

Nursing is another of the useful lessons taught. Accidents and sickness are every-day things in the tenements, and it will never come amiss to know how to bandage a gashed finger, bind a bruised forehead, and perform the simple duties that add so much to an invalid's comfort.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OUTER WORLD.

Almost every school has a room filled with growing plants, birds in cages, small fishes, and as many more speci-

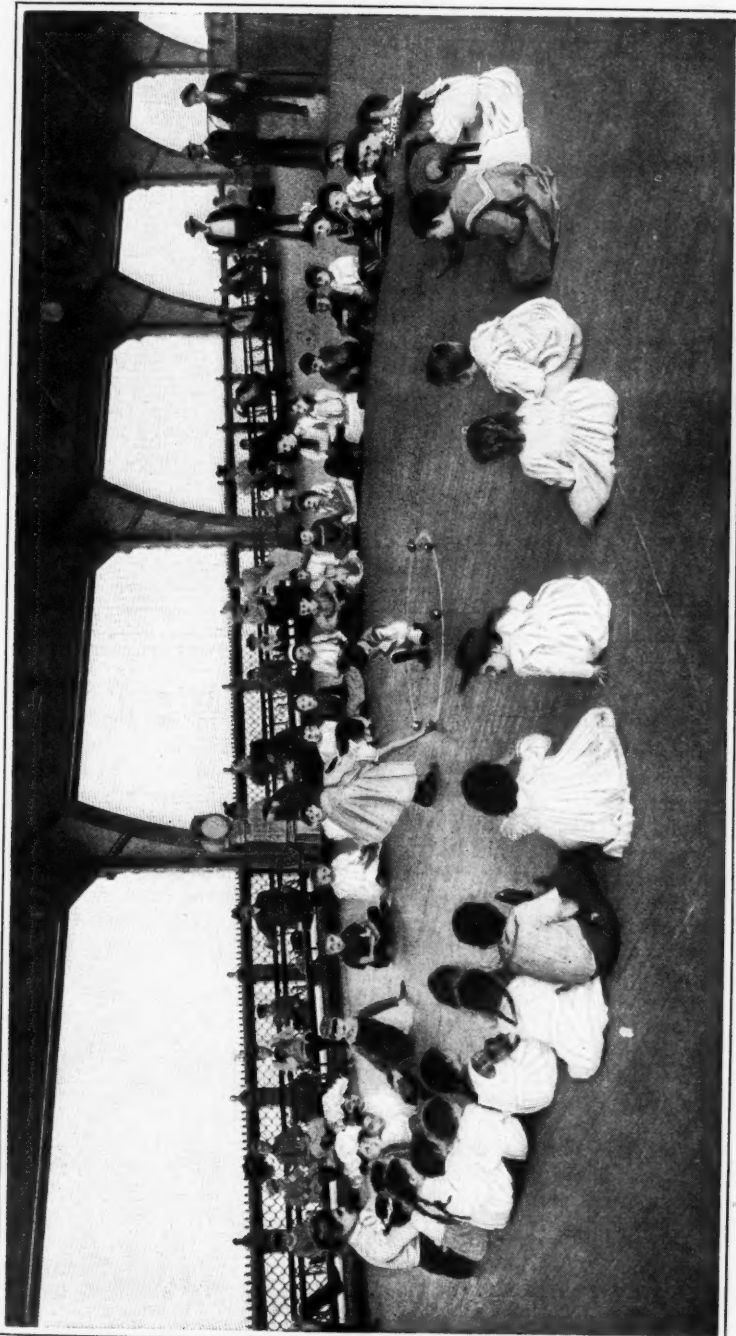
"Oh, I like it because everything is alive. I hate dead things!"

"What do you mean by dead things?" he was asked.

"Bugs and butterflies, and all the things they kill for us to look at."

There are kindergartens a plenty in the vacation schools, where the "littlest ones" are made happy with songs and games and the kindergarten tasks that help children to discover what fingers are for. To show the aggressive spirit of the movement, it may be mentioned that the school board does not wait for the children to come to the kindergarten, but sends the kindergarten to children who would otherwise be without it.

The recreation piers built by the city



ON A NEW YORK RECREATION PIER, AT TWENTY-FOURTH STREET AND THE EAST RIVER—TWO KINDERGARTNERS ARE STATIONED AT EACH PIER TO ORGANIZE GAMES FOR THE SMALLER CHILDREN.



THE ROOF PLAYGROUND OF A NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOL, WITH A VACATION GYMNASIUM ATTACHED.

along the New York water front are filled every day with tired women bringing puny babes for a breath of air, and by "little mothers" with their charges. Two kindergartners are sent to each pier, and kindergartens are held which have new members every day, but which relieve mothers of their cares for a little while. They also relieve the girls who must otherwise spend their entire morning looking after younger brothers and sisters, and give them a chance to go to the nearest school and learn to make a hat, to prepare a soup, or to give the baby a bath.

Another feature of this aggressive policy is the placing of instructors in the public baths. Thousands of children who go there to splash about aimlessly have been taught the useful lesson of swimming, and every year hundreds of boys and girls receive certificates of proficiency.

THE VACATION PLAYGROUNDS.

If the gates of the school yards swung shut after the vacation school session, the children would go back to the street and much of the work of the

morning would be lost. It is to prevent this that the yards are kept open in the afternoon, that vacant lots are equipped with gymnasium apparatus, that the roofs of schoolhouses are pressed into service, and that corners of parks and piers are given over to instructors employed by the Board of Education.

The playground idea antedates the other branches of recreation work. Its advantages are too generally admitted to need exploitation. The value of play intelligently directed, the physical benefit of the exercise, and the moral lesson of fairness, are worth as much as the mental and manual training which the vacation school provides. Indeed, it is frankly acknowledged by educators that the playground is the more important of the two. As a result, the number of vacation playgrounds in New York has been increased from the original twenty to one hundred and ten.

Perhaps the good results are not always as immediate or as radical as those revealed when a boy said to his principal at the close of the last vacation:

"Say, I'll tell you something, if you won't tell the gang. You've broken up

a gang of thieves by letting us fellows come here and have a good time!"

Nature study finds its way into the playgrounds where eight or ten square feet of space can be spared for model farms and gardens, or where a box can be allowed in an angle of the courtyard. City children are not to blame if they think that only skyscrapers and billboards grow out of the ground. There is something pathetic in their delight in watching the mystery of a seed changing to a little green shoot that gradually develops into a plant that blossoms, and mayhap bears fruit.

The school roof-gardens, although much fewer in number—New York has eleven of them—appeal to a larger class of people. Men and women who have toiled all day, boys and girls from factories and shops, are not too tired to climb half a dozen long flights of stairs to get a whiff of air that is free from the noisome odors of the street, up here where the starry sky gives them a moment's inspiration that may or may not last till the morrow. A brass band is stationed on each roof, and the programs are arranged to suit varied tastes, from those that really appreciate good music to that of the woman who one night touched the leader's arm and said:

"I don't expect to go to the graveyard but once—won't you please give us a jig?"

PLACES FOR WINTER RECREATION.

With all these summer activities the school doors have grown so used to swinging outward that it no longer seems possible to swing them back again. Even during the school term, more than twenty buildings in the more crowded districts of New York are thrown open as recreation centers. The name only half describes their work. It would be hard to find a term to cover a plan so wide in its scope.

Winter evenings bring new dangers to those who prefer the street to the stuffy, ill-kept, overcrowded tenement rooms. Cheap dance-halls are at every corner, where for five cents any girl can go and whirl the evening away with just as questionable company as she chooses. Cheap billiard-rooms, cheaper saloons and worse dives, are open to young men

and boys—and young women, too, for that matter. It is to compete with these that recreation centers exist.

The school basements are not as cheerful as might be, but they are light and warm and full of life. In the game room, the tables are full of boys having a good time at checkers, chess, authors, and a dozen other harmless games. It was found necessary to remove the crokinole boards because the boys gambled over the game. Over in a corner, as far as possible away from the noise, are young boys—pitifully young when you think about it—who come in body-fagged, if not brain-weary. For these the greatest pleasure is in a book, and they can always find a good selection on the librarian's desk, brought from a public library. These little chaps are the ones who deliver parcels at your door, or who answer all day long the call of "Ca-a-sh!"

Through the door comes the noise from the basket-ball court, or from the gymnasium, where classes of boys are receiving instruction, perhaps from some college champion. The men in charge of the boys' centers are big-shouldered, broad-minded fellows all; and if perchance one shows by a few gold-braced front teeth that he has been in the thick of 'varsity football matches, so much the better. There are gangs that get tired of the regular rounds outside, and think it amusing to break in upon a recreation center for the purpose of seeing if they cannot "start something." It is the best thing in the world for them to meet somewhere near the door one of these big, good-natured football fellows, with his forbidding shoulders, his maimed front teeth, and his sympathetic interest.

FROM THE "GANG" TO THE BOYS' CLUB.

"These gangs are just what we are looking for," declared one principal. "They are the boys we want. They always throw us a look when we say 'Hats off' to them, and more than once I've had to show them down the hall before they knew I meant it; but we want them to stay, and we always let them know it. Of course," he continued, "moral suasion, not muscular, is the prescribed method of dealing with fel-

lows of this sort, but there are some on whom moral suasion operates only after physical preparation. We give our instructions this interpretation: 'You are not expected to resort to corporal punishment—and get caught at it.'

Boys of this class are born for gangs. They love a leader, and will follow one to the very doors of the Refuge or the Tombs; then they turn their backs on him and choose another. Instead of trying to thwart the gang instinct, the idea of the recreation center is to direct it toward the formation of clubs. Gangs that come to scoff remain to become Milton and Howells Literary Circles, Demosthenes Debating Societies, and Star Athletic Clubs, with preambles to their constitutions something like this:

Whereas it is known that in the field of literature knowledge ever awaits reapers, and by combination of efforts greater and grander results may be obtained, we whose names are hereon annexed do form a society whose object shall be the cultivation of the argumentative faculties and training of the members in the art of public reading, speaking, and parliamentary law.

Once organized, the dignity that maintains in these clubs would grace the halls of Congress. Boys who outside the door are "kids," inside are "gentlemen of the club." "Reddy," "Skinny," and "Humpy" become "Mr. Solomon," "Mr. O'Brien," or "Mr. Schmidt."

Every club has the use of a separate room for business meetings one night each week, and stated hours for the use of gymnasium, basket-ball courts, ping-pong tables, and the like. The same bond of sympathy that formed the gang holds the club together.

Every recreation center has its study room, for children who cannot get their lessons in the midst of the confusion of the home living-room, and for young men who would not have the courage to undertake civil service examinations if they had not a quiet place to study.

There are those who claim that women are not social creatures, but there is no evidence of this in the girls' centers. They are well attended, and the girls show no less enthusiasm than the boys. They have not the same genius for organization, however, and their clubs, while no less earnest, lack the parlia-

mentary smoothness of their brothers. The girls care more for reading than for gymnastics, yet the gymnasium is never deserted. Their gymnastic exercises are always taken in classes with an instructor, and many of them, with their teacher's encouragement, have made themselves gymnasium suits. These girls of from fifteen to seventeen have spent the day in factories, sewing on buttons, making suspenders, trimming hats, packing factory goods; but they are not too tired for a good time, and they like nothing better than the last half hour, which is devoted to dancing. By way of promoting social spirit, an interchange of hospitalities occasionally takes place between neighboring girls' and boys' centers, each in turn playing the part of host.

THE SMALL COST OF A GREAT WORK.

The yearly cost of the three divisions of this recreation work in New York is something like two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, a mere scratch in the twenty-million budget of the Board of Education. How much it makes for good citizenship that by these various means possibly three hundred thousand children are kept off the streets at least a part of every summer day, and that thousands of young men and women out of school are provided with a place where they can spend their evenings, only the future can tell. But to quote Miss Evangeline Whitney, district superintendent in charge of vacation schools, playgrounds, and recreation centers:

"The city of New York can say for the encouragement of other cities that feel the menace of an alien population that by means of this humanitarian work it has at least crippled the gigantic octopus of evil which would sap the life of our nation. Long after the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence it keeps its own distinct color, and the two streams refuse to mingle until they are mixed by the Lachine Rapids. We can never unite into one people our 'congeries of races' until we teach them to speak our language, read our books, appreciate our institutions, and find happiness in honest toil and wholesome recreation."

THE ABBESS OF VLAYE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France" and "Count Hannibal."

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN Des Ageaux, Lieutenant-Governor of Périgord, is bidden by his master, King Henry IV of France, to put down the peasant uprising in and around Vlaye, he seeks aid from the Duke of Joyeuse, who is under some obligations to him. In a moment of pique the duke declines to help him, then thinks better of it, and in his characteristically reckless way sets out alone after Des Ageaux, who has gone to the scene of the uprising to look over the ground. The peasants, known as Crocans, have been driven to revolt through the cruelty and exactions of M. de Vlaye, a soldier of fortune, who is betrothed to the Abbess of Vlaye, Odette de Villeneuve, daughter of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, an impoverished old nobleman who is living in seclusion with his hump-backed son, Roger, and his younger daughter, Bonne, both of whom he despises and derides. His other son, Charles, has been driven from home by the old man's taunts, and has joined the Crocans. While seeking Des Ageaux, the Duke of Joyeuse stops at the Villeneuve château, where he finds some of Vlaye's men in possession, guarding the young Countess of Rochechouart, whom their master privately intends to compel to marry him, thinking thereby to better his fortunes. Not suspecting the duke's identity, Vlaye's troopers are impertinent to him, whereupon he kills their leader in a duel and is himself grievously wounded. The other soldiers recognize him when they remove the mask he wears, and after giving him every attention, send word to Vlaye. Before the latter can arrive, however, Des Ageaux appears on the scene with a small band of followers, and, becoming cognizant of the true state of affairs, overpowers Vlaye's men, and with the duke, the countess, and the Villeneuves, seeks safety in flight. But it soon becomes apparent that the wounded duke cannot stand the strain of the journey, so Des Ageaux decides to leave him in a near by chapel, in care of Odette de Villeneuve, who has volunteered for the duty because she sees therein a way by which she may help Vlaye, her betrothed husband.

XII (Continued).

"IT seems a good plan, if *mademoiselle* be indeed willing," Des Ageaux said. He wished, nevertheless, that he could see the abbess' face.

"I have said," she replied coldly, "that I am willing."

But her women on the instant showed they were not. What? Remain in this wilderness in the dark with a dying man? They would be eaten by wolves, they would be strangled by witches, they would be ravished by thieves! Never! And in a trice one was in hysterics, deaf to her mistress' threats and to the Bat's grim hints. The other, after a conflict, allowed herself to be browbeaten, and yielded, sullenly and with tears; but not until the water of the ford rippled about their horses' hoofs, and the tiny spark of light that through the open door beamed on the shallows shone in their eyes.

Had it been day, they would have had before them a scene at once wild and peaceful. On their right, below the ford—which was formed by the passage of the stream from one side of the narrow valley to the other—a lofty bluff over-

hung a black pool. Above the ford, on the level meadow, a stone's throw from the track—if track that could be called which not a hundred persons traversed in a year—stood a tiny chapel and cell; which some hermit in past ages had built with his own hands. The approach of the Crocans had driven his latest successor from his post; but Des Ageaux, passing that way in the day, had noted the chapel, and with the forethought of the soldier who expected to return in the dark, he had seen the lamp relit, that its light might, in case of need, direct him to the ford.

That lamp, a tiny spark in the blackness, was all they saw. Making for it through the shallows and over a bed of shingles across which the horses clattered noisily, they reached the door of the chapel; where in a trice—for if the thing was to be done it must be done quickly—they aided the abbess and the lay sister to alight, and bore in the litter with the wounded man. Then, closing the door on all, that the light might no longer be visible from the ford, they got themselves to horse again, and away at a round trot.

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Not without repugnance, Des Ageaux' heart smote him as his horse's feet carried him farther away; it seemed so cowardly a thing to leave women to bear, in that wild and lonely place, the brunt of whatever might befall. And Charles, ready as he had been to acclaim the notion, wondered if he had erred in leaving his sister thus lightly. But in truth they were embarked in an enterprise whose full perils it lay with time to disclose; and other and more pressing anxieties soon had possession of their minds.

They had been less troubled had they witnessed the abbess' demeanor. While her companion, overcome by her fears, sank down in a fit of hysterical weeping, Odette de Villeneuve remained standing within the low doorway, and with head erect listened, frowning, until the last sound of retreating horsemen died to the ear. Then she drew a deep breath, and, turning slowly, allowed her eyes to take stock of the place in which she so strangely found herself.

It was a tiny building of rough-hewn stone, with an altar and crucifix of the same material placed at the end remote from the door. Along either wall ran stone benches, on which the good fathers must have spent many a summer day watching the ford; for at a certain point the seat was polished and worn by their robes. The litter and the wounded man filled half the open space, leaving visible elsewhere a floor of trodden earth foul with the droppings of birds and sheep, and betraying in other respects the results of neglect. Here and there on some stone larger than its fellows, and particularly on the lintel, a prentice hand had carved symbols; but this notwithstanding, the whole wore, by the light of the smoky lamp, anything but a sacred aspect.

Yet the prospect of passing several hours in so poor a place did not appear to depress the abbess. Her inspection finished, she nodded an answer to her thoughts, and, sitting down on the bench beside the litter, rested her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand. Fixing her large dark eyes on the wounded man, she gave herself up to her thoughts as completely as if she had been in her own chamber.

Her woman, whose complaining, half fractious, half fearful, had sunk to an occasional sob, presently looked at her. Fascinated by that gloomy absorption—which might have had to do with the mysteries of the faith, but turned in fact on the faithlessness of man—she could

not look away. Time passed; the first pale glimmer of dawn appeared, and still the two women faced each other across the insensible man, whose heavy breathing, broken from time to time by some momentary obstruction, was the one sound that mingled with the low, faint murmur of the stream.

Suddenly the abbess lifted her head. Above the water's chatter there rose a harsher sound—a sound of rattling stones, and, a second later, of men's voices. She rose slowly to her feet, and as the other woman, alarmed by the expression of her features, would have screamed, she silenced her by a fierce gesture. Then she stood, her one hand resting against the wall beside her, and listened.

She had no doubt that it was he. Her parted lips, her eyes, half fierce, half tender, told as much. It was he, and she had but to open the door, she had but to show herself in the lighted doorway, and he would come to her! As the voices of the riders grew, and the rattle of hoofs among the pebbles ceased, she pictured him just abreast of the hermitage; she fancied, but it must have been fancy, that she could distinguish his voice.

Or no, he would not be speaking. He would be riding, silent, alone, his hand on his hip, the gray light of morning falling on his stern face. And at that, at that picture of him, the man and his career, his greatness who had made himself, his firmness which no obstacle stayed—all rose before her embodied in the solitary figure riding foremost through the dawn. Her breast rose and fell tumultuously. The hand that rested on the cold wall shook. She had only to open the door, she had only to cry his name aloud, only to show herself, and he would be at her side! And she would be no longer against him but with him, no longer would be ranked with his foes—who were so many—but for him against the world!

The temptation was so strong that her form seemed to droop and sway as if a physical charm drew her in the direction of the man she loved, the man to whom—in spite of his faults, or by reason of them—she clung in the face of defection. But powerful as was the spell laid upon her, pride and her will proved stronger. She stiffened herself, and for an instant she did not seem to breathe. It was not until the last faint clink of iron died away that she turned feverish eyes in search of some crevice, some loophole, some fissure, through which she

might yet see him; yet see if it were but the waving of his plume!

She found none. The only windows, two tiny arrow-slits that had never known glass, were in the wall remote from the track. She set her teeth hard to control the moan of disappointment that rose from her very heart; and slowly she sank into her old seat.

But not into her old reverie. The eyes which she bent on the sick man were no longer dreamy, but set in a gaze of eager scrutiny that sought to drag from the duke's pallid features the secret of his weakness and waywardness, of his strange nature and bizarre fame.

Unconsciously, as she gazed, she bent nearer and nearer to him; her look grew sharper and more imperious. All hung on him now; all! Her mind was made up. Fortune had not cast him so timely in her path, had not afforded her the very opportunity of which she had dreamed, without intending her to profit by it, without proposing to crown the scheme with success. The spell of M. de Vlaye's presence, the spell that had obsessed her so short a time before that the interval could be reckoned almost by seconds, was broken! Never should it be hers to play that part, to fight for him in that way, to return to him tamely, empty-handed, a suppliant for his love! No, not while it might be hers to return a conqueror, an equal, with a greater than the Captain of Vlaye in her toils!

She rose to her feet, and, tasting triumph in advance, smiled. With a firm hand, disregarding her woman's remonstrance, she extinguished the lamp. The pale light of early morning stole in through the arrow-slits, and then for a brief instant the abbess held her breath; for the gray light, falling on the duke's face, so sharpened his temples and his nervous features, showed him so livid and wan and death-like, that she thought him gone.

He was not gone, but she acted none the less upon the hint. If he died, where were her schemes and the clever combinations she had been forming? Quickly she drew from the litter a flagon of broth that had been mixed with a cunning cordial, and, first moistening his lips with the liquor, by and by contrived to make him swallow some. In the act he opened his eyes, and they were clear and sensible; but it was only to close them again with a sigh, half of satisfaction, half of weakness. Nevertheless, from this time his state was rather one of sleep, the sleep craved by exhausted na-

ture, than of insensibility or fever; and with every hour the forces of his youth and constitution wrought at the task of restoration.

Odette, brooding over him, watched with satisfaction the return of a more healthy color to his cheeks. Time passed, and presently, while the light was still cold and young, there came an interruption. A murmur of voices, and the jingle of spur and bit, warned her that M. de Vlaye, baffled in his attempt to cut off the fugitives before they found refuge, was returning through the valley. This time, how different were her sensations! She started to her feet and listened; and her face grew hard, but under pressure of suspense, not of desire. Suspense—for if they turned aside, if they entered the deserted chapel and discovered her, her plan—and her very soul was now set on its success—perished still-born.

It was a trying moment, but it passed. Probably Vlaye knew the chapel of old, and knew that the good father had fled from it. At any rate, he rode on his way. She heard the trampling of the horses on the shingle break into the singing of the ford; and then only the murmur of the water and the morning hymn of a lark that hailed the warm rising of another day.

Whether the lark's song appealed to some softer strain in her, or she began to hate the sordid interior with its gray half-light, the moment she was sure that the riders had gone on their way, she opened the door and went out.

The sun was just peeping into the valley, and all nature was astir. The laughing waters of the ford, the steep bluff, darksome by night, now clad in waving tree-tops, the floor of sward emerald green, all reflected the brightness of a sky in which not one but half a dozen songsters thrilled forth the joy of life. After the gloom, the vigil, the danger, the scene appealed to her strongly. For a brief time, while she stood gazing on the vale, unmarred by human works or human presence, she felt a compunction; such a feeling as in face of a similar scene invades the breast of the veteran hunter, and whispers to him that to carry death into the haunts of nature is but a sorry task.

It was a feeling as quickly suppressed in the one case as in the other. A few minutes later, the abbess appeared in the doorway and beckoned to the woman to join her outside.

"Give me your hood and veil," she

said in a tone that forestalled demur. "And your outer robe! Don't stare, woman!" she continued fiercely. "Is there any one to see you? Can the hills hurt you? Obey! It is my pleasure to wear the dress of the order, and I have it not with me!"

"But, madam——"

"Obey, woman! And take my cloak!" the abbess retorted. "Wrap yourself in that!" And when the change was made, and she had assumed over her dress the loose black and white robe of the order, "Now wait for me here," she said. "And if he call, as is possible, do not go to him, but fetch me!"

She departed, with that, towards the pool below the ford, and, disappearing behind a clump of low willows, made some further changes in her toilet, using the still water for a mirror.

Not fruitlessly; for when she returned to the door of the chapel, the woman who awaited her stared; thinking that she had never seen her mistress show fairer in her silks than in this black and white. And soon there was another who thought—if not that thought—a similar one. The duke, opening his eyes—which had so nearly closed for good—on the glory of sunshine and summer warmth that invaded even the chapel, saw at the foot of his litter a wondrous figure kneeling before the altar.

Her face was turned from him, and for a time, between sleeping and waking, he considered her idly; supposing her now an angel interceding for him in the other life on which he had entered, now a nun praying beside his bier—for he took it for certain that he was dead. By and by he passed over altogether to the theory of the angel; for the figure moved, and the sunlight, passing in through a tiny window-slit, formed a nimbus about her head. And then again, moving afresh, as in an ecstasy of devotion, she lifted her eyes to the crucifix, and her hood, falling back with the movement, revealed a profile of a beauty and purity almost unearthly.

The duke sighed; he had sighed before, but apparently, for the sigh had not changed her rapt expression, she had not heard. Now she did hear. She rose, and with a deep genuflection turned from the altar, and glided with down-cast eyes to his side. Eyes softened to the meekness of a dove's looked into his, and found that he was awake. Then, angel or saint, or whatever she was, she made a sign to him not to speak; and producing, by magic as it seemed, am-

brosial food, she fed him, and with a finger on his lip bade him in gentle accents:

"Sleep!"

Sleep? To think he could sleep when an angel—and while he laughed in thought at the notion, he slept; that heavenly face framed in its nun's hood, that drooping form with the hands crossed upon the breast, moving before him into the land of visions. He was back again in those earliest days of his cloistered existence, when it had been his dream to live in an atmosphere pure and apart, innocent of the passions and desires of the world. He had learned—only too soon—that that atmosphere and that innocence were not to be maintained, though the walls of a monastery be ten feet through; for the nature which the thought of such a life had enraptured was, of all natures, the one most open to more worldly fascinations. He had fallen, and had presently replaced the vision of being good by the enthusiasm of doing good. He had lifted his voice, and the preaching of Père Ange had moved half Paris to a twenty-four hours' repentance. His own had lasted a little longer.

Now, weak and unnerved, he reverted, at sight of this beautiful nun's face, to his old views of a saintly life; and in innocent adoration of her could not take his eye from her countenance. When he awoke again and found her still at her devotions, though the sun was high, still at his service when she found him waking, still moving dove-like and silent about her ministrations—he watched her everywhere. Several times he wished to speak, but she laid a finger on her lips, and, covering her hands with her sleeves, sat on the bench beside him, reading her book of hours.

And so, during the hazy period of his return to consciousness, he saw her. Awake or drowsing, stung to life by the smart of his hurt, or lulled to sleep by the music of the stream, he had her face always before him.

At length there came a time, a little after high noon, when he awoke with a clearer eye and a mind capable of feeling surprise at his position. He saw her sitting beside him, but he saw also the gray, rough walls, the altar, the crucifix; and to wonder succeeded curiosity.

What had happened, and how came he here? His eyes sought her face and remained riveted there.

"Where am I?" he whispered.

She marked that his eyes were clear and his strength greater.

"You are in the chapel in the upper valley of the Dronne," she answered.

"But I—" He stopped and closed his eyes, brought up by some confusion in his thoughts. Then: "I fancied I fought with some one," he whispered. "It was in a courtyard—at night? And there were lights? It was one of Vlaye's men, and the place was—" He broke off, in the painful effort to remember. His lips moved without sound.

"Villeneuve," she said.

"Aye, Villeneuve," he whispered gratefully. "But this is not Villeneuve?"

"We are two leagues from Villeneuve."

"How come I here?"

She told him, preserving the gentle placidity which, not without thought, she had adopted for her rôle. The repulse of Vlaye's men and the lieutenant's decision to quit the château—that, and the night retreat up to the arrival of the party at the ford, were told. Then she broke off.

"But Des Ageaux?" he murmured.

"Where is he?" And again, that he might look round him, he tried to rise. "Where are they all?" he continued in wonder. "They have not left me?" he asked, with a querulous note in his voice.

"They are not here," she answered; and gently she induced him to lie back again. "Be still, I pray," she said. "Be still. You do yourself no good by moving."

He sighed. "Where are they?" he persisted.

"We were hard pressed at the ford," she answered with feigned reluctance. "And your litter delayed them. It was necessary to leave you, or all had been lost."

He lay in silence awhile with closed eyes, considering what she had told him. At last:

"And you stayed!" he murmured in so low a voice that the words were barely audible. "You stayed!"

"It was necessary," she answered.

"And you have been beside me all night?"

She bowed her head. His eyes filled with tears, and his lips trembled; for he was very weak. He groped for her hand, and would have carried it to his lips—but as men kiss relics or the hands of saints—if she had not withheld it from him. Settling the thin coverings more comfortably about him, she gave him to drink again; softly chiding him and bidding him be silent—be silent and sleep.

"You have been beside me all night!" he repeated. "All night, alone here! And a woman! A woman!"

She did not tell him that she was not alone; that her woman was even then sitting outside, under strict order not to show herself. For now she was assured that she was in the right path. She had had opportunities of studying his countenance while he slept; and she had traced in it those qualities of enthusiasm and weakness, of the libertine and the ascetic, which his career so remarkably displayed. The beauty which his jaded eye, versed in women's wiles, might neglect if encountered in ordinary circumstances, would appeal with irresistible force in a garb of saintliness. Nay, more, as he recovered his strength and returned to his common feelings, it would prove, she felt sure, more provocative than the most worldly lures.

Her resolve to carry the matter through was now fixed, therefore; and to that end she neglected no precaution that occurred to her mind.

XIII.

SOMETHING after high noon Des Ageaux appeared, and was overjoyed to find the three undisturbed. He despatched a flying party down the valley that he might have notice if the enemy approached, and then bent himself to remove the duke in safety to his camp.

In this the abbess had her own line to take, and took it with decision. She represented the patient as worse than he was, and described the fever as still lingering upon him. Using the authority which her devotion of the night before gave her, she insisted that the duke should see no one. A kind of shelter from the sun was woven of boughs, and placed over the litter. He was then borne out with care, the abbess walking on one side, and her woman on the other.

In the open air Des Ageaux would have approached and spoken to him; for between gratitude and remorse the lieutenant was much touched. But the authority of the sick nurse was great, then as it is now; the abbess repelled him firmly, and, refusing the horse which had been brought for her, persisted in walking the whole distance to the camp—a full league—by the side of the litter. In this way she fenced others off, and the duke had her always before him.

She gave her mind so completely to him that, save that they kept the valley, which now ran between hills of a wilder

aspect, she took no note of their route. It was only when the troopers, at a word from the lieutenant, closed in about the litter, that she observed—though it had been some time in sight—the object which caused the movement. This was a small hill-town, girt by a ruinous wall and buckled with crazy towers, which topped an acclivity on the right of the valley, and from the road by the river.

The suspicion with which her escort regarded the place did not surprise her when she marked the filthy forms and wild and savage faces which swarmed upon the wall. There were women and children as well as men in the place; and all mopped and mowed at the passers, or, leaping to their feet, defied them with unspeakable words and gestures.

The abbess looked at them, half daunted. There was something inhuman in their squalor and wildness.

"Who are they?" she asked.

"Crocans," the nearest rider answered.

"But we are not going to them?" she returned in astonishment.

She had heard that they were bound for the peasants' camp; and her lip had curled at the information. But if these were Crocans—horror!

The man spat on the ground.

"That is one band, and ours is another," he replied. "All *canaille*, but—not all like that; or we had some strange bedfellows, indeed!"

He would have said more, but he caught Des Ageaux' eye, and was silent; and five minutes later the abbess saw a strange sight. The riders before her wheeled to the left, and, bending low on their saddles, vanished bodily in the rock that walled the road on that side.

A moment later she probed the mystery. In the rock wall, between which and the river the track squeezed its way, was an arched opening, resembling the mouth of a cave—of one of those caves so common in the Limousin. Within was no cave, however, but a spacious circus of smooth green turf open to the heaven, though walled on every side by grassy slopes which ran steeply to a height of a hundred or more feet. There was no other entrance to the basin; but neither its defensible strength, nor the wisdom of the Crocans in choosing it, was apparent until the green rampart cast about it by nature was examined. Then the rocky barrier was found to be so scarped on the outer side as to form here a sheer precipice, there a descent trying to the most active foot.

A spring near the inner margin of the amphitheater fed a rivulet, which, after passing across it, and dividing it into two unequal parts, escaped to the river through the rocky gateway.

The smaller portion of the sward thus divided, which was also raised very slightly above the rest, had something of the aspect of a stage. About its middle a flat-topped rock, rising to a man's height from the ground, had the air of an altar; and this was shaded by the only tree in the enclosure, a single plane-tree of vast size, whose ancient, smooth-barked limbs shaded almost a half acre of ground. Probably this rock and this tree had witnessed the meetings of some primitive people, had borne part in their human sacrifices, and echoed the cries with which they acclaimed the moment of the summer solstice.

To-day this basin, long abandoned to the solitude of the hills, presented once more a scene of turmoil, such as might rival the strange gatherings of that remote age. Nor, save for a circumstance to be named, could even the abbess' sullen curiosity have withheld a meed of admiration as the panorama unfolded itself before her.

Round the edge of the larger half of the amphitheater ran a long line, in parts doubled and trebled, of booths and sheds open at the front, and formed, some of branches of trees, some of plaited rushes or osiers. Under these swarms of men, women, and children lounged in every posture; while others strolled about the ground before the sheds; which, crowded with sheep, oxen, and horses, wore the aspect of a rustic fair. The turf that had been so fair a fortnight before was trodden bare in places, and in others worn and stained by the crowds that moved on it. Only the immediate bank of the rivulet had been kept clear.

The smaller portion of the enceinte had been given up to Des Ageaux and his band of troopers and refugees. A dozen horses tethered in an orderly row at the rear of the plane-tree—with a pile of gear at the head of each—spoke of military order; as did the three or four booths which had been erected under the tree for the accommodation of the *vicomte's* party. But in such a place, and under such circumstances, it was impossible to enforce strict discipline.

The curious among the peasants, and not men only, but women and children, roved in small parties on this side also, staring and questioning; some with fur-

tive eyes, as expecting a trap and treachery, others watching in clownish amazement the evolutions of a picked band of threescore peasants whom the Bat was endeavoring to instruct in the use of their weapons and in the simplest movements of the field. Here and there, on the steep slopes about the saucer, were groups of peasants; and on the encircling ridge, which was forbidden to the mass of them, were five sentinels, stationed beside as many cairns of stones piled for the purpose at fixed distances.

These last were of the lieutenant's institution; for though the safety of the camp hung wholly on the command of its natural battlement, which, captured, would convert the basin into a death-trap, the Crocans had kept no regular guard on it. On his arrival, Des Ageaux had entrusted its oversight to the two young Villeneuves; and one or the other was ever patrolling the length of the vallum, or from the highest point searching the chaos of uninhabited hills and glens that stretched on every side.

This hasty sketch of the scene leaves to be fancied those worst traits of the camp, whose wildness and savagery could not fail to disquiet the mind even of a bold woman. Many of the peasants were half naked, others were clad in cow-skins, in motley armor, in sordid, blood-stained finery. All went unshaven; many had long, filthy elf-locks hanging about their faces, and ragged beards reaching to their girdles. Some had squalid bandages on head or limb; and all were armed grotesquely with bill-hooks or scythes, with stakes pointed and hardened in the fire, or with knotty clubs. M. de Vlaye and his kind would have seen in them only a horde to be exterminated without pity or remorse; nor could their looks have failed to startle the abbess, high as was her natural courage—if a certain thing had not at the very first engaged her attention.

In the entrance, under the archway, sat a group of six men on their hams, their backs against the rock. And these were so foul in garb and repulsive in aspect, that the common peasants of the camp seemed by comparison civilized. The abbess shuddered at the mere look of them, and would have averted her eyes if they had not, as Des Ageaux entered, risen to their feet and barred the way. The foremost, a tall, meager figure with a long, white beard, and the gleam of madness in his eyes, seized the lieutenant's bridle, and, raising his other hand, seemed to forbid entrance.

"Give us our man!" he cried.

The abbess expected Des Ageaux to strike the fellow from his path, or bid his men ride him down. But the lieutenant considered with patience the strange figure clad much as John the Baptist is portrayed in pictures; and when he answered he spoke calmly.

"You are from the town on the hill?" he said.

"Aye, and we claim our man!"

"The man, do you mean, whom we took from your hands last night?"

"Aye, that man!"

"For what?"

"That we may burn him!" the man answered, his face lighting up with a gleam of frightful cruelty. "That we may do to him as he has done to us and our little ones. That we may burn him as he and his have burned us, from father to son, father to son, by the light of our own thatch! They have smoked us in our holes," he continued with ferocity, "as they smoke foxes; and we will smoke him! He has done to us that! And that!" He turned, and at a sign two of his five fellows stepped forward and held aloft the maimed and ghastly stumps of their arms. "And that! And that!" Again two stepped forward and pointed to their eyeless sockets. "And what he has done to us we will do to him!"

The abbess turned sick at the sight; but Des Ageaux answered with quietness.

"Yet what has he done to you, old man," he asked, "that you stand foremost?"

"He has blinded me there!" the madman answered, and with a strangely dramatic gesture pointed to his brow. "I am dark at times, and boys mock me! But to-day I am whole and well!"

"I will not give him up to you," the lieutenant replied with calm decision. "But if he has done the things of which you tell me, he, the man I hold, I will judge him myself and punish him. Nay!"—staying them sternly as they began to cry out upon him—"listen to me now! I have listened to you. For all who come in and cease from pillage and burning and murder, I give my warrant that the past shall be overlooked. They shall be free to go back to their villages, or, if they dare not go back, they shall be settled elsewhere, with pardon for life and limb. But for those who do not come in, the burden of all will fall upon them! The law will pass upon them without mercy, and their gibbets will be on every road!"

"Not so!" the other cried, raising him-

self to his full height, and flinging his lean arms to heaven. "Not so, lord, for the time is full! Hear me, too, man of blood! We know you. You speak softly because the time is full, and you would fain cast in your lot with us and escape. But you are of those who ride in blood, and who trust in the strength of your armor, and who eat of the fat and drink of the strong, while the poor man perishes under the feet of your horses, while the earth groans under the load of your wickedness, and God is mocked. But the time is full, and there is an end of your gyves and your gibbets, your wheels and your molten lead! The fire is kindled that shall burn you. Is there one of you for ten of us? Can your horses bear you through the sea when the fire fills all the land? Three months have we burned all ways, and no man has been able to withstand our fire! For it grows! It grows!"

Fierce murmurings from the madman's fellows almost drowned Des Ageaux' voice when he went in answer.

"Your blood be on your own heads!" he said solemnly. "I have spoken you fairly. I have given you the choice of good and of evil."

"Nought but evil," the other cried, "can proceed out of your mouth! Now give us our man!"

"Never!"

"Then will we burn you for him!" the madman shrieked, in sudden frenzy, "when you fall into our hands! You and these—women with breasts of flint and hearts of the rock-core, who bathe in the blood of our infants and make a holiday of our torments! Beware, for when next we meet, you die!"

"Be it so," Des Ageaux replied, sternly restraining his men, who would have fallen on the hideous group. "But be gone!"

They turned away, mopping and mowing—one was a leper—and lifting hands of imprecation; and the abbess, while the litter was being lifted, was left for a moment with Des Ageaux. She hated him, but she did not understand him, and it was the desire to understand him that led her to speak.

"Why did you not seize the wretches," she asked haughtily, "and punish them?"

"Their turn will come," he replied coldly. "I would have saved them if I could."

"Saved them?" she exclaimed quickly. "Why?"

"Who knows what they have suffered to bring them to this?"

She laughed in scorn of his weakness—who fancied himself a match for the Captain of Vlaye! His cold words, his even manner, did not deceive her. He was a fool! Clearly, if she detached Joyeuse, there was nothing in this man that M. de Vlaye need fear.

She left him then. She had had no sleep the previous night, and, loath as she was to lose sight of the duke, or to give another the chance of supplanting her with him, she knew that she must rest. So weary, indeed, did she find herself after she had eaten, that the rough couch in the hut set apart for her—her women, after the mode of the day, slept across the door, or where they could—might have been a chamber in the heart of some guarded palace instead of a nook sheltered from curious eyes only by a wall of boughs. She had that healthiness which makes nerves and even conscience superfluous; and could not anywhere have slept better, or been less aware of the wild life about her. The slow tramp of armed men, the voices of the watch upon the earth-wall, which to waking ears told of danger and suspicion, were no more to her than the silent march of summer stars across the sky.

When she awoke on the following morning, refreshed and full of energy, the sun was an hour high, and the peasants' camp was astir. In one place the Bat was drilling his threescore men as if he had never ceased; in another food was being apportioned and forage assigned. Neither Des Ageaux nor her brothers were visible, but hard by her door the *vicomte*, with Bonne and Solomon in waiting, sat, a hand on either knee, and piteously gazed on the abnormal scene.

The uppermost feeling in the old man's mind was a querulous wonder—first, that he had allowed himself to be dragged from his house; secondly, that things were suffered to come to this pass, even since Coutras. How things had come to this, why his life and home had been broken up, why he had no voice in the matter, and why his sons, even crooked-back Roger, went and came and ordered, without so much as a "by your leave" or an "if you please," were points which by turns puzzled and enraged him; and in the consideration of which he found no comfort so great as that which Solomon assiduously administered.

"Ah!" the old servant said more than once, surveying with a jaundiced eye the crowded camp beyond the rivulet. "They are full of themselves! But I

mind the day—it was when you entertained the governors, my lord—when they'd have looked a few beside the servants we had to supper in the courtyard! A few they'd look. I'd sixty-two men, all men of their hands, and not naked gipsies like these, to my own table!"

Which was true; but Solomon forgot to add that it was the only table.

"Ah!" the *vicomte* said, pleased, though he knew that Solomon was lying. "Times are changed!"

"Since Coutras—devil take them!" Solomon rejoined, wagging his beard. "There were men then. 'Twas a word and a blow, and if we didn't run fast enough, it was to the bilboes with us, and we smarted! Your lordship remembers. But now, Heaven help us," he continued, with growing despondency as his eye alighted on Des Ageaux, who had just appeared in the distance, "the men might be women! Might be women, and mealy-mouthed at that!"

The *vicomte* laughed a cackling laugh. "You didn't think, man, that the Villeneuves would come to this?" he said.

"Never! And would nowise ha' believed it!"

"Who were once masters of all from Barbezieux to Vlaye!"

"And many a mile further!" Solomon cried, leaping on the proffered hobby. "There were the twenty manors of Passirac"—he began to count on his hands. "And the farms of Perneuil, more than I have fingers and toes. And the twenty manors of Cordé and the great mill there—the five windmills of Passirac I don't think worth mentioning, though they would make many a younger son a portion. Then the abbey lands of Vlaye, and the great mill there that took in toll as much as would keep many a *vicomte* of these times, saving your lordship's presence. And then at Brenan——"

Bonne, listening idly, heard so much. Then the abbess, who had joined the group unseen, touched her elbow, and with a low chuckle muttered in her ear:

"Do you see?"

"What?" Bonne asked innocently.

"Why he has dragged us all here."

Bonne followed the direction of her sister's hand, and slowly the color mounted to her cheeks.

"Why?" she asked, nevertheless. "I don't understand."

"His object!" Odette answered. "Don't you? It is plain enough—for the blind." And she pointed again to the lieutenant, who was standing at some distance from the group, in close talk

with the countess. "The Lieutenant of Périgord is a great man while the king pleases, and when the king no longer pleases is an adventurer like another—a broken officer living at ordinaries, at other men's charges. Such another as the creature they call the Bat! No better and no worse! But the Lieutenant of Périgord with the lands and lordships of Rochechouart were another and a different person. And none sees that more clearly than the Lieutenant of Périgord. He has made his opportunity, and he is not going to waste it!"

"At least, he is not the first to see his interest there!" was the retort that lay ready to Bonne's tongue; but she did not utter it.

She was silent, but her color fluttered, as the tender, weakling hope that she had been harboring died within her. Of course she should have known it! The prize that had attracted the Captain of Vlaye, the charm that had ousted even her handsome sister from his heart—was it likely that M. des Ageaux would be proof against it—proof against it when she had no prior claim, nor such counterclaims as beauty and brilliance? When she was but plain, homely, and country-bred, as her father often told her? She had been foolish; foolish in harboring the unmaidenly hope; foolish now in feeling so sharp and numbing a pain.

But perhaps most foolish in her inability to await his coming. For he and the little *countess* were approaching the group, though slowly; the girl talking with an animation of which a mere acquaintance would not have thought her capable. Bonne marked it, muttered something, and escaped before the two came within earshot.

She wanted to be alone, and to that end made for a tiny cup in the hillside, hidden from the Villeneuves' camp by the thick branches of the plane tree. She had discovered it the day before, but when she gained it now, in the hollow sat Roger looking on the scene below.

He nodded as if he were not in the best of tempers; which was strange, for he had been in high spirits an hour before. She sat down beside him, but some minutes elapsed before he opened his mouth.

"Lord, what a fool," he exclaimed finally, with something between a groan and a laugh, "a man can be!"

She did not answer; perhaps for the word "man" she was substituting the word "woman." He moved irritably in his seat.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed, "say something, Bonne! Of course it seems funny to you! Because she thanked me prettily the day I tried to cover her retreat to the house, when I tried to get her through the brook, you know; and—because she talked to me the night before last as we rode—oh, you know—as if she liked it, I mean—I forgot!"

"Who she was," Bonne supplied quietly; thinking of some one else who had forgotten.

"And who I was!" he answered. "As if the *vicomte* had not ground it into me enough! If I were Charles, she would still be—who she is, and meat for my master. But as I am what I am," he laughed ruefully, "would you have thought I was such a fool, Bonne?"

"Poor Roger!" she said gently.

"She clung to me that day, but confused it—" rubbing his head—"I must not think of it. I suppose she would have clung to old Solomon just the same!"

"I am afraid so," Bonne said, smiling faintly.

It was certain that she had not clung to any one; yet there were analogies.

"I suppose you—you saw them just now?"

"Yes, I saw them."

"She never talked to me like that! Why should she—a thing like me!" Poor Roger! "I knew the moment I cast eyes on them. You did, too, I suppose?"

"Yes," she answered.

Perhaps Roger had secretly hoped for a different reply; for he stared gloomily at the swarming huts visible above the trees.

"There is Charles," he said, "walking the ridge—against the sky-line there! Why cannot I be like him, as happy as a king, with his head full of battles and sieges, and the Bat more to him than any woman in the world! Why cannot I? With such a pair of shoulders as I have——"

"Dear lad!"

"I should be in his shoes and he in mine! Lord, what a fool!" with gloomy unction. "What a fool! I must needs think of *her* when a peasant girl would not look at me! I must needs think of the Countess of Rochechouart! Oh, Lord, as if I had anything to give her, or aught I could do for her!"

Bonne did not reply on the instant; but presently she ventured: "There is something you could do for her. It is not much, but——"

"What?" he said. "I know nothing."
"You could help him."

"I?"

"The mouse helped the lion. You could help him and be at his side, and guard him—for her. Just as if you were a girl," Bonne continued, her voice sinking a little, "and—and felt for him as you feel for her, you could watch over her and protect her and keep her safe—for his sake. Though it would be harder for a woman, because women are jealous," Bonne added thoughtfully.

"And men too!" Roger rejoined from the depths of his small experience. "All the same, I will do it. And I am glad it is he. He won't beat her or shut her up and leave her in some lonely house, as court people do, I believe," he continued gloomily. "I'd as soon it was he as any one!"

Bonne nodded.

"That is agreed, then," she said softly; though a moment before she had sighed.

"Agreed?" Roger answered rather grumpily. "Well, if one person can agree, it is!" And then, thinking he had spoken thanklessly to the sister who had been his friend and consoler in many a dark hour when the shadow of his deformity had clouded his sunny nature, he laid his hand on hers and pressed it. "Well, agreed it is!" he said more brightly. "They came from their outside world to our poor little life, and we must help them back again, I suppose. I would not wish them ill, if—if it would make me straight again!"

"That is a big bribe," she said, smiling. "But neither do I—if it would make me as handsome as Odette!"

"No!"

They sat silent then. Far away on their left, where was the entrance to the camp from the river gorge, men were piling stones under the archway, so as to leave but a narrow passage in the middle. Below them, on the right, the Bat was drilling his forty pikemen, and alternately launching his lank form this way and that in a fever of impatience. On the sky-line men were pacing to and fro, searching with keen eyes the misty distance of glen and hill; and ever and anon the squeal of a war horse rang above the multitudinous sounds of the camp. On every side, wherever the eye rested, it discovered signs of strife and turmoil, harbingers of pain and death.

But—though the two who looked down on this scene neither knew it nor thought of it—with them, in their little hollow above the strife, was a power mightier

than any; the power that in its highest form does indeed make the world go round; the one power in the world that is above fortune, above death, above the creeds—or shall we say behind them? For such is love in its highest form, the love that gives and does not ask, and being denied—loves. In their clear moments men know that this love is the only real thing in the world—and a thousand times more substantial, more existent, than the objects we grasp and see.

XIV.

THERE is born of the enthusiasm of self-denial a happiness which, while the fervor lasts, seems sufficing. The skirmish that has routed the van of jealousy stands for the battle; nor does the victor foresee that with the fall of night the enemy will flock again to the attack, and by many an insidious onset strive to change the fortune of the day.

Still, once to have felt the generous impulse, once to have trodden down the foe, and stood god-like above the baser thoughts, is something. And if Bonne and her brother were presently to find the victory less complete than they thought, if they were to know moments when the worse in them raised its head, they were but as the best of us.

And again—a reflection somewhat more humorous. Had these two been able to read the mind of the man of whom each was thinking, they had met with so curious an enlightenment that they had hardly been able to look at each other. To say that Des Ageaux entertained no tender feeling for any one were not quite true; but if during the last few days a weakness of that kind had, unwelcome and unbidden, crept into his heart, he kept it sternly in the background. He had naught to do with such things; and certainly it did not tend in the direction of the countess.

In point of fact, the lieutenant had other and more serious food for thought; other and more pressing anxieties. Forty-eight hours had disclosed the weakness of the position in which he had placed himself. He foresaw, if not the certainty, the probability of defeat. And defeat in the situation he had taken up might be attended by hideous consequences.

These were not slow to cast their shadows. The two on the hill had not sat long before the sounds which rose from the camp below took insensibly a sterner note. Roger was the first to mark the

change. Rousing himself and shaking off his lugubrious mood, he asked:

"What is that? Do you hear, Bonne? It sounds like trouble somewhere."

"Trouble?" she repeated, still half in dreams.

"Yes, by Jove, but listen! And what has become?"—he was on his feet by this time—"of the Bat's ragged regiment? They have vanished."

"They must be behind the tree," Bonne answered.

Moved by the same impulse, they walked a little aside along the slope until they could see the section of the camp immediately below them, which had been out of sight before. The little group which Bonne had left when her feelings compelled her to flight remained in the same phase; but all who formed it, the *vicomte* and his eldest daughter as well as Des Ageaux and the countess, were now on their feet. The *vicomte* and the ladies stood together; while Des Ageaux, who had placed himself before them, confronted a body of men, full a hundred in number, composed in great part of those whom the Bat had been lately drilling.

Whether these had broken from his control, and gathered their fellows as they moved, or the impulse had come from outside and they were but recruits, their presence rendered the movement formidable. They were not, indeed, of so low and savage a type as the creatures who had met Des Ageaux in the gate the previous day; but viewed in this serried mass, their lowering faces and clenched hands called up a vivid sense of danger. They must have made some noise as they approached; that it was which Roger had heard. But now they were fallen silent. A grim mass of scowling, hard-breathing men, their small, suspicious eyes glaring through tangled locks irresistibly reminded the observer of that quarry the most dangerous of all the beasts of chase, the wild boar.

Bonne's color faded as her eyes took in the meaning of the scene; she grew still paler as her brain pictured for the first time the things that might happen in this camp of outlaws, of whose real sentiments the intruders had so little knowledge, at whose possible treachery it was so easy to guess! Time has not wiped, time never will wipe, from the French memory the fear of a *jacquerie*, a peasant rising. The horrors of the hideous revolt, of its outbreak and its suppression, are stamped on the minds of the unborn.

"What is it?" she repeated more than once, her heart fluttering.

How very, very near he stood, alone and unarmed, to the line of scowling men!

"A mutiny, I fear!" Roger answered hastily. "Come!"

With face slightly flushed he hurried, running and sliding down the slope. She was not three paces behind him when he reached the foot. Here they lost sight of the scene for an instant, but quickly passed between two huts and reached the *vicomte's* side. Des Ageaux was speaking.

"I cannot give you the man," he said; "but I can give you justice."

"Justice?" the spokesman of the peasants retorted bitterly; he wore the dress of a smith and belonged to that craft. "Who ever heard but of one sort of justice for the poor man? Justice, sir governor, is the poor man's right to be hanged! The poor man's right to be scourged! The poor man's right to be broken on the wheel! To see his hut burned and his wife borne off! That is the justice the poor man gets—be it high or low, king's or lord's!"

"Aye! Aye!" the stern chorus rose from a hundred throats behind him. "That is the poor man's justice!"

"It is to put an end to such things I am here," Des Ageaux replied, marking with watchful eye the faces before him.

"There was never a beginning of such things, and there will never be an end!" the smith returned, the hopelessness of a thousand years of wrong in his words. "Never! But give us this man—he has done all these things, he and his master—and we will believe you."

"I cannot give him to you," Des Ageaux answered. It was a question of a prisoner, one of Vlaze's followers, whom the Old Crocans had yesterday required to be given up to them. "But I have told you, and I tell you again," the lieutenant continued, reading mischief in the men's faces, "you shall have justice. If this man has wronged you, and you can prove it——"

"If!" the peasant cried, and, baring his right arm, he raised his clenched fist to heaven.

But the lieutenant went on as if the man had not spoken. "If you can prove these things upon him by witnesses here present——"

"You will give him to us!"

"No, I will not do that!"

"You will give him to us!" the smith repeated, refusing to hear the denial.

All along the line of scowling faces—the line that wavered ominously at moments of emotion, as if it would break about the little group—ran a swift gleam of white teeth. But Des Ageaux did not blench. He raised his hand for silence, and his voice was steady as a rock as he made answer.

"No," he said, "I will not give him to you. He belongs neither to me nor to you, but to God and the king, whose is justice."

"To God!" the other snarled. "Whose is justice! Rather, whose servants hold the lamb that the devils may flay it! And for the king, sir governor, a fig for him! Our own hands are worth a dozen kings!"

"Stay!" The line was swaying; in the nick of time the lieutenant's voice, and perhaps something in his eye, stayed it. "Listen to me one moment," he continued. "To-morrow morning—for I have not time to-day—the man you accuse shall be tried. If he be guilty, before noon he shall die. If he be not guilty he shall go!"

There was a murmur of protest; but Des Ageaux only raised his head higher and spoke more sternly.

"He shall go!" he repeated—and for the moment he mastered them. "If he be innocent he shall go! What more do you claim? To what beyond have you a right? And now"—as he saw them pause, angry but undecided—"for yourselves! I have told you, I tell you again, that this is your last chance. That I and the offer I make you are your last hope! There is a man there"—with his forefinger he singled out a tall youth with a long, narrow face and light blue eyes—"who promises that when you are attacked he will wave his arm, and Vlaze and his riders will fall on their faces as fell the walls of Jericho! Do you believe him? Will you trust your wives and children to him? And another"—again he singled out a man, a beetle-browed dwarf, hideous of aspect, survivor of some ancient race—"who promises victory if you will sacrifice your captives on yonder stone! Do you believe him? And if you do not trust these, in what do you trust? Can naked men stand before mailed horses? Can you take castles with your bare hands? You have left your villages, you have slain your oxen, you have burned your tools, you have slain your lords' men, you have taken the field. Have peasants ever done these things, and not perished sooner or later on gibbets and in dungeons? And such will be

your fate, and the fate of your women and your children, if you will go your way and will not listen!"

"What do you promise us?" The question in various forms broke from a dozen throats.

"First, justice on the chief of your oppressors."

"The Captain of Vlaye?"

"The same."

"Aye! Aye!" Their harsh cries marked approval. Some with dark looks spat on their hands, and worked their right arms to and fro.

"Next," Des Ageaux continued, "that which never peasant who took the field had yet—pardon for the past. To those who fear not to go back, leave to return to their homes. To those who have broken their lords' laws, a settlement elsewhere with their wives and children. To every man of his hands, when he leaves, ten deniers out of the spoils of Vlaye to carry him to his home."

Nine out of ten marked their approval by a shout; and Des Ageaux heaved a sigh of relief, thinking all well. But the smith turned and exchanged some words with the men nearest him, chiding them and reminding them of something. Then he turned again.

"And for all this what pledge, sir governor?" he asked with a sneer. "What warranty that when we have done our part we shall not to gibbet or gallows like our fellows?"

"The king's word!"

"Aye? And hostages? What hostages?"

"Hostages?" The lieutenant's voice rang sharp with anger.

"Aye, hostages!" the man answered sturdily, informed by the murmurs of his fellows that he had got them back into the road from which Des Ageaux' arguments had led them. "We must have hostages!"

Clearly they had made up their minds to this beforehand; for with one voice, "We must have hostages!" they cried.

Des Ageaux paused before he answered. He was dismayed. It looked as if he had put out his hand too far—as if he had trusted too implicitly to his management of men, and risked not himself only, but women; women of the class to whom these human beasts set down their wrongs, women on whom the least accident or provocation might lead them to wreak their vengeance! If it were so! But he dared not follow up the thought, lest the coolness on which all depended should leave him.

"We are all your hostages," he said, instead.

"And what of those? And those?" the smith answered. With a cunning look he pointed to the two knots of troopers whom Des Ageaux had brought with him. "And by and by there will be more. *Madame*"—he pointed to the little countess, who had shrunk to Bonne's side, and stood with the elder girl's arm about her—"madame has sent for fifty riders from her lands in the north—oh, we know! And the duke who is ill, for another hundred and fifty from Bergerac! When they come"—with a leer—"where will be our hostages? No, it is now we must talk, sir governor, or not at all."

Des Ageaux, his cheek flushed, reflected amid an uneasy silence. He knew that two of his riders were away bearing letters, and that four more were patrolling the valley; that two, with Charles de Villeneuve, were isolated on the ridge, unable to help; in a word, that no more than twelve or thirteen were within call. These, separated from their horses, were no match for a mob of men outnumbering them by five or six to one, and whom the first blow would recruit from every quarter of the camp.

He had indeed miscalculated, and saw it. He had miscalculated fatally; and the consequences he dared not weigh. The men in whose power he had placed himself—and so much more than himself—were not the dull, honest clods he had deemed them, but alike ferocious and suspicious, ready on the first hint of treachery to exact a fearful vengeance. No man had ever kept faith with them; why should they believe that he would keep faith? He shut his teeth hard.

"I will consider the matter," he said, "and let you know my answer to-morrow at noon;" and he made as if he would turn on his heel.

"When *madame's* fifty spears are come?" the smith cried. "That will not do! If you mean us well, give us hostages. If you mean us ill—" And he took one step forward with an insolent gesture.

"Fool, I mean you no ill!" the lieutenant answered sternly. "If I meant you ill, why should I be here?"

"Hostages! Hostages!" the crowd answered, raising weapons and fists.

Their cries drowned his words. A score of hands threatened him. Without looking, he felt that the Bat and his troopers, a little clump apart, were preparing to intervene; and he knew that on

his next movement all depended. The pale faces behind him he could not see, for he was aware that if his eye left his opponents they would fall upon him. At any second a hurried gesture, or the least sign of fear, might unloose the torrent; and well was it for all that in many a like scene his nerve had been tempered to hardness. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "you shall have your hostages."

"Aye, aye!" A sudden relaxation, a falling back into quietude of the seething mass approved him. "You shall have my lieutenant," he continued, "and——"

"And I will be the other," cried Roger manfully. He stepped forward. "I am the son of *monsieur le vicomte* there. I will be your hostage," he added.

But the smith, turning to his followers, grinned.

"We'd be little the better for them," he said. "Eh? No, sir governor! We must have our choice!"

"Your choice, rogues?"

"Aye! We'll have the pick!" The crowd shouted. "The best of the basket!" added the smith, amid ferocious laughter.

Des Ageaux had known for some hours that he had done a foolish, a fatally foolish thing in trusting these men, whom no man had ever trusted. He saw now that only two courses stood open to him. He might strike the smith down at his feet, and risk all on the effect the act might have on his followers; or he might yield what they asked, allow them to choose their hostages, and trust to time and skill for the rest. His instincts were all for the bolder course; but he had women behind him, women!—and their chance in a conflict so unequal must be desperate. With a quietness and firmness characteristic of the man, he accepted his defeat.

"Very well," he said. "It matters nothing. Whom will you have?"

"Then we'll have you," the smith replied, grinning, "and her!"

With a grimy hand he pointed to the little countess, who, with Bonne's arm about her, and Fulbert at her elbow, was staring on the line of savage faces with fascinated eyes.

"You cannot have a lady!" the lieutenant answered, with a chill at his heart.

"Aye, but it is she who has the riders who are coming!" the smith retorted shrewdly. "It is her we want, and it is her we'll have! We'll do her no harm, and she may have her own hut on our

side there, and her woman with her, and a man, if she pleases. And you may have a hut beside hers, if one"—with a wink—"won't do for the two!"

"But, man," Des Ageaux cried, his brow dark, "how can I take Vlaye and his castle while I lie a hostage?"

"Oh, you shall go to and fro, to and fro, sir governor!" the smith answered lightly. "We'll not be too strict if you are there at night. And we will know ourselves safe. And as we live by bread," he continued stoutly, "we'll do her no harm if faith be kept with us!"

Des Ageaux endeavored to hide his emotion, but the sweat stood on his brow. Defeat is bitter to all; most bitter to the man who has long been successful.

"I will go!" said the countess suddenly; and she stepped forward by the lieutenant's side, a little figure, shrinking, yet resolute. "I will go," she repeated, trembling with excitement yet facing the men.

"No!" Roger cried—and then was silent. It was not for him to speak. What could he do?

"We will all go!" Bonne said.

"Nay, but that will not do," the smith replied with a sly grimace. "For then they"—he pointed to the little knot of troopers, who waited with sullen faces a short arrow-shot away—"would be coming, too. The lady may bring a woman if she pleases, and her man there, as I said." He nodded toward Fulbert. "But no more, or we are no gainers!"

To the lieutenant that moment was one of the bitterest of his life. He, the king's governor, who had passed as master, who had forced the *vicomte* and his party to come into his plans, stood outgeneraled by a mob of peasants whom he had thought to use as tools! And not only that, but the young countess, whose safety he had made the pretext for the abandonment of the château, must surrender herself to a risk more serious—aye, far more serious, than that from which he had made this ado to save her!

Humiliation could scarce go farther. It was to his credit, it was perhaps some proof of his capacity for government, that, seeing the thing inevitable, he refrained from useless words or protest, and sternly agreed. He and the countess would remove to the farther side of the camp in the course of the day.

"With a man and a maid only?" the smith persisted, knitting his brows; for having got what he had asked, he doubted.

"The Countess of Rochechouart will

be so attended," the lieutenant answered sternly.

"And you, sir governor?"

"I am a soldier," he retorted so curtly that they were abashed.

With some muttering, they began to melt away, and gradually retired across the rivulet to their quarters. He had been almost happy had that ended it. But he had to face those whom he had led into this trap, those whom he had forced to trust him. He was not long in learning their views.

"A soldier!" the *vicomte* repeated, taking up his last word in a voice shaking with passion. "You call yourself a soldier, and you bring us to this! To this!" With loathing he described the outline of the camp with his staff. "You a soldier and cast women to these devils! Pah! Since Coutras there may be such soldiers! But in my time, no!"

Des Ageaux did not reply; and the abbess took up the tale.

"Excellent!" she said with bitterest irony. "We are all now assured of your prudence and sagacity, sir! The safety and freedom which we enjoy here, the ease of mind which the countess will doubtless enjoy to-night—"

"Do not frighten her, *mademoiselle*!" he said, repressing himself. Then, as if an impulse moved him, he turned slowly to Bonne. "Have you nothing to add, *mademoiselle*?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she answered bravely. It needed some courage to speak before her father and sister. "Were I in the countess' place I should not fear! I am sure she will be safe with you."

"Safe!" Odette cried, her eyes flashing. In the excitement of the moment the plans she had so recently made were forgotten. "Aye, as safe as a lamb among wolves! As safe as a nun among robbers! So safe that I for one am for leaving this moment."

"*Mademoiselle*—"

"No, sir!" she retorted, turning from the lieutenant. "I did not speak to you—but to you, *monsieur le vicomte*! Sir, you hear me? Is it not your will that we order the horses and go from here?"

"If we can go safely—"

"You cannot go safely!" Des Ageaux said with returning decision. "If you have nothing to fear from Vlaye, the countess has. Nor is that all. These men"—he pointed in the direction of the peasants, who were buzzing about their huts like a swarm of bees—mean us no harm if we mean them none. But the Old

Crocans, as they call themselves, in the town on the hill—if you fall into their hands, *monsieur le vicomte*, God help you!"

"God help us whether or no!" the *vicomte* answered in senile anger. "I wash my hands of it all, of it all! I am nothing here and have been nothing! Let who will, do! The world is mad!"

"Certainly we were mad when we trusted you!" the abbess cried, addressing Des Ageaux. "Never so mad! But if I mistake not, here is another with good news. Oh"—to the Bat, who with a shamefaced air was hovering on the skirts of the group, as if he were not sure of his reception—"speak, sir, without reserve!"

Des Ageaux turned to his follower.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The prisoner is missing, my lord."

The abbess laughed. The others looked at the Bat with faces of dismay. This was a fresh blow, and a serious one.

"Missing? The man they wish tried? How?" Des Ageaux exclaimed.

"When I saw, my lord, we were like to be in trouble here, I drew off the two men who were guarding him. He was bound, and we had too few as it was."

"But he cannot pass the ramparts!"

"Any way, we cannot find him," the Bat answered, looking uncomfortable. "I've searched the huts, and—"

"Is it known?"

"No, my lord."

"Then set the guards over the hut in which you had him, and see that the matter does not leak out to-night."

"But," the Bat objected, "if they discover that he is gone while you are in their quarters, my lord! They are in an ugly mood, and—"

"They must not discover it," Des Ageaux answered firmly. "Go, see to it yourself. And let two men whom you can trust continue the search, but as if they had lost something of their own."

The Bat went on his errand. The abbess, with this fresh weapon in her quiver, prepared to resume the debate; but the lieutenant would not have it.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said, with a look which silenced her, "if you say more to alarm the countess, whose courage"—he bowed in the direction of the pale, frightened girl—"is an example to us all, she will not dare to go this evening. And if she does not go, the lives of all will be in danger. An end of this, then, if you please!"

He turned on his heel, and left them.

(To be continued.)

Cartoons and Their Makers.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE EDITOR OF JUDGE WRITES OF THE LEADING AMERICAN CARTOONISTS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AND TELLS FROM INSIDE ACQUAINTANCE OF THEIR METHODS, THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH THEY WORK, AND THE STRANGE MISTAKES THEY HAVE SOMETIMES MADE.

THE great editors of the past are no more, but the cartoonist's influence as a regulator of public morals and as a foe to official wrong-doing is as potent now as it was in the days of Hogarth. They are only thoughtless observers who say that his art has seen its most brilliant triumphs, and that the best cartoons were drawn long ago. As a matter of fact, there will always be inspiration for new ones while frail human nature remains what it is.

While the dishonest official and the

candidate of doubtful record stand in salutary dread of the cartoonist's power, many public men regard his pencil with a peculiar spirit of yearning. To not a few of them, the honor of appearing in a cartoon, even in the background of the picture, is a gratifying admission of their importance. It is a matter of history that almost any political light will send his photograph for such purpose on demand. Indeed, Congressmen have forwarded portraits unsolicited, on the chance of dropping into a place in some picture which in their native towns would be sufficient evidence of their political eminence.

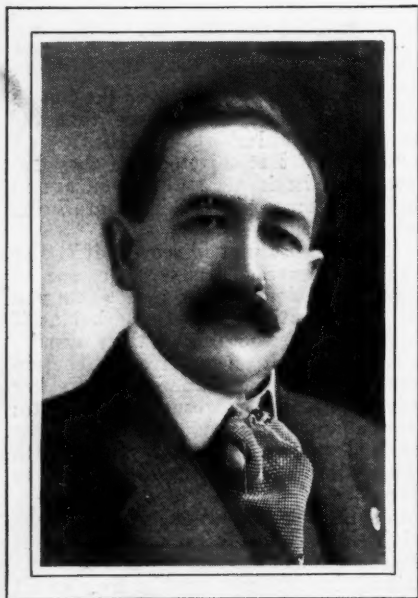
THE CARTOONS OF JOSEPH KEPPLER.

It has often been said of the cartoon that its chief force lies in the fact that it conveys an idea, tells a story, or provokes a smile, any or all of which results could not be reached in columns of cold, clammy type. In other words, a cartoon conveys at a glance as much as one could gain from an hour's reading—which is a great saving of time and an undeniable benefit to weak eyes. I should like to see some particularly good word-painter attempt, for instance, a description of the late Joseph Keppler's cartoon on the death of



"SENATOR PLATT SMILES"—
A SPECIMEN OF DAVENPORT'S HUMOROUS
DRAFTSMANSHIP.

Copyrighted by Homer C. Davenport.



HOMER CALVIN DAVENPORT, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT REPUTATION AS AN ASSAILANT OF THE TRUSTS.

From a photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

Brigham Young that would make any one smile. At best, it would be as realistic as a quotation from an instalment furniture catalogue, and nothing more. And yet this cartoon was one of *Puck's* earliest great hits. It produced no end of laughter from one end of the country to the other, and no one could look upon it to-day without feeling and appreciating all its force and yielding to its mirthful influence. There never lived a man who could set forth Roscoe Conkling's topknot in a column of words as Keppler did it with a stroke of the pencil.

Many of Keppler's cartoons will be enjoyed when the events that suggested and inspired them are mere moth-eaten memories. His sallies at the expense of the late Dr. Talmage are still fresh in minds already old, as is the letter of this divine to their author, in which his genius was generously and gracefully extolled, and the wish expressed that the spirits of Michelangelo and Correggio might continue to hover about him.

An illustration of Keppler's quickness to grasp an idea and turn it to account may be given by reference to a trifling incident. One day, when the Chinese exclusion bill was attracting public attention, a member of the *Puck* staff playfully asked him if he thought the President would veto a Chinese laundry bill. His reply was to call the office-boy. When that dignitary appeared on the scene, he was ordered to take Keppler's cuffs, which the artist had pulled off for the purpose, to a Chinese laundry. The boy returned with the Chinaman's bill, which was reproduced, and on the front page of *Puck*, the following week, was displayed "The only Chinese Bill that the President Cannot Veto."

BERNHARD GILLAM'S WORK IN 1884.

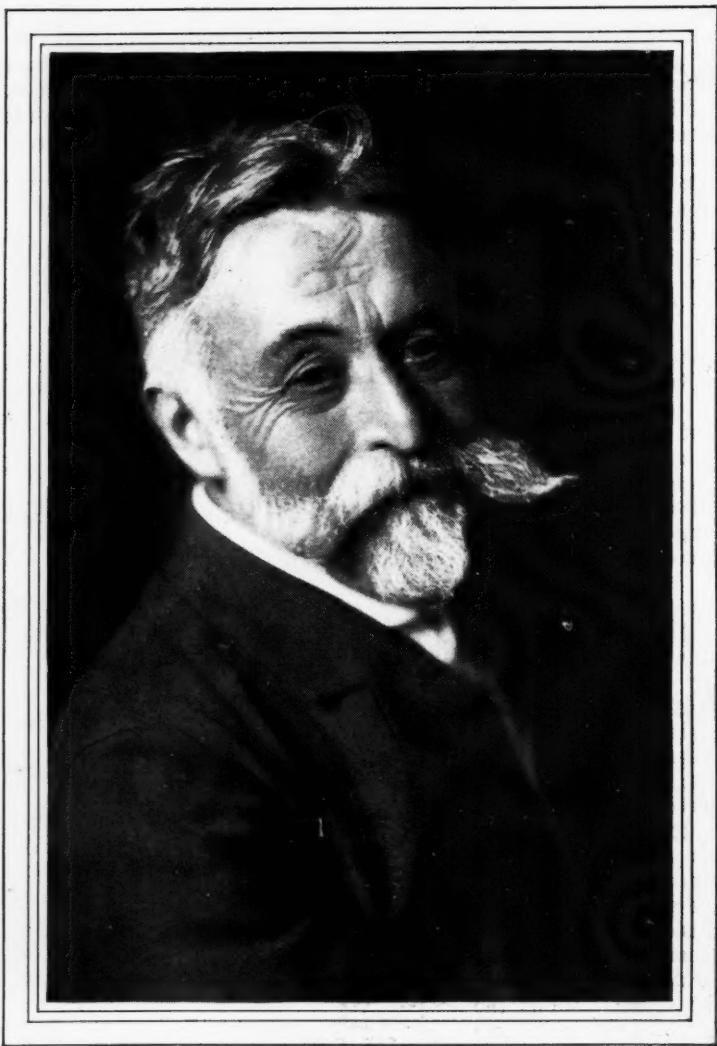
Probably no one understood the power of Bernhard Gillam's crayon bet-

ter than did Mr. Blaine, who as "Phryne Before Her Judges" became the central figure of one of the strongest and most telling cartoons ever designed. This, however, was not the Maine statesman's debut as the Tattooed Man. If my



"THE LADY AND THE TIGER, OR COLUMBIA'S PERIL"—
ONE OF THE LATE THOMAS NAST'S ANTI-TAMMANY
CARTOONS.

memory does not play me false, that famous figure first appeared in a cartoon called "Puck's Dime Museum." One of the great dime museum attractions of the early eighties was the Tattooed Greek, Captain Costentenus; and when the cartoon was being constructed, and the various candidates for the Presidential nomination, then almost due, had been transformed into ossified men, bearded women, and what not, the question came up who should be the exemplar of artistic tattooing. David



THOMAS NAST (1840-1902), THE PIONEER OF MODERN CARTOONING IN AMERICA.

From a copyrighted photograph by MacDonald, New York.

Davis was the original selection, it being at first considered that his Falstaffian proportions would in themselves give him the necessary laugh-provoking qualifications. But afterwards it was decided that, considering his opportunities, he was much too exemplary a statesman, and that the part of the Tattooed Man would be wantonly wasted and thrown away on him. In casting about for one whose shortcomings, actual or fancied, would fit him for this great

rôle, it was suggested by Carl Hauser, the Hungarian Douglas Jerrold, that Blaine should be used, and that reference to certain scandals that had been connected with his name should be interwoven among the tattoo-lines with which he was so generously embroidered by the artist.

One of the many effects of the instant sensation created by the Tattooed Man cartoons was the declaration of a Western statesman—Senator Windom, I be-

lieve—that after Mr. Blaine's election a law would be passed to regulate cartooning, or to fix limitations and restrictions on the cartoonist which would virtually gag him. The threat, of course, proved an idle one.

MISTAKES IN CARTOONS.

A cartoonist will often reveal his early environment unconsciously in a picture. He will supply the interior of a town house, for instance, with farm-house furniture, and put a rag carpet in the drawing-room. He will set glass kerosene lamps on the table, and a door-mat at the front

"NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO GOVERN ANOTHER
MAN WITHOUT THAT MAN'S CONSENT" ABRAHAM LINCOLN



"LEST WE FORGET"—BUSH SHOWS THE
SHADE OF LINCOLN WARNING UNCLE
SAM AGAINST IMPERIALISM.



CHARLES G. BUSH, FORMERLY CARTOONIST OF THE NEW
YORK HERALD, NOW OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

door whose bosom is emblazoned with the legend "Home, Sweet Home." The man still lives in the enjoyment of a national reputation and a handsome income who once drew a cornfield in which all the ears of corn grew at the top of the stalks. Letters poured into the office from all over the country calling his attention to the mistake; for such an error never fails to stimulate the ever-ready letter-writer to action. One facetious correspondent suggested that in his next cornfield picture he should show the ears growing in great pendulous bunches like bananas.

The same artist once had occa-



JOSEPH KEPPLER (1838-1894), THE FAMOUS
CARTOONIST WHO WAS ONE OF THE
FOUNDERS OF PUCK.

From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.

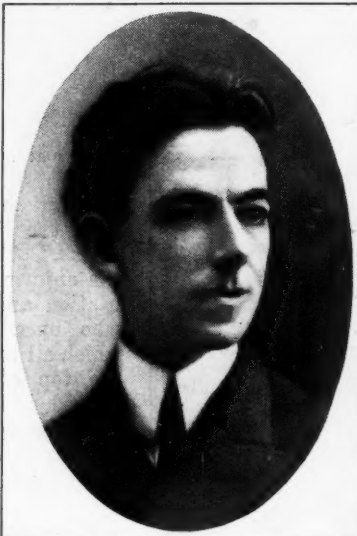


EUGENE ZIMMERMAN, WHO HAS FOR MANY YEARS
BEEN ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS
OF JUDGE.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

sion to satirize the authorities for allowing steamboats which should have been condemned to take out great excursion parties. He drew a huge craft, like one that had recently been blown up—the accident had given rise to the cartoon—and represented it as gliding along at a great rate of speed without paddle-wheels. The paddle-boxes were there, but they were superfluous so far as utility was concerned, as they contained no wheels.

Perhaps the most curious mistake



J. S. PUGHE, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF
PUCK.

From a photograph by Harris & Greene, Utica, New York.

that was ever made by an artist may be credited to Graetz, a Viennese importation who created more merriment in the office of *Puck* than he ever did among that paper's readers. This merry jester made the hit of his life when he drew a political cartoon in which John Kelly figured centrally. The picture represented the then Tammany chief keeping a mill-stream in check by holding the wheel against it. The action in the holder of the wheel was perfect, so far as protruding muscles

were concerned; but the most casual observer was likely to notice that Mr. Kelly was throwing his weight and strength in the direction in which the stream was

were laid out for him. He was told where to put the "independent voter," or "John Sherman," or "monopoly," and the other conventional ingredients



"GRAB ANYTHING IN SIGHT, GENTLEMEN, BUT DON'T TREAD ON MY FEET!"—ZIMMERMAN'S DEPICTION OF UNCLE SAM CHECKMATING THE EUROPEAN LAND-GRABBERS.

Copyright, 1903, by the Judge Company, New York.

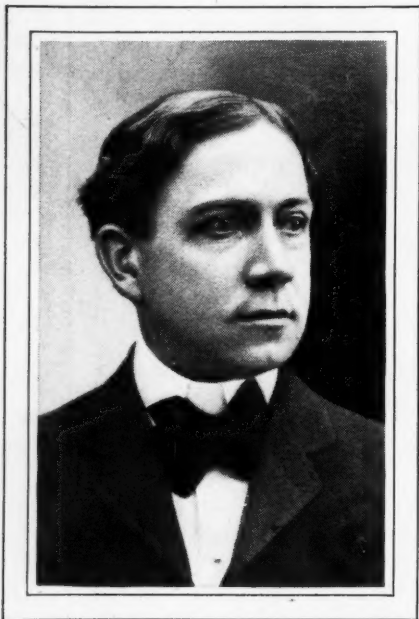
running, and that his efforts should have increased the speed of the wheel as well as that of the stream. The author of the above masterpiece could not speak English, and only drew pictures that

of the cartoon. To ask him what they meant would be to cause him to hold his hands up and cry:

"Don't can tell!"

Other mistakes quite as laughable

were made by the paper itself. Its subjects for cartoons were selected by the staff, with a view to producing as strong a picture as possible. After the subject had been selected and the editorial conference was ended, the design was laid out in a sketch and worked up, frequently by more than one hand, even as it had been thought out by more than



ARTHUR YOUNG, A CLEVER CARTOONIST ON THE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

From a photograph by Feeley, New York.

one head. It was often necessary to use the finest judgment, when a picture was made to hit off an event that had not at the time taken place. To make, for instance, a cartoon on Wednesday to suit an election that would not be decided until the following Tuesday was often a piece of work that required the most elaborate and subtle reasoning. To hit the situation and be simultaneous with it was always a great triumph. At the same time, to miss it, while it raised a laugh at the expense of the paper, was sometimes considered a good joke which did no harm.

Puck's cartoon on the victory of Cleveland over Folger in 1882, in which Folger was running to catch the ferry-boat of victory which was quite

beyond his reach, with the simple word of explanation, "Left," made a sensation never to be forgotten. That cartoon, made a few days before the election, came out on the day following the contest. Another, made on the same plan, was not so successful. When Hill was running for the Governorship, a couple of years later, his defeat seemed almost certain, and the nearer the day of election came the more firmly the people were convinced that a Republican victory was about to go on record. About this time the celebrated elephant Jumbo was killed by being thrown off the track by a locomotive. The particulars, as given by the newspapers, were that Jumbo's baby was on the track, and that the parent pachyderm tossed it out of the way and into safety, and then met the oncoming locomotive with outstretched trunk and head. *Puck* saw in this tragedy a fine parallel of the political situation in the State of New York, and the incident was utilized as the basis of a cartoon in which Hill figured as Jumbo knocked off the track by the Republican express. I cannot recall what Hill had tossed off the track as the equivalent of the baby elephant, but I do remember that there was a good deal of fun in the cartoon, chiefly owing to the fact that Hill was elected—in other words, he was the express train and his opponent was the badly battered pachyderm.

Often, in an uncertain contest, a picture was made to cover the case no matter which way the election might go—some such thing as a picture of Uncle Sam dancing a jig and exclaiming: "Everything is right!"

An idea derived from a newspaper incident, like that of the death of Jumbo, is usually more acceptable to the people than one taken from a mythological or Biblical story. The average man is not always familiar with the latter, and then the effect is lost. But show him a folding-bed marked "Trusts" in the act of reducing to pulp a dreamer branded "Honest Workingman," and you have something that will thrill him to the core.

Still, classic canvases are constantly being reproduced with new characters and with quaint variations. "Phryne

Before Her Judges," before mentioned, is a notable example. Raphael's cherubs are another favorite subject. Belshazzar and the handwriting on the wall, and Perseus breaking the fetters of Andromeda, have also done royal service. Well-known advertising cuts have also been used with great effect. One that set forth the virtues of some patent medicine and consisted in a back view of a boy and a dog sitting on a plank, leaning against each other, while looking across a great stretch of marsh-land, was reproduced by Bernhard Gillam in his celebrated "Me and Jack" picture, which showed Blaine and Logan as the small boy and the black dog in a manner that caused people of both parties to laugh in their keen appreciation of an uneclipsable good thing.

Bernhard Gillam's drawing was often such that one could not make up one's mind if his shortcomings were as a draftsman or as an anatomist, or both. He was sensitive on this point, and was once cut to the quick by a companion's remark that if his salary ever got as

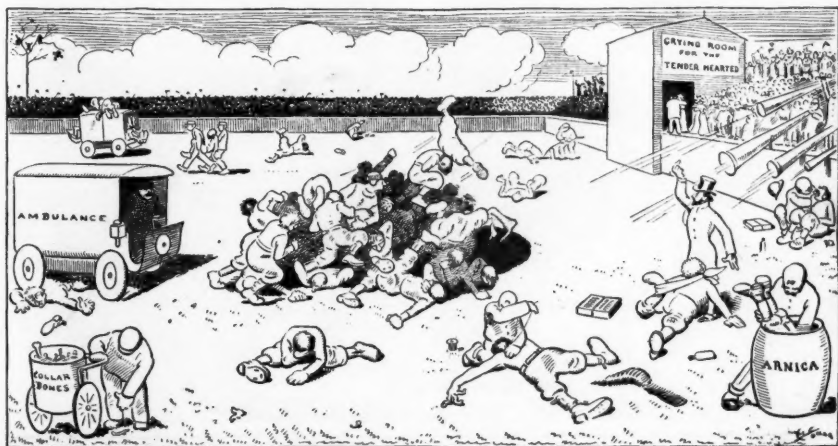


"RETRIBUTION; OR, THE FATE OF THE INVENTOR OF THE BARBED WIRE FENCE," AS PICTURED BY ARTHUR YOUNG.

much out of drawing as some of his figures, even with the assistance of the cashier he would never be able to gain anything like a fair idea of how his account stood. He never drew a hat that appeared to fit the wearer. It would seem as if the man had his brother's tile, or had taken a stranger's on coming out of a restaurant. Yet it must be acknowledged that Gillam's cartoons were as powerful, in their way, as were Nast's in the early seventies. The Tweed Ring is remembered to-day chiefly by Nast's cartoons, notably the one entitled "We Are Innocent—Too Thin!" which represented Tweed and his compatriots drawn up into a most fearful and wonderful condition of tallness and thinness, and with facial expressions calculated to establish their innocence beyond all reasonable doubt.

NAST AND WALES, PIONEER CARTOONISTS.

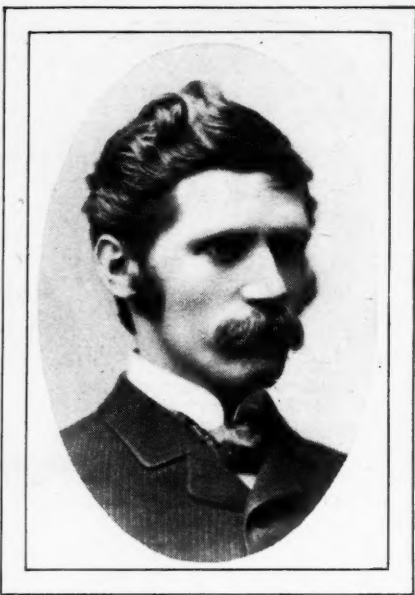
Wales made a companion picture, called simply "Too Thick," which represented the four leaders of the ring as standing about four feet high and four feet wide, dressed in convict stripes and



"INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL"—A CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING OF ARTHUR YOUNG'S, FULL OF HUMOROUS DETAIL.

fastened together with chains upon which the conventional balls were attached. These cartoons attracted wide attention at the time, and neither Nast nor Wales ever made greater hits subsequently, although the former will long be remembered by his pictures of Horace Greeley with a tag on his coat-tail upon which was inscribed "And Gratz Brown."

Wales, at his best, was a strong cartoonist. He was, moreover, a man who knew how to draw, and did not belong to the stencil-plate school. At that period an inferior draftsman had a much better chance of



BERNHARD GILLAM (1858-1896), WHOSE DEATH
LOST TO AMERICA ONE OF HER STRONGEST
CARTOONISTS.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

survival than he would have to-day, partly on account of the general heightening of our artistic standards, and partly for a reason less obvious to the lay reader. The cartoons of the old days were drawn on box-wood, which was passed on to the engraver, who went to work upon it with his burin; and when he finished with it, there was of course nothing left of the original drawing. In consequence, the draftsman always held the engraver responsible for any fault or error that might appear on the printed page, and was wont to accuse him, with fine emotion, of having whit-



"THE REAL YELLOW PERIL"—AN EFFECTIVE RECENT CARTOON FROM PUCK, IN WHICH JOSEPH KEPPLER (SON OF THE LATE JOSEPH KEPPLER) GIVES HIS CONCEPTION OF THE TRUE RELATIVE STATUS OF JAPAN AND RUSSIA.



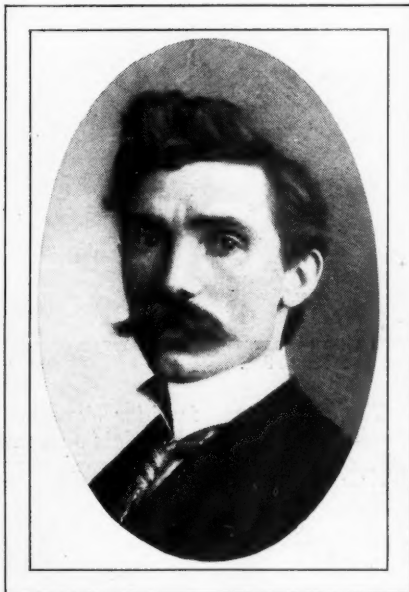
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE—WITH APOLOGIES TO A POPULAR PICTURE"—VICTOR GILLAM USES A WELL-KNOWN ADVERTISING DESIGN AS THE FOUNDATION OF A JUDGE CARTOON ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

tled out the picture with an oyster-knife or an ax.

Much of the success of *Puck's* cartoons, in the old days, was due to Bunner's accompanying editorials, which were always able, convincing, and to the point. He wrote them in prose or verse, as the occasion demanded, and with equal grace and finish. The threnodies which appeared on the editorial page on Grant, Sherman, Garfield, and Longfellow, when their portraits were printed in *Puck*, will compare favorably with anything else of a like character, especially when it is considered that each of them was thrown off in an hour or two. It was often said of Bunner that he could write any-

thing well, from a novel to a soap advertisement, and it was no exaggeration of his versatility.

No one will fancy that the cartoonists' art is decadent who has followed Grant Hamilton and Zimmerman in *Judge*, and Taylor, Dalrymple, and the younger Keppler in *Puck*, for the past few years. They have proved by their clever utilization of subjects, as well as by their skill in execution, that cartooning will always be a force so long as there are topics to treat and men who can turn them to account. A more recent light is Homer Davenport, who came out of the wilds of Oregon about eight years ago. He had not been in the office of the New York *American* very long



VICTOR GILLAM, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF *JUDGE*.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

before he made the late Mark Hanna's dollar-sign raiment as famous as Rogers had made the "grandfather's hat" which almost entirely concealed President Benjamin Harrison's head in

which appeared in the New York *Evening Journal*, created something like two million simultaneous and continuous laughs a day—until it was abruptly discontinued at the time of Mr. Mc-

Kinley's assassination. Another side-splitting series by the same artist was one in which Mr. Roosevelt was put through a number of perilous hunting adventures. It is said that the President greatly enjoyed these friendly sallies, and wrote a letter of appreciation to their author. Mr. Oppen has recently been lightening the cares of farming in Connecticut by drawing a series entitled "The Gold Brick Guards," in which the trusts are unmercifully hammered, but in a way that forces a hearty laugh from men of all shades of political belief.

Among the other men who are doing good work two of the most prominent are Eugene Zimmerman and Victor Gillam, of *Judge*. The former, whose broadly humorous drawings bear the brief and



"FRIENDS!"—OPPER'S CARTOON ON THE FRATERNAL CORDIALITY OF UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL.

many a good cartoon. The Davenport cartoons were so successful that they were afterwards brought out in book form. Some of the originals were bought by Mr. Hanna, which fact should be sufficient proof that he thought them artistic triumphs.

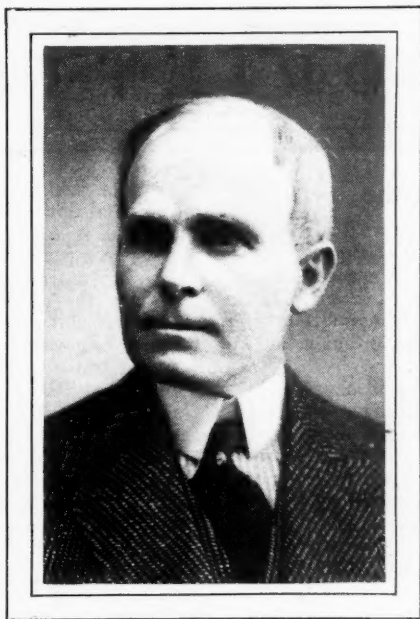
But perhaps the best cartoons of the Presidential campaign of 1900, for pure and simple fun, were Oppen's drawings of "Willie and His Papa." This series,

familiar signature of "Zim," was one of the late Joseph Keppler's discoveries. He was a sign painter when some of his rough sketches fell into Keppler's hands and revealed the possibilities of genius. Victor Gillam, whose cartoons are signed with his Christian name, is a younger brother of Bernhard Gillam, and a more artistic if less forcible draftsman.

Others whose names should not be

omitted are Powers, Griffin, Nelan, Richards, Howarth, Flohri, Swinerton, Dan Smith, C. J. Taylor; Rudolph Dirks, originator of the Katzenjammer Kids"; and Schultz, the genial creator of "Foxy Grandpa." This last famous series, which began in the New York *Herald*, is still going on in the *American*, with no apparent likelihood of stopping. Like Palmer Cox' "Brownies" and Outcault's "Buster Brown," it has been successfully staged.

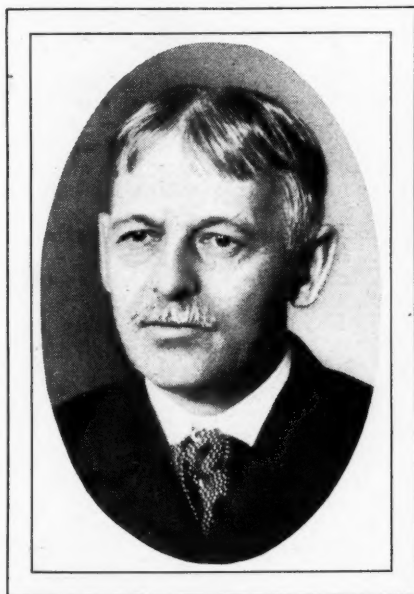
Almost every Western newspaper of any con-



FREDERICK BURR OPPER, FOR MANY YEARS A PUCK ARTIST, NOW ON THE STAFF OF THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

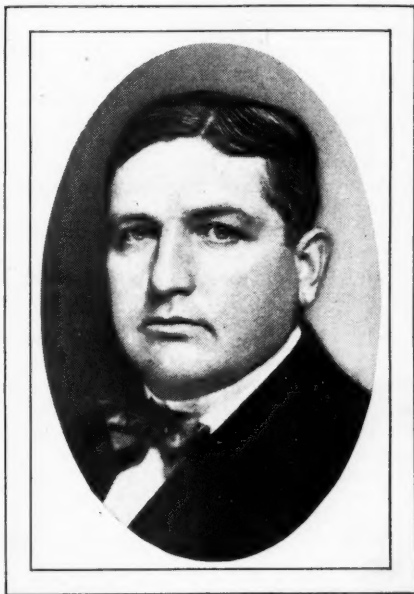
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

sequence, from Cleveland to Chicago and from Minneapolis to St. Louis, has its favorite cartoonist. Many of our best pictorial wits have been developed in this fertile field before being lured to New York. New geniuses are constantly arising, and men who were famous ten or twenty years ago are still in the harness; for the demand for good cartoons has quadrupled, and more, since the days of the pioneers. And it seems probable that the art will continue to extend and develop in the coming years.



WILLIAM ALLEN ROGERS, THE VETERAN CARTOONIST OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

From a photograph.



GRANT E. HAMILTON, ONE OF THE CARTOONISTS OF JUDGE.

From a photograph by Phelan, New York.

STORIETTES

The Brick on the Trail.

It was a marvelous day. Bobby sat on a pine-tree stump long enough to catch his breath and look over across the canyon at the bald tops of the Colorado mountains, brown and jagged, cutting into the fat, pillowy clouds that rolled on the blue ceiling of sky.

"Fine day, Snipe!" said a voice.

Bobby jumped. About ten yards behind him stood a man with short, coarse hair and straight, hard mouth. He wore a blue shirt that fell open at the neck, and he stood with careless grace, one thick arm around a rifle.

"Hello, stranger!" replied Bobby. "Where did you come from?"

"Well, I'll ask you a question first and then answer yours, youngster. Have you been in these diggings long?"

"No," said Bobby. "My father is a prospector, looking for silver in the mountains, like all the rest of them; but we haven't been here long."

The man came nearer, and sat down on the ground.

"I see you haven't got a gun with you," he said, as if explaining something. "Let me tell you, boy; you can always ask a man out here who he is and what he is going to do; but never ask who he was or what he has done or where he came from. You might strike a sensitive feller, like me, for instance."

Bobby shook his head. He did not understand.

"But that isn't what I had in mind," the man went on. "I want to know what's in that pail."

"Oh," said Bobby, "that's my dad's dinner. I come down from the North Peak every day, and he rides up on a mule and meets me at the elbow of the canyon over yonder. He's prospecting on the South Peak."

"Hand it over," said the other abruptly. "I need it where it will do some good."

Bobby thought that his new acquaint-

ance was joking. He turned, smiling, and looked down the barrel of the rifle.

"Hand it over!" repeated the man, more peremptorily.

The boy stared very hard, and put the pail into the outstretched hand of the stranger. Then tears came—miserable tears of anger and shame.

"You wouldn't dare do that if I was your size and could handle a gun!" said Bobby spitefully, pulling his sleeve across his eyes.

The man was too busy devouring the thick pieces of bread and meat; he ate with no slow enjoyment, but with the haste of sharp hunger. Once he stopped, grunted, and looked up at Bobby.

"Your dad's dinner is a good one—or was," said he. "Shooting is mighty poor in these parts. There's no game, and I'm not making more noise than I have to."

"I wish you were my weight and hadn't got a gun!" returned the boy, too angry to notice what the other said. "I'd black your eyes for you!"

The man put down his slice of apple pie and laughed aloud.

"Well, I believe you would!" said he. "You're spunky, aren't you, youngster?"

Bobby got up and started up the incline.

"Hi!" cried the man. "Come back here! I want you to stay here and talk to me while I rest a bit. I'd hate to shoot a ten-year-old."

The boy came back, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"What do you want to talk about?" he asked sulkily.

"To begin with," said the other, smiling, "take a look over across that canyon. See that white rock?"

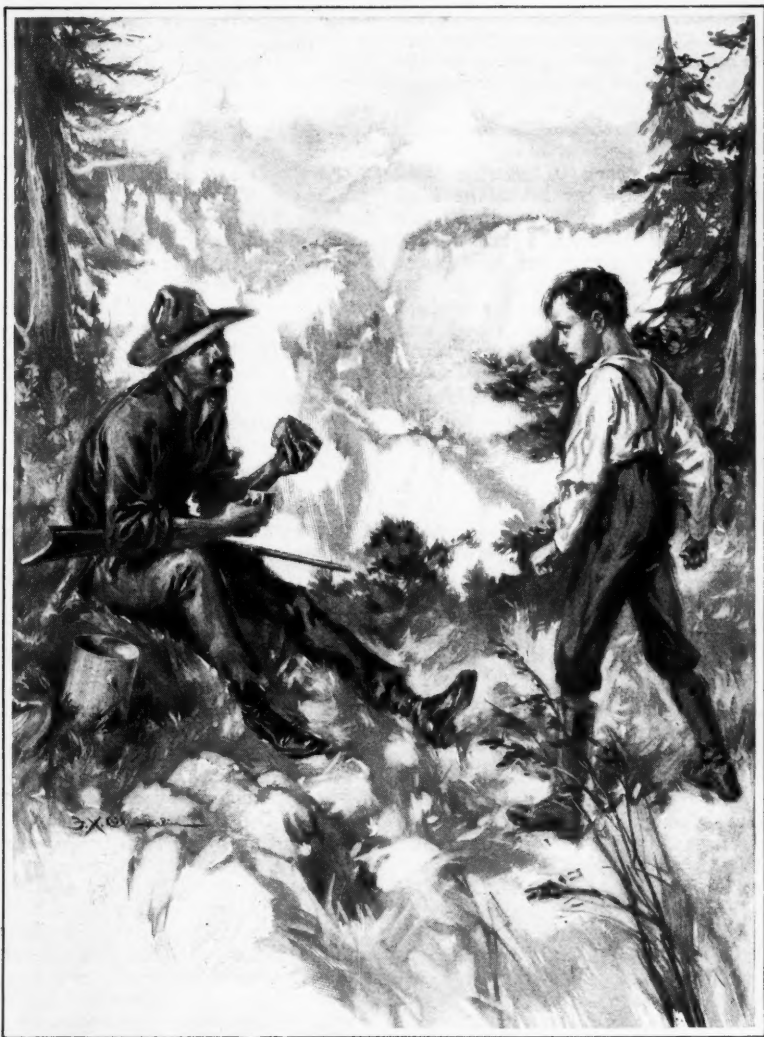
Bobby nodded.

"See those two men to the left; you know what they're doing?"

"Yes, they're laying a blast. That's Mr. Henderson and Bill Chambers. I heard 'em say they would put giant powder into their tunnel last night."

There was no answer to this informa-

EDITOR'S NOTE—MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE invites contributions to this department, and will pay good prices for those found available. Manuscripts submitted should preferably be from three hundred to fifteen hundred words in length.



"I WISH YOU WERE MY WEIGHT AND HADN'T GOT A GUN. I'D BLACK YOUR EYES FOR YOU!"

tion. The man blinked in the warm sunlight, leaned back with his hat over his face, and yawned loudly. Bobby watched an eagle swoop around in circles over the tall pines in the valley below; no sound disturbed the hush of high noon.

"Grab hold of my wrist, sonny," said the man. "It's time to get a nap, I reckon. If you let go, I'll wake up and fill you full of lead. We're good friends, sonny, and you wouldn't do anything so I'd have to hurt you, would you?"

"I'd smash you if I could!" said the boy.

With his hand counting the beats of the stranger's pulse, he watched him relax into a heavy, snoring sleep.

Many patient minutes went by before Bobby moved. Then, slowly and with minute care, he moved his free hand behind him until it finally came into light contact with the revolver in the man's belt. For a moment he stopped to think of the best way, and then, in exact time to the man's heavy breathing, marked by the rise and fall of the broad chest, Bobby drew out the revolver little by little. He heard his own heart thumping

as he worked, and was frozen with terror when the man gave a sleepy grunt.

The feeling of the fat handle of the revolver in his hand gave him confidence. He gradually relaxed his grip upon the man's wrist, and reached for the little ball of heavy twine that every boy carries, or ought to carry, in his right-hand trousers pocket. Bobby knew the kind of knot he wanted. Success had made him daring, and the idea that had worked itself into his brain gave him courage in his own power to outwit his enemy.

It took several minutes to slip the cord between the back of the man's neck and the rough ground, but it was done at last, and the other end of the noose was tied to the base of a sapling. Then, suddenly, the man stretched himself, threw the hat off his face, and, brought to his senses by the broad glare of the sun, tried to sit up. The tough cord bit into the flesh of his neck.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "Let me loose!"

"Lie down!" said Bobby, his voice trembling, and the point of the heavy revolver in his hand wagging about like a dog's tail in front of the man's face. Suddenly the trigger fell with a snap.

"The joke's on you, sonny," laughed the other, in spite of his pain. "Your gun isn't loaded!"

The boy's mouth fell open, and the revolver left his hand and dropped with a clatter on the rocks. With a quick dart of his arm, the man reached for his rifle. He came a few inches short, and his face twisted in pain as the cord tightened once more around his throat. Bobby reached the butt of the gun and snatched it up, trembling with excitement.

"The joke's on you, mister!" he said, with little creeps of victory running up and down his back. "Rest there a bit—I want to talk to you! We're good friends, and you wouldn't do anything to make me hurt you, would you?"

The stranger turned on his side toward Bobby.

"I wish you were my son," said he solemnly. "You've got the grit of a grizzly and the brass of a rattler!" For a moment he lay looking over across the canyon. "What's that over there?" he asked suddenly.

Bobby came very near turning around, but he stopped himself in time.

"No, you don't!" said he. "If I look you'll grab the gun."

"No, I won't," said the man harshly. "Get behind me if you're scared of that. Now, what's going on over there across the canyon?"

Bobby looked. A fine curl of smoke rose in the still air beneath the white face of rock.

"They've started the fuse for the blast and gone down into the ravine," said the boy. "I bet it will cut up a big fuss over there!"

"No, you blockhead!" cried the man, pointing. "Do you see that feller on horseback? He can't see the smoke from there. He'll be on top of that blast. There won't be enough of him or that horse to bury!"

"It's not a horse," said Bobby, turning white. "It's a mule, and that's my dad."

"Your dad! Look here, boy, I don't want to see your dad die that way! Put the rifle in the air and shoot four shots. He'll stop to see what the shooting is."

"No, he won't," said Bobby, in a whisper. "He's deaf."

"Deaf!" repeated the man, with a rattle in his throat. "Can you shoot, boy? Can you pick that mule? No, of course you can't."

"No," Bobby sobbed. "I couldn't hit a thing!"

"Then turn me loose. Quick! Give me that gun. I may kill him, but it's the only chance."

Bobby handed the rifle to the man, never taking his eyes from the thin, vicious curl of smoke and the mule and rider that came nearer and nearer to it around the bend.

"Can you shoot?" asked the boy, his lips shut tight together.

"With any other man in these mountains," said the man, throwing himself on his stomach. "You've heard of me. I'm Harry Albany. Now keep still!"

Bobby watched the cords in the man's hand tighten on the rifle barrel. It seemed as if he would never shoot. "Harry Albany—five hundred dollars reward." Bobby remembered just where he had seen the man's picture and the sheriff's notice.

Crack! Neither moved a muscle. Both stared out across the canyon. Mule and rider were going peacefully on their way, closer and closer to the danger-point.

"Missed!" gulped the man. "Don't move, boy! We've got to do it now."

Bobby waited for the second shot, trembling. Almost before he had heard it, he saw the mule come down on the dusty trail and his father pitch headlong over its head. Then he saw the mule kicking feebly, and his father standing over it. Bobby burst into tears.

"That's shooting some, sonny!" said Harry proudly. "Don't cry. It's all

right—your dad's safe, if flying rocks don't hit him."

The curl of smoke ended in a little spit of flame, a roar, a roll of thick smoke, and the clatter of falling rocks in the ravine below. The man across the canyon was running back along the trail.

"See, sonny—your dad's safe! I reckon that was shooting, eh?" said Albany.

"You're a brick!" said Bobby simply.

"Thank you, stranger. We've had a pretty good time together, haven't we? You foxed me once, and you're as gritty as I am. I wouldn't admit that about most men. I reckon I better be going." He hitched up his belt, picked up the revolver. "Shake, sonny!"

Bobby gravely put out his hands.

"When they find out the truth, and I can come back into the State, I'll drop you a line by the stage-driver."

Bobby watched the big man swing down the mountainside.

"Hi!" he shouted. The man turned around. "Say, Harry!" shouted the boy. "Good luck!"

R. W. Child.

How the Campbells Came.

THEY were a capitally matched couple—both of a size, both good to look upon, and each wholly absorbed in the other. "The Campbells," their set facetiously termed them, for although Arthur Campbell had met Grace Ainsworth but two months since, a week of that time had been passed on shipboard, where, as every one who has crossed the ocean can testify, acquaintanceships move rapidly.

They took the teasing in very good part. Arthur seemed rather to enjoy it, and Grace blushed prettily when the others went on ahead, leaving "the Campbells" to saunter on at their leisure, unobserved. The one fly in their ointment was Papa Ainsworth, who cherished Grace as the apple of his eye and looked askance upon every man who approached her.

"That young Campbell is going to be there, I suppose?" said Mr. Ainsworth to his wife, when the matter of allowing Grace to accept the invitation to the Stocktons' house-party came up.

"Certainly; he is one of the set. Why do you ask?" and Mrs. Ainsworth arched her eyebrows.

"Well, he has known the child only a few weeks. He seems to forget that."

But the consent was given, and a company of lively young people half filled the last Pullman of the Berkshire

express on a certain October Friday afternoon, en route for a week-end of jollity among the hills. Mrs. Sabers, scarcely more than a bride herself, acted as chaperon, and her efforts to do her duty by "the Campbells" with blinded eyes made half the fun of the journey.

They were due at the station for Outlook at half past six, but about five the train came to an unexpected standstill at a mere village not down on the timetable. A slight accident to the engine, it seemed, would delay them about half an hour.

"Let's explore," proposed Thorne Gates. "There's a bonny, brawling brook down yonder."

Having arranged with the conductor that three warning toots from the locomotive whistle should call them back, they one and all sallied forth. Of course no one was surprised when "the Campbells" lingered in the rear until after the others had started, and then blissfully strolled off in the opposite direction. Their talk was not of a sentimental nature. They were both practically minded, and they discussed horses and dogs and golf, with now and then a reference to their steamer days. Nevertheless, it was all very absorbing, and when they heard the three whistles they had wandered farther afield than they had realized.

"I am afraid we shall have to run for it," said Arthur.

"But they'll wait for us, surely," rejoined Grace.

Still, run they both did, only to find, on arriving at the tiny station, an empty track where their train had stood.

"Why, it can't be!" Grace kept repeating. "Mrs. Sabers would not let them go on without us! Why, we can't be left here alone—together—"

Grace glanced around at the few houses and the tumble-down station as if she expected an ogre to issue from one or the other of them at any moment.

"Oh, it's all right," Arthur assured her. "We'll go on by the next train. I'll go in and inquire."

"Well?" she asked anxiously, when he reappeared.

"That was the last train," he said, trying to speak cheerily. "But never mind! We'll get through somehow. See any signs of a livery stable?"

Grace laughed nervously.

"You might as well expect to find a motor garage in a place like this! Why, there isn't even a hotel. Oh, why did we walk so far?"

"Don't worry," he begged. "There isn't any danger."

"Nor any chaperon, either," she retorted quickly.

That was what caused Arthur his chief perturbation. He knew Mr. Ainsworth would never forgive him for getting Grace into a position of this sort.

"Come, let's spy out the land," he said, conscious that the station-agent was peering out at them interestedly.

They started off, he without the least idea of just what they were trying to find, she striving courageously to hide her nervousness as the sky began to darken with the approach of the autumn dusk. The outlook certainly seemed dubious. The street was lined on both sides with only the most humble dwellings, and there appeared to be but one store in the place. Thither Arthur directed their steps.

There was a man in his shirt-sleeves behind the counter. Trying to ignore the stares of the barrel loungers, Campbell put the query to him:

"Where can I hire a carriage?"

"How fur might you be wantin' to go?" was the reply, accompanied by a glance at Grace that made Arthur clench a fist in his coat-pocket.

"To Fountaindale. We were left behind by the express."

"To Fountaindale!" repeated the storekeeper. "Why, that's all of twenty miles from here!"

"I know it," rejoined Arthur. "But we must get there to-night. The rig can be kept in the Stocktons' stables until morning. I'll see that it is returned."

"Wall, I don't know," retorted the other slowly, while the loungers leaned forward so eagerly that one of them nearly slipped from his perch. "I don't know as there's any horse in this community that's fitten to go so fur 'thout a night's rest after his day's work."

"Pete Tyler might let 'em have his rig, Jake," spoke up one of the idlers. "He was took sick and warn't able to do no harvestin' to-day."

"Where can I find him?" eagerly demanded Arthur.

"I'll show you," volunteered the stranger.

Ten minutes later Arthur and Grace were standing in the low-studded, damp-smelling "best room" of the Tylers, dickering for the hire of a crazy buggy and a half-lame horse. But they were so delighted to leave the village behind that they cared nothing for the looks of the turn-out that bore them away

from it. Their joy, though, was short-lived. The horse could be made to move only at a snail's pace, and they had covered but a few miles out of the twenty when the moonless night wrapped them about. Ignorant of the neighborhood, Arthur would not have dared to drive fast, even had they been behind a trotter. Nor was this all. The wind had turned nipping cold, and their wraps were all aboard the train. Hunger, too, began to assert itself.

Grace fell into a gloomy silence, while Arthur was possessed of a dumb despair.

"This," he told himself, "is the end of all my hopes. Even if Grace could bring herself to forgive me, I am sure her family never can!"

Villages were few and far between, and all that inhabited them lay locked in the slumber that follows hard daily toil. There was no one of whom to inquire the way. Arthur was able to follow it only by driving up close to every signboard and lighting matches until he had deciphered the directions. He finally grew afraid to look at his watch. The last time he had consulted it, the hands pointed to well past midnight.

"How are we going to find the Stocktons' place after we get there?"

It was the first time Grace had spoken in what seemed hours to Arthur; and she voiced a difficulty that had been causing him no little uneasiness.

"We'll simply have to stop somewhere, wake them up, and ask," he answered.

"Yes, that's about the only thing we can do," she murmured, and relapsed once more into her stony silence.

Then, "The next turn should bring us to Fountaindale," he said presently.

"See," Grace exclaimed, after they had rounded the bend in the road, "there are lights in that big house on the hill. That must be the Stocktons'. You know they have named it Outlook. At any rate, there is some one there of whom we can inquire."

"Oh, it must be the Stocktons'," said Arthur, "but I didn't think they were going to have the dance until to-morrow night. Why should they have such an illumination at this hour? It must be all of three o'clock." This last to himself.

He urged the old plug forward, and soon they turned in at an imposing gateway and were driving up a pretty avenue to an almost palatial mansion. But they saw and heard no signs of jollity, although there were lights in nearly every room. Indeed, an uncanny quiet seemed to reign over the place.

"What can it mean?" Grace demanded. "I know this must be the Stocktons'. There's Thorne Gates now, standing in the doorway, waiting for us. They've heard the wheels on the gravel."

"Here we are, Thorne!" called out Arthur, as he drew rein at the stepping-stone.

But instead of rushing down to welcome them, Gates uttered a sort of inarticulate cry and staggered back against the door-frame. Then he seemed to rally himself, and with one shriek inside of "It's the Campbells!" he flew down the steps and fairly flung his arms about Arthur's neck.

A minute later the girls were weeping over Grace as if they had never expected to see her again.

"Quick, Thorne," called out Mrs. Sabers, "get the Ainsworths on the long distance, and head off that telegram. Thank Heaven for all its mercies! How ever did you escape?" she added, turning once more to Grace.

"Escape?" said the latter, mystified.

She looked inquiringly at Arthur, who, however, was no wiser over this reception than she. He had expected either the worst "rigging" of his life, or else all manner of reproaches; not a welcome as if they had both returned from the grave.

"Why, don't you really know what I mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Sabers. "Where have you come from?"

"From that miserable little village, Squankum, where we were left behind."

"Then you weren't in the wreck at all?"

"What wreck?" demanded Grace and Arthur in a breath.

"You two have saved all our lives," explained Mrs. Sabers. "That last Pullman, you know, that we had all to ourselves after Forestry—well, when we got back from our walk in Squankum, we thought it would be a good joke to let you two have it all to yourselves for a while. So we sneaked aboard the forward cars from the off side, intending to peep in on you later and remind you that we were on the train. But the engineer put on such a speed to make up the lost time that that last car flew from the rails on a curve, and the brakeman went down to his death in the river, where we thought you both had gone with him. Oh, I can't bear to talk of it! Just think, if it hadn't been for our teasing of you two, we none of us should have been here! We had to telegraph your people, Grace."

But Grace had quietly fainted in Arthur's arms, where, it was unanimously agreed, she now rightfully belonged.

Matthew White, Jr.

The Night-Stand Man.

On the edge of a wretched bunk in one of the night-stand lodging-houses in New York sat a man of thirty-five or forty. It was after twelve, and most of the bunks were already claimed; only the middle row was unoccupied. The smoky lamps were placed on the beam above that row, and a man doesn't take any of the middle bunks from choice. He goes to the side, and turns his face to the wall before he sleeps. There isn't any sense in tempting Providence by bunking in the middle row, for even after the lamps have flared up and out with a sputter and a smell, there is always the door just at the end of the room whence in uncanny hours the bull's-eye may come glinting down that middle row. Of course if you are really wanted, the long white finger will go slipping over every bunk, and the tall, strong watch-dog of the law will say "Turn over, man!" and look into every hidden face. But on nightly rounds he only sweeps his lantern once through the room and goes on again.

The man didn't intend to stay in that middle row. He was no new hand. When the rest got to sleep he knew what he would do. He would go over to that tenderfoot kid and roust him out. He would tell him he was "wanted," and when the lad sprang up—for that word meant more than the cock of a forty-four—then he would drop his shoes and tumble into the bunk himself.

He couldn't do it until the rest were asleep. Not that it wasn't allowable to get ahead of a tenderfoot, but they wouldn't let *him* do it. They didn't like him, and he didn't like them, confound them! But after he once got into the side bunk it would be all right, for the kid couldn't make a racket. Nobody ever made a racket in a night-stand. It didn't matter what happened, you couldn't make a racket. The first time you made a sound, a dozen of them would call out, "Shut up!"

They might not even waken. It had become second nature. If he were sound asleep—as sound as a night-stand man ever sleeps—and heard a noise, he said, "Shut up," and never waked. If the tenderfoot did row, he would hear that ominous chorus, and that would quiet

him. And if any one really should waken, and take the trouble to ask the kid what was up, it wouldn't make any difference. If the kid said, "He swiped my bunk," the man would say, "Whose shoes are those?" The kid would say, "His," and the man would answer, "Then you're lyin'," and go back to sleep.

The kid was evidently a tenderfoot; he slept with his shoes on. In the nightstand you don't do that. You put your shoes down by the corner of your bunk, and nobody touches them. That's the way you hold your place. After the lamps have gone out, and you come stumbling in for a bunk, you walk down the row with your arm out. Every time your hand passes an end post you kick out with your foot, and if you don't strike a pair of shoes, you put your own there and turn in.

He would attend to that kid; but first he would look over his haul. Five dollars that day, and an old silver watch. That was the first he had struck for a week. He was almost starving. He had stood in the bread-line that night, and just afterwards he had run into it rich and picked a five. He would blow it tomorrow, but first of all he would bunk up for the next week.

He took up the watch, shook it, and held it to his ear. It wasn't worth much. He had snatched it that morning from a woman in the crowd. He remembered her distinctly; she was the kind of woman who would carry a silver watch with a ball on the end of the chain. He remembered her, though he wished he didn't. She had smooth gray hair and brown eyes; she was soft, he was sure, for her mouth had that sweet look and her eyes were tired; that soft kind of a woman that has suffered a lot and still keeps on looking sweet.

He pried the watch open with his thumb-nail, and lifted out a slip of paper cut to fit the case. He turned it over and looked at the face photographed on it. It was the face of a boy about ten years old. He had curly, light hair and sturdy shoulders, and his features were expanded in an impish grimace. The man looked at it a while, and smiled.

"Spunky kid—didn't smirk up to have his picture taken!"

Then he thought of the woman again. She was awfully soft, a downright softy; worse than he thought they ever were. Some one had seen him and screamed, and a cop had come up and she called out, "Never mind, it's all right;"

and while the cop had stopped to see what she meant, he had skipped. He wished she hadn't; he could have got away without that."

He snapped the watch together, kicked off his shoes, and looked over the bunks. The broad backs in their miscellaneous shirts were all still. Two of the lamps had gone out, the one over his head was flaming brightly. The little picture lay on the floor, and he pushed it with his foot. It caught against a nail, curved into a bow, and turned over, face upwards. He looked at it again.

"Spunky kid," he muttered; and then picked up his shoes and took a step toward the side bunks.

But just then the kid opposite gave a long sigh, turned in the rough straw, and flung his head back. He looked up at the man for a moment with wide, unconscious eyes of sleep; an impish grin flickered over his face, and then left it pale and worn, with deep lines of poor living and rough experience. His hair was light brown, and tumbled in curls all over his head.

The man stood and looked into his face, a gleam of surprise and then of amusement in his own.

"Why, it's the same kid!"

He took another step forward to mutter into the boy's ear the word that would bring him out of his bunk in a flash, but something crackling at his own feet drew his attention. The little picture had caught against his rough sock, and trailed along the boards as he moved. He picked it off and held it up to the lamp. The same impishness, the same hair, the same jaunty strength!

Suddenly the lamp went out. The man sat down in his bunk again. He wished he hadn't looked at the woman that morning! How did the kid happen to be down in this place? Ran away like any fool, no doubt. He had come to this God-forsaken life from choice. He was born to it. But the kid would never make a go of it; he was too soft. The man swore under his breath. He felt the watch again. It was very smooth and old.

Why did she have to go around with that look on her face? He knew well enough why she was sad. That was her boy over there with his shoes on.

The man's black brows came together fiercely. Why hadn't she trained her brat, then, if she didn't want him to go wrong? She was awfully soft. Her mouth had a sort of quivering look. He wished she hadn't said that! What made her do it?

He knew why. He settled down in his bunk, drew his knees together a little, and rested his head between his hands. She was thinking of the kid when she did that. She was thinking that the kid might be needing something. She was thinking that he might be starving and wretched. He tried to stop thinking then, but the thought was already there. She was wondering if the kid had come to the same thing.

The kid hadn't come to it. The kid was just beginning; he knew well enough that the kid was a new hand.

He pulled his boots on, and walked over to the boy.

"Come along," he muttered, giving him a shake. "You're wanted!"

The boy stumbled to his feet, and followed him out of the room. In the wretched front hall, where an old woman nodded by a lamp, the man looked into the boy's face.

"Where do you live?" he said.

The boy told him.

"What are you doing here?" he went on.

The boy, hardly wakened, told him that, too. He and his father had quarreled four years ago, and he had skipped. He had kept straight until a few months since, when he had lost his job and come to New York. Then he had gone to the bad.

"Why don't you go home?" said the man.

"I'm afraid to now," said the boy doggedly. "I haven't any money, any way."

"What's the fare to your place?"

"Six dollars."

"Here's five, you can start with that. There's a train out that way about two o'clock. You're going home, kid!"

"They don't want me," said the boy.

The man pulled out the watch and gave it to him, with the crumpled picture cut to fit the case. The boy took them, tried to look as if he didn't care, and then threw his arm across his face with a sob. The man swore.

"Shut up!" he growled.

Something hot was rising in him. He hated the kid for having a mother.

"Where did you get this?" said the boy.

The man hesitated for a second.

"Found it," he said with steady eyes. "I picked the money, but I found the watch."

"Is this all the money you've got?" said the boy.

"Yep."

"I can't take it all. I'll wait awhile, and earn some."

"You're going to-night. Go on!"

The man followed him out to the street and down to the ferry. The boy pulled out the watch and fumbled it falteringly. Then he put out his hand to the man.

"What do you want?" said the man. "I've given you all I had."

"I wanted to shake hands," said the boy.

"What for?"

"To thank you," said the boy. "I don't know what to say to you. I don't know why you have done this for me. I hope your life—I mean I hope that it will be—I mean—"

"It's hell," said the man, and he went back to the night-stand and tumbled shivering into the kid's bunk.

Lena Jane McCurdy.

An Idyl of the Links.

On the golf special, bound east, She-of-Fifteen and She-of-Twenty sat side by side.

"Yes, I'm through school this year," said She-of-Fifteen, "and I'm coming out next winter. Papa says it's rather young, but mamma seems to want it."

A pause.

"Isn't this a perfectly lovely day for the tournament? And"—whispering—"Hal Worthington is going to play."

She-of-Twenty showed the first sign of interest.

"Now you promise on your word of honor you won't tell anybody, if I tell you something?"

Of course She-of-Twenty promised.

The whisper sank even lower.

"I dream about him almost every night."

The whisper slid into a sigh.

They met on the golf links later in the day. She-of-Fifteen was carrying something that she tried in vain to conceal. Finding the pocket inadequate, she produced it and made frank confession. It proved to be a bottle filled with sand.

"You see," she said, "Hal is making a perfectly splendid score to-day. These are his tees. I just wait till after he has driven off, and then I—scoop them up!"

The next day She-of-Fifteen heard of her friend's engagement. Yes, it hurt mightily—for a week. But on the whole it was better that way; for She-of-Fifteen was in love with love, while She-of-Twenty loved Hal Worthington.

Burke Jenkins.

LITERARY CHAT

THE MARRIED HEROINE.

When Homer wrote of Helen's deeds—
Nor nodded when he wrote about her—
The married heroine arrived;

Since then the scribes can't do without
her;

But whether Helen sinned the more,
Or Homer singing the fair Trojan,
And thus seducing later bards—
I leave that to the theologian!

Francesca, Cleopatra, too—

Each was a duly married lady;
And Dante's love and other shades,
Some blameless, some a trifle shady;
These heroines I tolerate,
For I can keep them in their places;
I simply lay them on the shelf
When weary of their classic faces.

But I protest with vehemence
Against the modern married sirens
Who roam the field of literature
And its immediate environs;
In paper, cloth, or vellum clad,
They reign in poem, story, novel;
E'en staid old family magazines
Have had to yield at last and grovel!

In self-defense I seek the play—
She treads the boards in full-blown
splendor

'Mid adulation and applause,
And few there be to reprehend her.
Irate, I try the social swim—
In real life I'd fain forget her—
Alas, I find her prototype,
The married flirt, and fare no better!

Fair mesdames, I am tired of you,
Your charms mature, stale airs and
graces,

The challenge in your roving eyes,
Sophistication in your faces;
You've shared the center stage too long
With divorcée and widow knowing;
Go, get you to a nursery,
And give the demoiselles a showing!

Oh, maiden heroine, return
From whate'er literary limbo
You have been banished to by these
All-conquering dames with arms
akimbo;

Come with illusions and ideals,
Bring blushes, dimples, and soft titter,
And e'en the last, for your sweet sake,
My nerves shall bear with scarce a
twitter!

Then youth and maid shall once more
tread

Convergent paths through fiction's
pleasance,

With trembling lips and reverent eyes
Together face Love's sacred presence,
And find an Eden blest as that

Where fell, we're told, the primal curse
on—

Through flatattery administered
To Madam Eve, the Married Person!

**"THE YELLOW VAN"—A novel
dealing with the old, old problem of
poverty and wealth.**

The splendor and comfort of life on
the great English country estates have al-
ways appealed strongly to cultivated
Americans as the perfection of living,
a perfection not to be obtained in their
own land, no matter how lavish the ex-
penditure, because it is the result of gen-
erations of selection, combined with the
conservatism of an old and settled civili-
zation.

In "The Yellow Van" Mr. Whiteing—
best known as the author of "No. 5 John
Street"—shows us the other side of the
picture, and portrays the cumbersome-
ness of great inherited wealth, the social
and political duties incumbent upon
those born to high position. He depicts
their life as a hard and fast routine, not
necessarily unpleasant, but one which
they must follow with little opportunity
of personal freedom.

The story mainly concerns itself with
an American girl from the West, who has
married an English duke and goes to
take her place in English society, and
with a wandering socialist, who goes
about the country in a yellow van, distrib-
uting pamphlets and making speeches.
In the wide field lying between these two
social extremes—the great noble, who em-
ploys four hundred men on his estate,
and the itinerant lecturer—Mr. White-

ing finds material for a rather pessimistic sketch of contemporary life. The tyranny—often an unconscious one—of the rich over the poor, the abject attitude of the villagers towards the gentry, the lack of popular education, the hopeless poverty, all this is depicted without rancor, but with a deep sense of something seriously wrong with that well-ordered civilization which is the pride of all Englishmen.

"A most appalling poverty, a still more appalling wealth." This is the problem which is before the political economist in Britain to-day—and no doubt in other countries, too.

PATHOLOGY AND SENTIMENT—

A new book which endeavors to mingle them.

"Heart of my Heart" is a book that may have a disastrous vogue among women who take their sex and its entailed functions with that self-conscious earnestness which approaches hysteria. It belongs to the same school of sentimental autobiography as the now happily forgotten "Confessions of a Wife." It is physiological emotion, or emotional physiology, and many details commonly reserved for serious pathological works are set forth upon its pages.

It purports to be a record of the intellectual and emotional experiences of a woman about to become a mother. Such a work, if it is to be written at all, should be undertaken only by one who has had a direct and miraculous visitation assuring her of high genius; for only genius should dare approach the great mysteries of life. That Ellis Meredith, the author of this book, waited for any such message cannot be believed after reading the volume. That she has succeeded in being less offensive than she might have been is therefore something for which to be grateful.

A GREAT BOOK—At any rate, certain impartial reviewers praised it highly.

An odd little tale that is going the rounds of the literary guild seems to have some pith for those who care to study modern conditions in literature.

A certain man, experienced in story-writing, produced a novel. The house that published it publishes also a "literary magazine." In this the book was ecstatically reviewed. The firm happened to have, just then, several "trades"

due it from the "literary magazines" published by other houses. That is to say, it had praised books issued by the other people, and was entitled to some "boosting" in return. This particular book chanced to be the beneficiary. The author read his clippings, and saw plainly that he was a great man.

Then a writer whom the firm hires under six different names to further its interests, praised the book in each of his six capacities. The author now saw that he was one of the greatest.

Then various newspapers with a genial eye for advertising commented at length upon the splendor and vitality of the book. Their eulogies coming duly to hand from the faithful clipping bureau, the man warmed himself in the sun of his glory and planned a trip to Europe that would astonish the natives.

Until settlement day arrived. Then he drew from the firm's envelope a check for six months' royalties on the book. It was for seventeen dollars and sixty cents.

This fable—only it isn't a fable—teaches that while the boomers boom, the canny readers heed them not a whit. For the canny readers have learned by experience, probably more or less painful, not to trust the flattering pens of the self-constituted high priests of literature.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION—A novel illustrating the possible evil of lax marriage laws.

The latest contribution to the list of "novels with a purpose" is "He That Eateth Bread with Me," by Mrs. Mitchell Keays, in which the evils that may result from lax divorce laws are plainly and rather effectively shown.

It is the familiar story that tells how a man, married to a wife of great beauty of character and delicacy of feeling, becomes infatuated with a woman whose charms are of a different order. His love for his little son hardly causes him to hesitate; he divorces his wife on some flimsy pretext, the object of his fancy does the same by her husband, and the two are married.

A year or two later, the sickness of his child brings him back to his former home. By this time his second wife's real inferiority has begun to dawn upon him, and as he renews his visits to his son, his love begins to turn once more to the boy's mother, who has borne her grief with a dignity which has deepened and ennobled her character. The second wife dies, but

not before she has discovered that her husband's heart has gone back to its first allegiance, and that the woman whom she has always despised as unable to hold her husband's affection has prevailed, by the simple beauty of her character, over her own more brilliant but shallow personality. The book ends here, but we are given to understand that ultimately the man remarries his first wife, so that the conclusion is the conventional happy one.

Such a story sets before us the possible evils of our divorce laws more vividly than pages of statistics, because it enlists our sympathies as would a case in real life. The author depicts very clearly the depths through which the first wife goes, loving her husband even when the law has given him to another woman. We are made to feel that his return could never atone for the wrong she had suffered, but was more in the nature of an added humiliation, although it may have been, from her own point of view, the best that life held for her.

The style of the book is rather serious, but that is not surprising in view of the nature of the subject.

CALMADY ON THE STAGE—What actor will chop off his nether limbs to fit himself for a striking part?

At the time when "Sir Richard Calmady" was published, the dramatized novel craze was raging in the theatrical profession with an intensity that seems incomprehensible to persons of ordinary sanity. Actors and theatrical managers are not usually given to much reading, but for a time they were eager to peruse almost any work of fiction that appeared in the vague hope of finding a dramatic plot or a character fitted for stage representation. A New York newspaper man of humorous tendencies took advantage of this condition of things to go about among his acquaintances of the stage with the solemn suggestion that the dramatic rights of "Calmady" could be had at a reasonable figure, and that the book offered unusual opportunities to the adapter.

Now, when we consider that the hero of the book is born without legs, the point of the journalist's joke is quite apparent; but it seems that a great many of our astute managers and actors took his suggestion quite seriously. The author, Lucas Malet, has received a number of offers for permission to place her novel on the American stage. One correspon-

dent even offered to send a professional adapter across the ocean to confer with her on the subject, and to explain how the play could be made. To the credit of the author be it said that she has refused every one of these offers.

It would be interesting to know what actor would be cast for the part of *Calmady*, and whether he would be willing to have his legs cut off in order that he might secure the engagement.

AN ORIENTAL CRITIC—who relentlessly assails occidental ideas and institutions.

It is the age of problem literature. The old slogan, "art for art's sake" has been drowned in fierce efforts to adjust a chaotic society. So thoroughly has the new school done its work that there is left no relation in life which has not been laid upon the operating table and treated with the knife. Our analytical experts have reduced life to pathetic values; they have created impossible characters; they have detailed indecent incidents; and yet an anonymous Chinese official has put them all out of the running with one of the latest and most unique contributions to this weighty mass of literature.

The author of "Letters from a Chinese Official" offers a collection of eight brief epistles, purporting to be written to friends in England, and discussing Occidental civilization from an Eastern standpoint. It is a trenchant arraignment of Western morals, Western economics, Western religion. Its writer launches no tirade against us. He heaps upon us no railing abuse, but he puts a sure finger on the weak points in our social system, and with an unemotional calmness picks us and our institutions to pieces. He finds the cause of our troubles to lie at the economic and material foundation of our society.

Economically, your society is so constituted that it is constantly on the verge of starvation. You cannot produce what you need to consume, nor consume what you need to produce. . . . You have liberated forces you cannot control; you are caught yourself in your own levers and cogs.

During the past hundred years you have dismantled your whole society. Property and marriage, religion, morality, distinctions of rank and class, all that is most important and profound in human relationships, has been torn from the roots and floats like wreckage down the stream of time.

I cannot see that your society is based upon religion at all. If there is one feature more marked than another in the teaching of Christ it is his condemnation of every form of violence. But what fills

me with amazement is that there should be found among the nations of Europe a Christian potentate who in sending forth his soldiers on an errand of revenge should urge them in the name of Him who bade us turn the other cheek, not merely to attack, not merely to kill, but to kill without quarter.

Thus does the audacious Chinese official dare to criticize nations who consider him fit only to plunder and to Christianize. Not only are the "Letters" of interest as an expression of Eastern opinion, but there is much in them that is really convincing.

A NEW HICHENS BOOK — "The Woman With the Fan" shows both the skill and the peculiarities of its clever but eccentric author.

The son of an English clergyman, and starting out in life as a musician, Robert Hichens has come to be the manipulator *par excellence* of the small talk that is, or is supposed to be, the conversational currency of London society. He possesses a real faculty for invention, too, though at times he wastes his powers in a manner to make his fellow fictionists stand aghast, for, after leading up to a scene tense with possibilities in the way of plot, he will sweep the whole situation into chaos, as one would a house of cards, for the sake of a clever repartee or an unexpected situation.

His latest book, "The Woman With the Fan," has a peculiar plot of some strength, with a dénouement of striking force and originality. English society—which by this time must have grown pretty well accustomed to raps from English novelists—comes in for some straight-from-the-shoulder blows, as for instance:

Her lack of affectation hit you in the face on a first meeting, and her sincerity was perpetually embroiling her with the persistent liars who, massed together, form what is called decent society.

He was a man who talked a great deal without having anything to say, who had always had much success with women, perhaps because he had always treated them very badly, who dressed, danced and shot well, and who never, even for a moment, really cared for any one but himself. A common enough type.

An important character in the book is an American actress, apparently modeled on Edna May, though Miss May will scarcely feel flattered by the likeness. It was Oscar Wilde who served as the model for *Esmé Amaranth* in Mr. Hichens' first book, "The Green Carnation," published anonymously ten years ago, and for some time attributed to Wilde himself.

As yet, Mr. Hichens has not entered the dramatic arena, but he is to make his début therein the coming autumn, in a small way, having prepared the English version of the French comedy, "Business Is Business," in which William H. Crane is to appear in New York next autumn.

MORE RACE SUICIDE—A treatise on a much exploited sociological question thinly disguised as a novel.

Mrs. John Van Vorst evidently knows, to speak vulgarly, a good thing when she sees it. The book which she wrote in collaboration with her sister-in-law, "The Woman Who Toils," was widely advertised through President Roosevelt's race-suicide comment thereon. The same advertisement is being made to do duty for a so-called novel, "The Issues of Life" in which Mrs. Van Vorst discusses at somewhat dreary length what she conceives to be the prevalent attitude of the modern American woman toward maternity.

The teaching of the tale seems to be that in defiance of political or domestic economy, convention, or anything else, motherhood must be achieved.

"What destiny," cries Mrs. Van Vorst's mouthpiece on the topic, "could be fuller for the women of our country than that of perpetuating the traditions we have begun to found? Our people have a reputation for unparalleled courage, for magnificent energy. Are our women going to let this perish? Is this land of America, this New World, to become a mere shelter, a free lodgings for the mere adventurers of the universe, and all because our women have chosen sport, book-learning, factory life, money, as an end and aim, rather than the home?"

Against the fervor of Mrs. Van Vorst's ignorance, it is pleasant to be able to oppose calming statistics. A recent student of the question states that New York—the cities are supposed by the race-suicide alarmists to be the centers of unmaternal ambition—has practically the same number of persons in the average family as the rest of the country, the precise figures being four and five tenths as against four and six tenths. It further appears that the birth-rate is slightly higher in the communities where women are wage-earners; and that only four of the fifteen European countries that have available sta-

tistics on the subject show as high a rate as that of the United States.

However, it is not because of ill-grounded argument or ill-digested theory that most readers will take exception to Mrs. Van Vorst's work. Its chief fault, a fatal one in a novel, is that it is totally uninteresting.

"THE SUNDAY TRAMPS"—A reference seeming to indicate a delightful London literary habit.

George Meredith, writing of his friend, the late Sir Leslie Stephen, the critic and biographer, suggests that the habit of pedestrianism has not perished among English writers. He says:

When that noble body of scholarly and cheerful pedestrians, the Sunday tramps, were on the march with Leslie Stephen to lead them, there was a conversation which would have made the presence of a shorthand writer a benefaction to the country. A pause to it came at the examination of the leader's watch and the ordnance map under the western sun, and word was given for the strike across country to catch the tail of a train offering dinner in London at the cost of a run through hedges, over ditches and fallows, past proclamations against trespassers, under suspicion of being taken for more serious depredators in flight.

It is a pleasant picture, and reading it one perceives at once new reasons for the soundness of the critic's judgments and the clarity of his expression. Unquestionably there is a connection between a fine and brilliant sanity and the love of wide airs and vigorous bodily exercise.

"THE PRICE OF YOUTH"—A drearily clever story of American life by a young Englishwoman.

Fatalism, pessimism, and general melancholy are, of course, the peculiar properties of youth in these degenerate days. *Fan Tasker* had all these qualities, together with some of the natural buoyancy that used to belong to old-fashioned juvenility, and a certain mental brilliancy which was her individual possession. She lived in a New Jersey roadhouse, daughter of its proprietor—which alone is enough to account for her gloom and cynicism. The story tells how *Fan* fell in love with a stranded summer boarder, and how they parted.

It is not much of a plot, that of "The Price of Youth," and it is not a blindingly original one. In the old fiction, young men were eternally loving the innkeeper's daughters and riding away. But

the book is nevertheless a noticeable one. It is written with an assured touch; it is vivid in its portrayal of the loose-end setting of the action, of the pine barrens of New Jersey, of the little interests and the dingy amusements of the people. And it was written by a young Englishwoman, barely out of her teens, who has merely visited the United States.

If, with more work and maturity, Miss Margery Williams develops a greater skill in plot and more cheerfulness in philosophy, she should write extremely interesting novels; for she evidently has unusual powers of observation and expression. Her chief fault is the youthful one of mistaking gloom for strength, and an indeterminate ending for true art.

MR. MORGAN AND ST. GEORGE'S—An interesting anecdote in Dr. Rainsford's account of the building up of his great work in New York.

To an admirer, writing in praise of "A Preacher's Story of his Work," Dr. Rainsford replied that publishing it had been a good deal like undressing in public. It is true that the volume has an uncommonly unadorned directness and honesty. In the very bareness of the narrative probably lies the compelling charm of the semi-autobiography—"semi," because it is the story of the clergyman's activities and not of his private life, except where the one was inextricably bound with the other.

Dr. Rainsford's great achievement, of course, has been his success in making the almost defunct St. George's Church into perhaps the most vigorous religious and social organization in New York. He tells, in the terse, forceful style in which the whole book is written, how the work was begun.

I arrived in New York, and was most kindly received. I met the vestry in Mr. Morgan's study, and they asked me to become rector of St. George's Church. I said:

"I think the church has gone too far to be pulled up; I do not think I have the strength or the capacity to pull it up; but I will undertake the work on three conditions:"

"Name your conditions," said Mr. Morgan; and I did.

"First, you must make the church absolutely free—buy out all those who will not surrender their pews; next, abolish all committees in the church except the vestry, and third, I must have ten thousand dollars for three years, apart from my salary, to spend as I see fit; my salary I leave to you."

"Done," said Mr. Morgan.

Which may surely be counted to the trust magnate for righteousness.

A Candidate for Stepfatherhood.

HOW CATHCART FOUND IT EASIER TO WIN THE WIDOW THAN TO CONQUER THE WIDOW'S TERRORS.

BY MARGARET L. KNAPP.

I.

MRS. DERING leaned back in a wicker chair on the veranda of the Brent House. The salt breeze sweeping across the marshes stirred her hair. Her white linen frock made a high light under the striped awning. There were cornflowers in her hat, and her eyes were of cornflower blue. She looked younger than she was. The fact, viewed either way, gave her no concern.

"Your honesty is certainly refreshing," she remarked.

The man who sat on the steps below her, with his hands clasped about his knees, smiled. He was a pleasant fellow of full-blooded type, with plenty of color under his fresh skin. He had a determined chin, and looked aggressively in earnest; yet his voice, when he spoke, was soothing.

"That is what I am here for—to be honest," he answered. "One can lead, or follow suit, or finesse. I do not like finesse."

Mrs. Dering was bright enough not to follow the figure further.

"That is evident," she said.

"I love you," continued Cathcart slowly, "but I will never ask a woman to marry me unless I can prove to my own satisfaction that I am able to manage her children."

"I recommend an orphan asylum," drawled Mrs. Dering.

She had flushed slightly. Cathcart's eyes twinkled.

"Too extensive!" he said. "Lola and Harry are enough for one lone man of moderate abilities, like me. Can't you consent to regard me—tentatively, you know—in the light of a presumptive stepfather, and give me leave to take my own ground with them? Then, if I shouldn't meet the requirements, you wouldn't have the discomfort of refusing me. It would be automatic."

Mrs. Dering sat up abruptly.

"Do you know that that is the most original proposition that any one ever made to me?" she asked.

"Do you know," returned Cathcart,

"that your children are known as the Widow's Terrors?"

Mrs. Dering opened her mouth to speak, changed her mind, and laughed.

"They seem to me much like other children."

"That is just the point," said Cathcart, who was a man of theories. "We are overdoing the facetious, easy-going attitude at present——"

"Your experience being so large," she interrupted drily.

"Well, I keep my eyes open," said Cathcart. "My sister Nell speaks very gently to her three hopefuls, and they yell at her. On the Friesland, last summer, the ten-year-old boy at my table drank champagne every night at dinner, and was a regular little tough. Did you have it all your own way as a child? I didn't! I have a notion that I was a pretty decent boy, too."

"Do you want to see what I was like?"

Mrs. Dering asked. She went indoors, and returned with a faded photograph. It showed a demure little girl with damp, short hair parted in the middle, a pensive mouth, and nervous hands clasped tightly over an ugly plaid frock. Cathcart promptly kissed the picture, and was about to confiscate it.

"You cannot have it," said Mrs. Dering calmly. "Do you think I carry my own pictures around with me for vanity? That is Lola's."

"Lola's?"

"She calls it her little girl. She asks for it whenever she is sick or naughty."

"I will keep it for her, then. Probably it will not be—how do you do, Lola?"

"Hullo!" called Lola, not answering.

She jumped up the steps. The yellow bow on one side of her head waved like a butterfly. Her sunburned arms, thin as broomsticks, were bare. She ran to a rocking chair, threw its contents into another chair, and dragged it off from the veranda.

"You've dropped Mrs. Kip's spectacles," suggested her mother carelessly.

"She's so poky!" said Lola, exchanging a glance of mutual comprehension with her. She ran off, shouting.

"Will you give me a preliminary trial, then?" asked Cathcart.

Mrs. Dering picked up the gold spectacles, and placed them upon a table. Her eyes were very blue.

"I do not see that I can answer anything," she said. "You have not offered yourself to me."

"Because I am yours already," he answered. "What I ask from you is to think of me in that way; and from the children, merely the rights of a human being—not to be trampled on."

"As to that, you are able to protect yourself."

"Thank you; that is all I ask."

II.

"I AM going to drive," said Mrs. Dering, after lunch. "My hammock is the one with pale green stripes over there in the grove. I hope you will make yourself comfortable."

Cathcart, accordingly, settled himself in it with a sigh of content. He had not been reading long when some one pattered up behind him, and, clawing at him like a cat, climbed into the hammock feet first, at the risk of throwing them both on the ground.

"Now we'll swing," Lola announced, suiting the action to the word. "Move up; you've got all the middle."

Cathcart moved up. She dived into his coat-pockets.

"Didn't you bring me any chocolates?" she demanded. "All the gentlemen that come to see mamma bring me candy."

"Do they?" he asked, not overjoyed at the revelation.

"Yay-us," said Lola. "That's the way old Mrs. Kip says it—she's awful funny—'yay-us, oh, yay-us!' Mr. Neal brings me nougat, and Mr. Bagby; and Colonel Safford—but his was horrid, hard, peppery things, and we gave 'em to Rover, to hear him scrunch 'em up. I like marmons glacés. Swing higher!"

He obeyed.

"Higher!"

At the highest point she shot out suddenly, and landed some feet away.

"That was a splendid jump," she declared, digging her toes into the sand to mark the distance. "Now you remember—look, right by that little hump of grass?"

"By that hump of grass," echoed Cathcart.

"Now, when I say three—again!"

He indulged her in this pastime until it grew monotonous.

"I think I'll read now," he said.

"Go on!" cried Lola imperiously; "I want you to swing!"

He opened his magazine. She gripped the edge of the hammock with her knees, and swayed back and forth. Cathcart planted one foot firmly on the ground. Lola looked straight before her, and began in a droning buzz, like a particularly vicious mosquito's:

"Want you to get out."

He turned over a leaf.

"Want you to get out! Want-you-to-get-ow-at!"

"Well, you'll have to take it out in wanting," said Cathcart pleasantly. A little firmness was all that—he writhed: "Ow!" Lola, bending over backward, had applied pins.

In a moment Cathcart had tied her wrists together behind her back with his handkerchief.

"When the hands misbehave the hands have to be punished," he suggested quietly. "I wouldn't kick, because in that case we should have to tie the feet. Well, if you insist."

"Let me down!" she screamed.

"Only a few minutes ago you requested me to get out," said Cathcart, putting an arm around her. "I think there is room enough for us both."

"I hate you!" cried the child, quivering with rage.

He felt a pang which surprised him.

"Sorry," he said briefly. The words he was reading made little sense to him, he was so conscious of the tense, unyielding figure. At length he felt her wriggle and try to hide her feet, as a playmate ran into the grove. As if by accident, he let his paper slide over them.

"We've been hunting for you. Come on; we're going to play menagerie."

"I don't want to play."

"Why, you were the one that wanted to get it up!"

"I don't care. Say, I jumped all the way to where you are, this afternoon."

"You didn't!"

"I did. Didn't I Mr. Cathcart?"

Cathcart looked up gravely.

"Certainly," he said. "Lola jumped as far as that little hump of grass there."

"My! Well, if you won't come, don't."

She ran off. Lola looked up.

"You think you can make me ask you to untie me," she said in low passionate tones; "I'll never ask you—not if you killed me!"

"You're wrong there; I wasn't going to make you ask," said Cathcart. "I don't pile it on that way."

He untied the knots gently, those at her ankles first, expecting her to kick again; but no kick followed. As soon as she was free she darted away.

"Score one," Cathcart said to himself.

III.

MRS. DERING stood on the side steps as he returned to the hotel. Her soft voice, never raised, was full of reproof.

"What a mess you are in, Mary! I fail to see why you should come up from the beach in such a bedraggled condition, day after day."

The nurse was flushed and tearful.

"Indeed, I can't help it, Mrs. Dering. Master Harry is wild to stay in the water, and he won't come out when I tell him; and when I grabbed hold of him to make him, he wiped his dirty feet on my apron, and ran back. I couldn't hold him any more than an eel!"

"Well, you must manage him better; you know what a temper he has," said Mrs. Dering. "Go change your dress at once."

Cathcart intercepted the nurse around the corner.

"Don't cry," he said kindly.

"He's a little divvle, sir, he is!"

"What time do the children bathe to-morrow?"

"Well, it'll be about five o'clock, sir."

At five, next day, Cathcart had the children of the hotel gamboling about him like a shoal of porpoises, while he performed evolutions which made them shriek with delight. Harry lay on his back, learning to float. Cathcart put a hand under him. The boy's face, upturned, was full of dreamy bliss.

"Master Harry! Miss Lola! Master Harry! You *must* come out now!" called the nurse's shrill voice from the shore.

Instantly the dreaming angel changed into an imp. Ducking under water a moment, he rushed out on the beach, dodging his pursuer.

"Catch me! You can't catch me!" he cried tauntingly. He waited until the nurse, holding her skirts back gingerly with one hand, had reached out at arm's length to seize him with the other, then dashed a fistful of muddy pebbles into her face, and ran back to Cathcart.

"Show me again, will you?" he pleaded, in a voice like a seraph's.

For answer, Cathcart caught him and bore him struggling to the bath-house. Through a knot-hole in the partition gleamed a round eye.

"I can see you," Lola announced.

"Don't your stockings feel awful sticky? Mine do."

"For shame, Miss Lola; do you want me to tell your mamma?"

"Pooh! They do, anyhow."

Cathcart hung his hat over the hole, and looked nervously around for other cracks. Harry, cowering in a corner with his back turned, dressed hastily, but not before Cathcart had caught sight of a purple bruise on his shoulder.

"How did that happen?" he inquired.

Harry scowled, and cast a glance at the partition. Cathcart waited.

"Some one been pommeling you?" he then asked.

"N-not much."

"Was it a fair fight?"

"He's the biggest," Harry answered, coloring with shame.

"I was dreadfully whipped once when I was a little bigger than you," said Cathcart. "In the story-books, the boy the story is about always beats, but I wasn't that boy; I was the other boy. Does mamma know?"

"Think I'd tell?"

"No, I didn't tell, either. Come up to my room before you go to bed and I will put something on it to make it feel better."

IV.

"WILL you be ready by seven? We are going to sail around the bay and come home by moonlight," said Mrs. Dering.

Cathcart's face fell as if he had been a boy.

"I am very sorry. I have an errand over in the town."

"Put it off."

"I wish I could."

"To please me?" said Mrs. Dering, with a light touch on his arm.

He looked at her in silence.

"You know your power," he said finally.

Then Mrs. Dering, for all her thirty-two years, made a mistake.

"You will come?"

"I cannot. It is between Harry and me. I must keep my word to him."

"I did not know," said Mrs. Dering in an odd tone, "that you had gone so far as to have secret understandings with Harry."

"It was part of the agreement, wasn't it, that I should do so if I could?"

"Your methods are peculiar," observed Mrs. Dering, as a parting shot.

"Now, if he does not come, I shall have wasted my evening," Cathcart thought, as, after leaving a car uncomfortably

crowded with evening trippers, he walked the rest of the way in the moonlight. He had hardly drawn the cork from the bottle he brought with him, however, when Harry knocked rather shyly at the door. Cathcart felt sensations which he did not attempt to analyze as the meager little body stood passive under his touch.

"How does it feel?" he asked.

"Good," said the boy briefly.

"The water feels good, too?"

Again the rapt look stole across the sunburned face.

"You stay in too long. It is bad for you. To-morrow you are to come out the first time you are called. Aren't you big enough to dress yourself without Mary?"

"Yes, but she won't let me alone."

"I'll speak to her," said Cathcart.

V.

"You're in for the whole race, I suppose?" asked Freddy Bagby.

"I beg pardon?" said Cathcart.

They were on the lawn together. Freddy had an air of wishing to unburden himself. He had a round, red, ingenuous face like a baby's.

"I'm out," he said jerkily. "Thought you might be glad to know. She's a fine woman, and—I like kids all right, but I can't stand Harry! He he-haws at me behind a newspaper every time he sees me, just because I did that once to take off a donkey. See anything funny in it? Better move back, Cathcart, Lola's captured the water-works."

"She can't do much with that; that's only the sprinkler," Cathcart answered, looking carelessly over his shoulder.

"You don't know Lola," said Freddy with conviction. "Better take a—whoop!"

A fine stream, directed by Lola's thumb on the nozzle, suddenly entered his mouth. Cathcart stepped aside, and the spray hit him in the back of the neck. He strode across the grass. He felt very wet. Lola ran and threw herself upon him.

"I didn't mean to hit you, Mr. Cathcart," she whispered; "I only meant to hit Colonel Safford. I can't bear him!"

Whereat Cathcart strangely lost his desire for discipline, and went out to supper with her hand in his.

"I'm going to have some d. lobster for supper," she announced.

"Lola!" said Mrs. Dering.

"Well, you told me not to say 'devil,'" said Lola.

"The deviled lobster is too rich for you, dear."

"It's what I want," said Lola. "Lobster, Peter."

"Yessum."

"Miss Lola will take chicken hash," said Mrs. Dering.

"Yessum."

"I can't eat hash, mamma."

"To please me, darling?"

"I can't. Just a little bit, mamma!"

"Stick it out," said Cathcart in an undertone.

The advice was unfortunate.

"You may serve Miss Lola a very little lobster," said Mrs. Dering at once.

"Hold it down; I can't reach," said Lola, and as Peter, hesitating, looked from one to the other, she sprang up and dropped her silver knife down his back.

"De Lawd! I'm daid! It's cutting me t'roo!" groaned the startled waiter.

He dropped the dish, and bolted for the screen door. Lola giggled. Mrs. Dering rose. Never had she looked handsomer.

"Come," she said in a tone which brooked no resistance, and Lola wriggled out of the room behind her, winking at the other children.

Colonel Safford looked ruefully at the spilled remains of his favorite dish. His face matched it in color. His feelings found vent in a rasping whisper to Freddy Bagby:

"I wouldn't marry that woman for one million dollars, sir!"

Lola, left in retirement up-stairs, leaned over the balusters. As the children came out of the dining-room she gave a cat-call. They gathered at the foot of the stairs.

"Come up," she said mysteriously. In her hands were some nondescript garments of blush pink silk with Roman stripes.

"I got 'em out of Colonel Safford's bureau drawer," she informed them. "They all wear 'em. Hurry, and get some more from the other rooms, and put on over—quick, before anybody comes!"

Thus it was that when the guests flocked to their rooms for wraps before going out on the veranda they were transfixed at the head of the main staircase at the spectacle of a group of children in pajamas, very bunched at the waist and lank at the ankles, hopping about in a circle, while the pink pajamas in the middle flapped like a crow.

"Fly, little birdies, fly!" directed the pink pajamas.

"This—this is an outrage!" said Colonel Safford, choking.

"Lola, go to my room and stay there," Mrs. Dering ordered. "Colonel Safford,

I apologize sincerely for my little girl's behavior."

The colonel was not to be appeased.

"If you did your duty by your children, madam," he said stiffly, "such a disgraceful scene would never occur."

Cathcart followed Mrs. Dering out upon the balcony. She was shaking with suppressed mirth.

"Your sense of humor is adorable," he remarked in some annoyance, for he had recognized his own modest Japanese garments; "but there are times when it is inconvenient."

"Those peach-colored ones!" said Mrs. Dering with a gasp. "Did you think that old man had so much vanity?"

"What are you going to do to her, may I ask?"

"I'll make her go to bed. She never played a trick like this before."

By and by she went down-stairs and looked through the rooms for him.

"Lola is heartbroken because you have my picture. I told her you would give it back. Will you come up? She is out in the balcony, it is so much cooler there."

Was this wobegone angel, lying exhausted on the pillows, the *enfant terrible* of an hour ago? No penitence for past misdeeds had brought that pathetic droop to her mouth. In sudden tenderness Cathcart bent to kiss the hot little hand. She suffered it languidly.

"You took away my little girl," she said with quivering lip.

He hastened to restore the photograph. Without looking at him, she cuddled it under her cheek.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, dear, what?"

Her mother leaned over the couch. Lola threw her arms around her neck and whispered. Mrs. Dering brought her a handkerchief.

"Want one with lace on," wailed Lola.

The lace-trimmed handkerchief smelled faintly of orris. She wrapped it carefully around the picture, and held it under her pillow.

"My little girl," she murmured, quite satisfied.

"Well, I give it up," said Cathcart. Mrs. Dering's mouth curled sweetly.

"I thought you understood all about children?" she suggested.

"I never said that," said Cathcart; "but I'm going to understand before I get through. If a man cares enough to make it his business to understand, he will meet with some success."

"I think you are a good fellow," said Mrs. Dering unexpectedly.

Forgetful of the public staircase, he stretched out an eager hand.

"Will you take me, then?"

"I cannot promise that—yet," she replied, the ghost of a smile hovering about her lips. "You see, the children have not given their consent!"

"I propose to ascertain their sentiments," said Cathcart.

VI.

"He wants to marry your mommer," said Reggie Black.

"I don't believe it," Harry said.

"It's so," Reggie insisted. "Colonel Safford was after your mommer, too. I heard Mary tell Bridget so on our back steps. She called him an old silly."

"He's gone," said Harry.

"Cathcart ain't," said Reggie sagely. "He'll make you walk around. You won't have any more fun."

Put in this way, the prospect was not alluring. Reggie was ten; he knew a lot. Harry kicked the gravel.

"You don't scare me," he said.

They were behind the barn, near the temporary shed which had been built for motor carriages. The two boys liked to hang around the stables when Joe was there to talk, for he was a character; but Joe was nowhere to be seen. Mr. Neal's automobile stood outside. Something had gone wrong with the brake, but the boys did not know that.

"Bet I could start her—look!" said Reggie. He climbed in and took hold of the handle. The machine moved heavily a few yards and stopped. "Get in. I can back her, too; I've done it."

"They'll see us."

"Nope. Some of 'em's at church, and some of 'em's in the pavilion, reading the papers. There, she's stopped again." Reggie tugged harder. With a kick like a horse's the automobile started and rolled out of the enclosure into the road at full speed. "It's fine! I could run her just as easy. What's that bell?"

"The trolley's coming around the corner!" Harry panted. "Stop! Stop!"

"I can't!"

The trolley passengers coming slowly around the curve saw the automobile racing toward them, with two white-faced boys frantically trying to work the brake. There was but a moment of suspense. It whizzed across the track in front of them, and overturned in the salt marsh.

"Harry! Harry!" cried Mrs. Dering hoarsely. She would have jumped out if Cathcart had not held her. The instant

the car stopped he ran forward, followed by a dozen others. Swift as they were, Mrs. Dering was swifter. She had flung away her parasol. Regardless of her skirts she knelt in a puddle and gathered the unconscious form to her breast. Cathcart had never loved her so much.

"He is dead, Roy! He is dead!"

"No, he is not dead; he is only stunned," Cathcart answered, although he was as pale as she. "See, there is a big bump on his head."

He took the boy tenderly from her, and carried him home. She walked beside him, holding the limp hand. On the way, Harry opened his eyes.

"It's all right," he murmured drowsily.

Then Mrs. Dering put her face for a moment against Cathcart's sleeve.

By the next day the boys had sufficiently recovered to lie on the sofa and be regaled with all the delicacies of the house. They began to think themselves heroes.

"The question now is, how to undeceive them," said Cathcart.

"I am so glad to have him alive that I cannot think about anything else," said Mrs. Dering.

"He ought to be punished, for all that."

"I won't have him punished. He is my child!"

Cathcart brought his lips deliberately down to hers. It was the moment he had longed for, but now it had come it held a third—Harry.

"Dear, I love the little chap! I don't want to suffer again what I suffered Sunday. Do you?"

"Oh, how can you ask?"

"Then we must make it unnecessary. Can't you trust me? I have undertaken to be a father to him, and, please God, I mean to do it."

She clung to him, sobbing.

"Do what you think best. I am a careless mother. I do not deserve to have my children. Don't hurt him very much!"

It rang in his ears as he took Harry to his own room, and talked to him with sharp emphasis.

"A gentleman respects property. For you to use what does not belong to you without leave is the same as stealing."

"Well, I ain't *your* property, either," Harry answered doggedly.

Cathcart's eyes opened wide in a way they had when he was taken aback.

"You are not my property, but you will belong to me one day. Your mother has promised to marry me, and you are going to be my son." He flushed at hear-

ing himself say the last words. Harry glanced at him curiously. "I'd give a good deal if I didn't have to thrash you, but—say, old chap, I can't help it! There isn't any other way to make you remember. I've got to do it."

As if a hand under his chin had forced him, Harry lifted his head and looked at him, measuring him; hurt with the man's strength, craving it. He seemed such a little fellow! Cathcart weakened inwardly. The look of dumb confession pulled at his heart.

"It's your innings," said the boy slowly.

Cathcart took him over his knee. His hand burned when he had finished.

"Now, you'd better get right to bed," he said. "That bump of yours may need seeing to in the night, and we shall not need to bother your nurse."

"I hate a nurse," said Harry.

He turned toward the wall and lay with his face in the pillow, and his elbows and knees drawn up like a frog's. Cathcart glanced that way while he was undressing. After the light had been out some time he felt the mattress shake.

"How does the head feel?" he asked, ignoring other issues.

"It kinder aches," a muffled voice answered.

He worked his arm between the head and the pillow. He did not dare to make further advances. He felt shyer of that terrible little bundle of individuality than he had felt of anything in his life.

Suddenly an arm fell across his chest, and a hand snuggled into his neck as Harry flopped over and pressed up close to him. Cathcart hugged him hard, with a bounding pulse. He had won!

Next morning the two were on the veranda before breakfast. Cathcart wore spotless white duck, and had a suppressed sparkle in his eyes. Harry ran to him and from him, eying him like a lost dog which has found a new master. To whom appeared Reggie Black, his arm in a sling, and his face so crisscrossed with plaster as to resemble a gridiron.

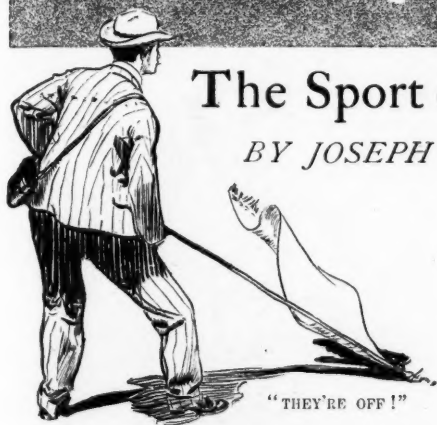
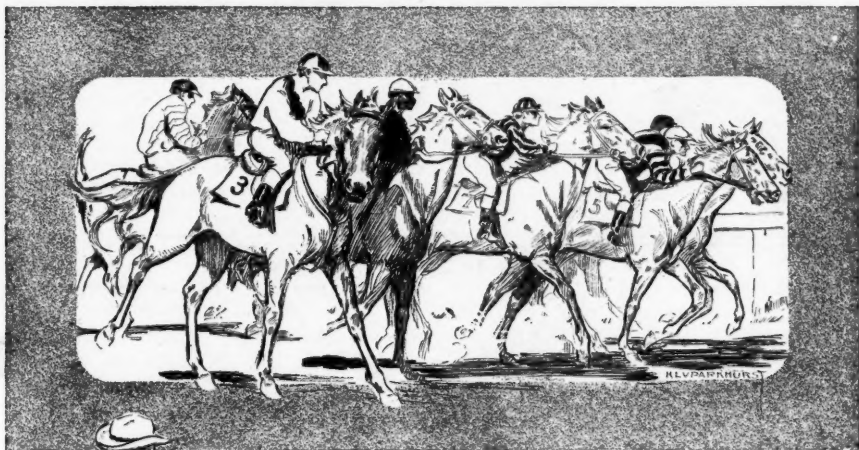
"Hullo!" he said in a stage whisper. "Say, did you catch it?"

"Catch it yourself!"

"Huh! They didn't do nothin' to me," said Reggie, his face stiff by reason of the sticking plaster. "'Fore I'd be such a snide as you, to let *him* boss me! Where's your sand?"

Harry thrust his hands into his pockets and eyed him with serene contempt.

"Shut up," he said. "He's going to be my pop."



The Sport of the Steeplechase.

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.

THE MOST PICTURESQUE AND EXCITING FORM OF THOROUGH-BRED RACING, ITS REGENERATION UNDER ITS PRESENT MANAGERS, AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE HUNT CLUBS AND THE WORLD OF SOCIETY—LEADING OWNERS AND RIDERS OF STEEPLCHASE HORSES.

TWO years ago, at the winter race meet at New Orleans, the management of the Crescent City Jockey Club, thoroughly disgusted with the frauds perpetrated in cross-country races, ordered the beautiful steeplechase course at the park destroyed, and thereby put a summary ending to timber-topping in the Crescent City.

This radical action, strange to say, though it has deprived the people of New Orleans of the most exhilarating form of racing, has done steeplechasing a world of good. What looked like the beginning of the end proved to be the turning-point in the sport, which has since prospered mightily. Its management has been revolutionized, and the races through the field are now as clean and free from scandal as those conducted on the flat.

The sport of steeplechasing, in America, has had to overcome many obstacles which have not cropped up in flat racing.

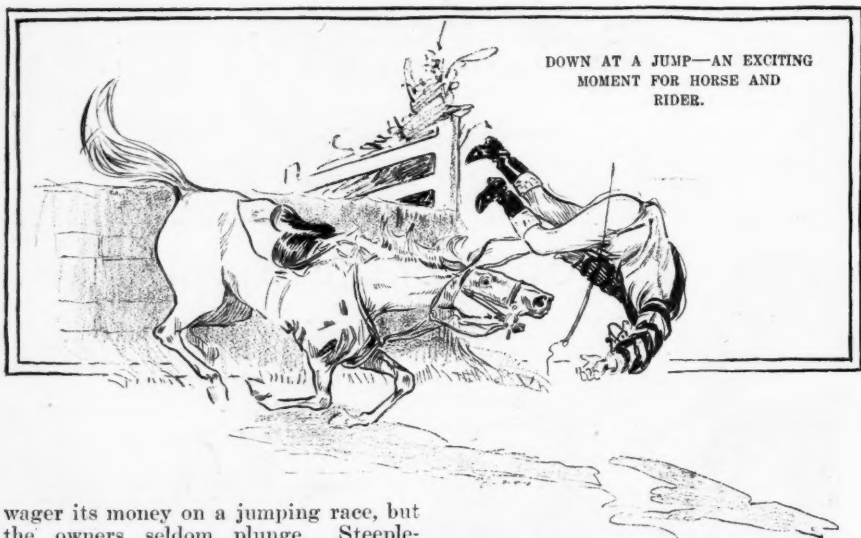
The greatest of these, perhaps, has been the firm conviction on the part of the public that cross-country races are "fixed." The origin of the belief is easy to trace. The fact that one or more horses either fall or throw their jockeys in almost every race over the jumps is explanation enough. It takes no vivid imagination to conjecture that some of these tumbles, which, of course, put the horses in question out of the running, might be pre-arranged. Hence it was that people who bet on steeplechase races only to see some heavily backed horse take a cropper, came to be suspicious of the sport. To-day, under the rigid rule of the stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, there is no possible ground for any such prejudice.

A SPORT FOR THE SPORTSMANLIKE.

Indeed, for sport, pure and simple, steeplechasing takes precedence over all

other forms of racing. The uncertainty of jumping races, in which a chance fall or stumble is so likely to upset the most expert calculation of chances, makes them poor mediums for speculation; and hence they have attracted owners who race horses for sport and not for profit. There are no "betting stables" among the steeplechase enthusiasts. The public, of course, is at liberty to

each year there is a race meet devoted altogether to the jumping division. Some of the famous annual events are the Duke's Cup Steeplechase, the Challenge Cup Steeplechase, the St. Botolph Steeplechase, the Country Club Grand Annual Steeplechase, and the National Hunt Cup. The best jumpers in training meet at Clyde Park. Last year Land of Clover carried off the chief



DOWN AT A JUMP—AN EXCITING
MOMENT FOR HORSE AND
RIDER.

wager its money on a jumping race, but the owners seldom plunge. Steeplechasing, therefore, has attracted to its ranks a class of men who love a good horse and delight to see a field of well-trained "leppers" in competition over a course long enough and difficult enough to try the mettle of the animals and their riders alike.

Nor are the steeplechase enthusiasts satisfied to act as mere spectators of the racing. Many of them take the saddle in person and fight out the issue with the professional steeplechase jockeys, often to the discomfiture of the latter. There are to-day several gentlemen riders whose skill is equal to the best professional talent. None of them, however, is as famous as Foxhall Keene, who was very prominent in the sport a few years ago, but has not been seen in the saddle in public for some time.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORT.

The headquarters of steeplechasing in the United States are at Clyde Park, in the southwestern suburbs of Boston, where the Country Club of Brookline has its home. Here in June of

honors of the meet, establishing his reputation as the champion cross-country horse of the year.

The Brookline club's premier position in the world of steeplechasing is largely due to the efforts of Robert C. Hooper, who races under the *nom de course* of Mr. Chamblet, and who is the foremost patron of steeplechasing in America. The Clyde Park races are usually conducted at a financial loss, and Mr. Hooper has on numerous occasions not only engineered the meet, but made up the resultant deficit out of his own pocket. Unfortunately he has informed his friends that he intends to retire from racing after the present summer, but it is the earnest prayer of every lover of the cross-country game that he will change his mind. His withdrawal from the sport would leave a void that would be very difficult to fill.

THE LAST YEAR OF MORRIS PARK.

Next to Brookline on the calendar of the steeplechase devotee comes the course of the Westchester Racing Association



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF STEEPLECHASING--THE FINISH OF A HURDLE RACE AT CLYDE PARK, NEAR BOSTON, THE HOME OF THE COUNTRY CLUB-OF BROOKLINE.

at Morris Park, New York. Here steeplechasing is, of course, secondary to flat racing, but nevertheless some of the richest stakes are offered at this beautiful course, which will open its gates to the public for the last time this autumn. As the metropolis encroaches upon its northern suburbs the demand for space has become too powerful to resist, and soon the classic race-course in the hills of Westchester—the Ascot of America, as it has often been called—will be cut up into building lots. Its place in the sporting world will probably be taken by Belmont Park, near Hempstead, Long Island, where a magnificent new track is now in process of construction.

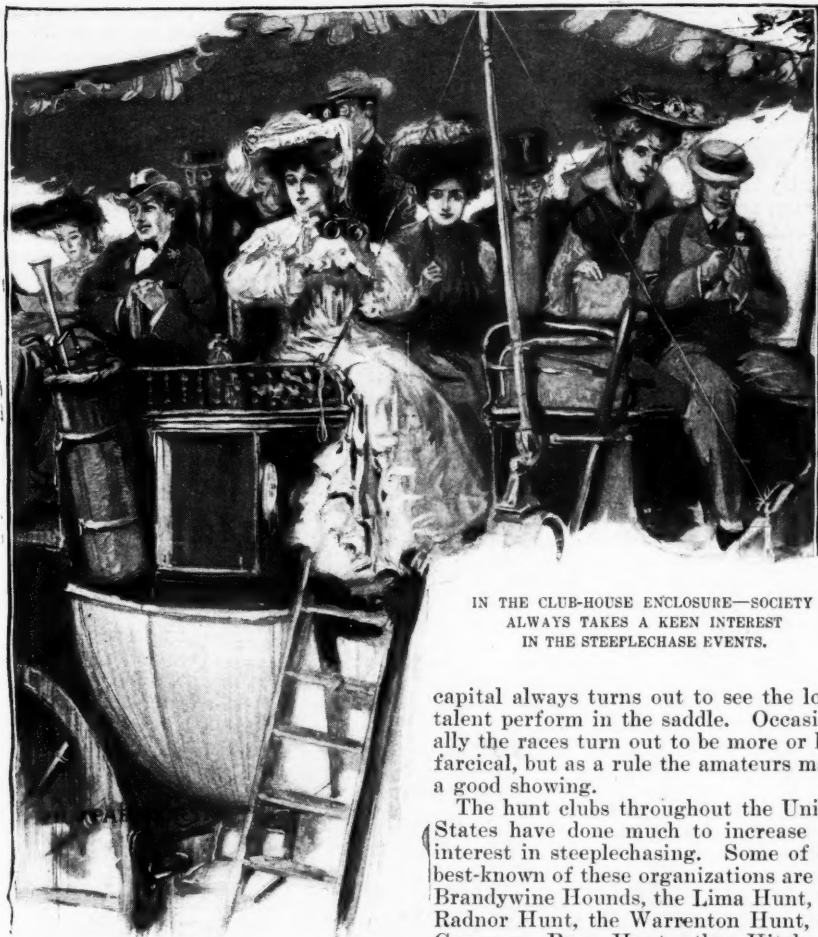
The blue ribbon event of the year in American steeplechasing—the Grand National Steeplechase—is one of the fixtures at Morris Park. The purse is one of the richest offered in the United States, having an added money value of seventy-five hundred dollars. To win the

Grand National Steeplechase is the ambition of every owner of a stable of "leppers." This year, St. Jude, a four-year-old bay gelding, won the prize for Mr. Cotton. Plohn and George W. Jenkins were the successful horses of the two previous seasons.

The social world, which is a devotee of horse racing in all its branches, has given its special approbation to steeplechasing and nowhere is this more marked than at Morris Park. It is always easy to tell when there is a cross-country event on the program from the number of four-in-hands and drags which gather at the track. Polo and hunting are favorite forms of fashionable sport, and it is only a step from the polo pony and the hunter to the steeplechase horse and the gentleman "jock." Many of the horses, indeed, which take part in steeplechases are regularly hunted in the spring and fall. Some of the events carded at the different tracks are open only to hunters,



LEADING THE FIELD—A WELL-TRAINED JUMPER
TAKES AN OBSTACLE WITH LITTLE OR
NO EXERTION.



IN THE CLUB-HOUSE ENCLOSURE—SOCIETY
ALWAYS TAKES A KEEN INTEREST
IN THE STEEPLECHASE EVENTS.

and in these society finds special interest and amusement. Clever as are many of the amateur riders, most of them find that riding a hunter to hounds is play in comparison with handling the same animal in a race through the field. Many laughable "spills," and some serious ones, are the result.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE SPORT.

The social interest in steeplechasing which is such a feature at Morris Park is in evidence at Washington and at Saratoga, and indeed wherever there are courses for the jumpers. There are some first-class amateur riders at Washington, who learned to sit a horse following the hounds in Virginia and Maryland, and the "horsy" set at the national

capital always turns out to see the local talent perform in the saddle. Occasionally the races turn out to be more or less farcical, but as a rule the amateurs make a good showing.

The hunt clubs throughout the United States have done much to increase the interest in steeplechasing. Some of the best-known of these organizations are the Brandywine Hounds, the Lima Hunt, the Radnor Hunt, the Warrenton Hunt, the Cameron Run Hunt, the Hitchcock Hounds, the Myopia Hunt, the Chevy Chase Hunt, the Meadowbrook Hunt, and the Genesee Valley Hunt. The National Steeplechase and Hunt Association recognizes twenty-seven of them this year, and there are many others which, though unregistered, help to foster the sport. Steeplechasing is as popular at Chicago and at St. Louis as at the tracks near New York, and the amateur end of the game receives the same attention, although the racing is not under the jurisdiction of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

STEEPLECHASE HORSES AND JOCKEYS.

The management of a steeplechase stable is much the same as with horses which race on the flat. The chief difference is that the animals are trained to

carry more weight, and do not develop the extreme speed which is essential for flat racing. The average weight carried in cross-country races is one hundred and thirty-five pounds against one hundred and five pounds on the flat. Steeplechase jockeys are considerably heavier than the boys who ride on the flat. The cross-country horses are also, as a rule, a trifle heavier, but this is not an important difference, and both jumpers and flat racers are bred from the same sires. Horses which have raced on the flat are often trained to go over the jumps with great success, and *vice versa*. Time was when animals that were not good enough to win on the flat were relegated to the jumping game, but nowadays only the most likely performers are trained for steeplechasing.

Ability to negotiate the obstacles, or good fencing, as it is termed, is the principal requisite for a "lepper." The successful jumper should also be able to carry weight up to one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and must have speed to negotiate the distance between the jumps. Some excellent fencers are too slow on the flat, and thus lose the advantage gained at the jumps. Other horses are fast on the flat but fence poorly. To refuse to take an obstacle, or to run out—that is, to run around the jump—puts the offender out of the race, as does a fall or the unseating of the jockey.

THE DANGER OF THE SPORT.

It may as well be admitted that there is a good deal of danger to horse and rider in a steeplechase. Falls are numerous, and often serious, as, for example, when a horse rolls on its rider, or the heels of the rest of the field strike the prone jockey. For this reason steeplechase jockeys receive twice as much as is paid to riders on the flat, their scale being fifty dollars for a winning mount and fifteen for a losing mount. Nevertheless, the cross-country rider makes a

great deal less money than his confrère, for retaining fees are small, and there are only one or two steeplechases a week against some thirty races on the flat. A top-notch cross-country rider will make six or eight thousand dollars a season, while a crack jockey on the flat will earn five times that amount.

The cross-country riders are a hardy lot, and think little of a broken collarbone or a badly bruised head. When a

horse stumbles over a jump, and falls, the rider is usually thrown forward over the animal's head, and he loses no time in scrambling out of the way of the remainder of the field. Despite the danger, it is asserted, and probably with truth, that there have been fewer fatalities, in proportion, among the cross-country riders during the last five years than among the jockeys who ride on the flat. The appearance of an ambulance at the track whenever a steeplechase is to be run is a spectacle calculated to send a little shiver over the novice, but as a rule sticking-plaster and stimulants are the

only medical requirements actually called into use.

THE STEEPLECHASE AS A SPECTACLE.

The most picturesque sight to be seen at a race-course is a cross-country event in full swing. The start is made some distance from the first obstacle, so that the field has plenty of time to get well in motion. The pace is not as fast as on the flat, and horses and riders alike seem to enjoy the race through the green field. As they approach the first obstacle, a hush falls upon the spectators. Will the whole field clear it successfully?

A moment of suspense, and then a cry of delight as every horse makes a clean jump; or, it may be, a cry of terror as one or more horses and riders go down in a tangled mass. The stable-boys and rubbers, who congregate in the in-field, rush to the assistance of the fallen jockeys. The riderless steeds pick themselves up



THE GENTLEMAN "JOCK"
IS THE LION OF THE DAY.

and trail after the others. By this time the horses are at the second jump, and the same thing is repeated.

The chases vary in length from two to four miles. The field usually spreads out early in the contest, with the light-weighted horses going out in the lead. It is no unusual thing for the ultimate winner to be a furlong behind the leaders at some early stage of the race. The successful horse may win "away off," with no rival near; while equally often the finish is fought out to the wire and the verdict is by a head or a nose. Sometimes a well-backed horse will fall at the last jump, causing a yell of disappointment to rend the air. Sometimes the entire field will fence without a single mishap, but this is unusual unless the starters are few in number. The horses that have thrown their riders are usually caught and guided off the course, but sometimes they go on with the others, and bad accidents have occasionally resulted.

A characteristic feature of a steeplechase course is the water-jump, or "Liverpool." This is an obstacle with a pool of water on the far side, in which many a jockey gets an unexpected cold bath. It makes a more spectacular jump, and is always located in front of the grand stand.

Many people suppose that a steeplechase and a hurdle race are the same things. As a matter of fact, steeplechases are run through the field over permanent obstacles; hurdle races are contested on the regular track, over wooden hurdles, covered with brush, which are set in place for the race. Hurdle racing is more dangerous than steeplechasing, as the horses frequently crash through the hurdles instead of leaping over them. Indeed, there



OVER THE LIVERPOOL—THE WATER JUMP IS THE MOST EXCITING AND SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

have been so many bad accidents during the last two years that the stewards of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association have abolished hurdle racing on the tracks which they control, and this year no events of the kind were held at the courses around New York or at Washington or Saratoga. In the West, however, this form of sport is still popular.

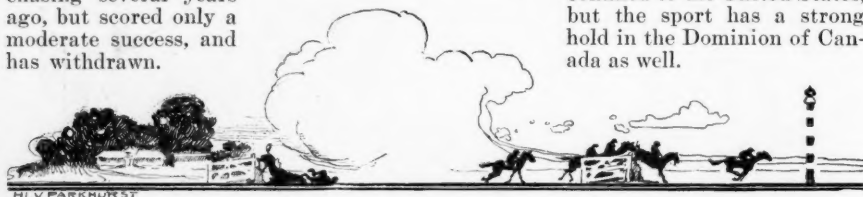
PROMINENT OWNERS AND RIDERS.

Several of the leading American owners of steeplechase horses prefer to race under a *nom de course*, among them being Mr. Chamblet, Mr. Major, Mr. Story, and Mr. Cotton. Other prominent owners are J. E. Widener, J. W. Colt, Thomas Hitchcock, C. D. Francis, Ivan Fox, Sydney J. Holloway, H. H. Hayes, W. M. Kerr, H. S. Page, F. Ambrose Clark, M. J. Maloney, George Schwarz, and Thomas Crooks. Few of the men who race jumpers operate stables on the flat. Thomas W. Lawson went into steeplechasing several years ago, but scored only a moderate success, and has withdrawn.

The list of good cross-country riders is small. Silas Veitch, who trains and rides for Mr. Chamblet, and Jimmie Mara, who handles the horses of J. W. Colt, are reputed the two best performers in the profession to-day. The cross-country jockey does not come in for the public adulation which falls to the lot of the successful rider on the flat, but he makes a comfortable living. Here is a vocation where the demand for first-class material exceeds the supply.

Among the best cross-country horses now in training are Land of Clover, Lavator, Caller, St. Jude, The Ragged Cavalier, Plato, Judge Phillips, The Virginian, Flying Virginian, Zinziber, Billy Ray, Philma Paxton, Manilian, Fulminate, Hark Forward, Black Death, and others. Some of the prominent amateur riders who are accepting mounts this year are Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Page, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Clark.

The popularity of steeplechasing is not confined to the United States, but the sport has a strong hold in the Dominion of Canada as well.



VILLANELLE TO AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue,
By Lawrence or by Reynolds limned,
It's in my heart to envy you.

Not merely that your eyebrows grew,
Arched miracles, o'er eyes undimmed—
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue;

Nor that about you pigeons flew,
And pet lambs wandered, ribbon-trimmed,
It's in my heart to envy you.

But ah, you never held a "view,"
Nor social science handbook skimmed,
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue!

You sat no German opera through;
Your days with "culture" ne'er o'erbrimmed;
It's in my heart to envy you!

Ah, blest who lived when fads were few,
Your beauty toasted, virtues hymned!
Fair lady, clad in gauzy blue,
It's in my heart to envy you!

Katherine Hoffman.

THE STAGE

FOR THE NEW YEAR IN STAGELAND.

Last season's unprecedented record of failures disheartened even that most hopeful of mortals, the theatrical manager. Hence the tinge over the forecast for the coming year at the New York playhouses is not as roseate as usual, nor the list of attractions as lengthy. For the latter fact, however, there is a reason that has nothing whatever to do with the poor business done in the past. The famine in plays has now reached a pass where it acts as a serious menace to a calling that has been expanding steadily in every branch except this particular one. While the number of theaters has grown, the supply of plays has actually decreased.

Evidence of the pinch was shown last spring in the prevalence of revivals. John Drew had to fall back upon "The Second in Command," and Faversham had recourse to "Lord and Lady Algy." Even Maude Adams returned to "The Little Minister" ere her season closed. Then there were the spring reproductions of "The Two Orphans" and "Wang" for Broadway attractions. There is at least one school that undertakes to teach the art of writing plays, and every now and then prizes are offered to stimulate embryo dramatists, but the output of plays that are worth while seems to be smaller than ever.

In many cases, productions are laboriously tinkered into shape after they are first set before the public. It is a law in stageland, or ought to be, that you must not deceive your audiences; keep your actors in the dark, but let the spectators into the secret. Failure to follow this rule was the defect in "Ransom's Folly" when originally brought out, but after the piece left New York, Mr. Davis introduced a hint or two, foreshadowing the outcome, with the result that the comedy went twice as well. It is for this reason that your literary man is usually a poor playwright. The axioms that govern the two occupations swear at one another. In a story the surprise at the end counts as a virtue; in a play it is a positive drawback. But Mr. Davis is learning rapidly. His biggest success, "The Dictator," written especially for



BRANDON TYNAN, WHO IS TO STAR UNDER DAVID BELASCO'S MANAGEMENT IN AN IRISH PLAY OF HIS OWN WRITING.

From his latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

William Collier without having gone through the intermediate story stage, proves this, just as an opposite inference may be drawn from the fact that William

to performance. Comparison of prophecy and review in previous seasons will sufficiently demonstrate the need for this saving clause. Still, there is matter of



CECILIA LOFTUS, WHO IS TO STAR IN ZANGWILL'S COMEDY, "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

Dean Howells and Mary E. Wilkins have repeatedly failed to reach the footlights.

As usual, THE MUNSEY prefaces its forecast with the statement that many titles set down therein may never come

interest even in the discrepancies between promise and performance, so this foreword may be regarded rather as a reminder than an apology.

Taking the New York playhouses



MRS. G. H. GILBERT, WHO WILL BE EIGHTY-FIVE IN OCTOBER, AND WHO IS TO STAR IN A NEW
PLAY BY CLYDE FITCH CALLED "GRANDMA."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.



E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET—MR. SOTHERN IS TO STAR JOINTLY WITH JULIA MARLOWE IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

alphabetically, the Academy of Music starts in with a "greater" version of "Checkers," the racing play by Henry Blossom, Jr., which was one of last year's hits. Probably this house will also see a return of the Bostonians in "Robin Hood," which for the past two years has drawn to its ample auditorium the largest audiences it has held.

At the Belasco, after three more weeks of "Kitty Bellairs," the first novelty will be David Warfield in a new piece, to be followed by Brandon Tynan, author of "Robert Emmet," in a new play of Irish life written for his own use. This last will be staged by Mr. Belasco in the elab-

orate manner of his previous offerings with French, Japanese, and English backgrounds respectively. Later will come his new drama for Mrs. Carter—the last, it is whispered, in which she will appear.

The Broadway's reopening bill is at this writing uncertain, but from the success that has hitherto waited on the Savage attractions at this house it is quite likely to be "Woodland," the new opera by the authors of "King Dodo" and "The Prince of Pilsen." Although its characters are nominally birds, they are so only in name and in costume, and the action of the piece is not grotesque, but moves on human lines. It would also



JULIA MARLOWE, WHO IS TO STAR JOINTLY WITH E. H. SOTHERN IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE.

From her latest photograph by Sands & Brady, Providence.

be appropriate to have the Broadway shelter the London light-opera success, "The Duchess of Dantzic," a new version of "Mme. Sans-Gêne," which was originally brought out in its dramatic form at this house. Other possible occupants of the Broadway are Charles B.

Dillingham's two light-opera stars, Fritz Scheff in "The Two Roses," and Lulu Glaser as *Mary Tudor* in a musical setting of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," called "The Madcap Princess."

It is the policy of the Casino to keep an attraction on the boards as long as



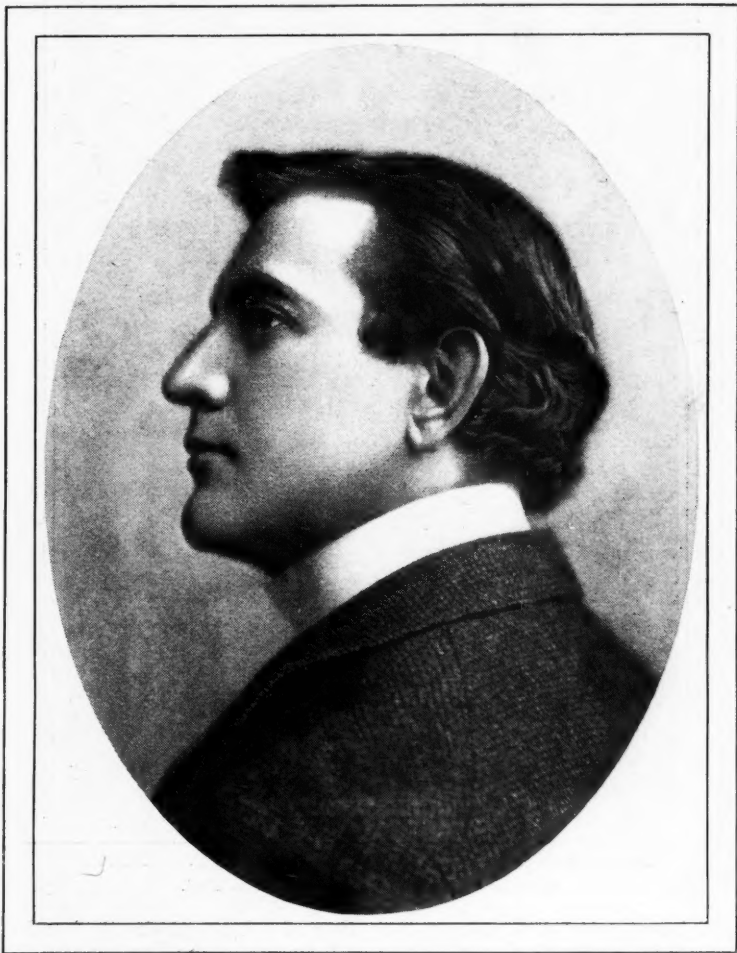
ANNIE RUSSELL, WHO IS TO STAR IN A PLAY FROM THE FRENCH, "BROTHER JACQUES."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

possible, and as "Piff, Paff, Pouf" admits of infinite variations of libretto, that show, with its magnetizing Radium Dance, may hold out far into the autumn. De Wolf Hopper may then turn up in his new vehicle, "A Runaway King," provided in his case, too, that

Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation." How the exponent of the typical American countryman, *David Harum*, will adapt himself to a Gallic atmosphere remains to be seen. He will have Katherine Grey for his leading woman.

A very possible later bill at the Cri-



JAMES K. HACKETT, WHO IS TO STAR IN A DRAMATIZATION OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S "THE CROSSING."

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

the success of the revived "Wang" does not lead him to retain the older piece in his repertoire for another season.

For the Criterion, the inaugural attraction will be William H. Crane in a comedy, "Business Is Business," translated from the French by that clever handler of Mayfair repartee, Robert

terion will be Virginia Harned in Sarah Bernhardt's latest success, Sardou's "The Sorcerer." Possibly Mr. Charles Frohman may also do Pinero's "Letty" here. It should be remembered that during the coming year he will have only four houses under his direct management against the seven he controlled last



MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO IS TO STAR IN "THE ETERNAL FEMININE."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

winter, having disposed of the Savoy, the Vaudeville, and the Garden.

The reopening bill at Daly's will be the musical comedy from the Prince of Wales in London, "The School Girl," with Edna May and an English cast. This to be followed by the latest success at the London Daly's—"The Cingalee," said to be one of the most gorgeous of latter-day musical plays.

As usual, things at the Empire will be started by John Drew, most likely in "The Duke of Killierankie." This is the newest comedy by Captain Marshall, au-

thor of "A Royal Family," and enjoyed a long run at the London Criterion last winter. Mrs. Gilbert is booked for two weeks at the Empire in her new play, prepared by Clyde Fitch and very appropriately named "Grandma." Maude Adams will also come into the Empire, whether in a new offering or the long promised "As You Like It" is still unsettled.

The Fourteenth Street Theater will probably see the début of a new star, a protégé of the late James A. Herne, famous as the protagonist of "Shore

Acres," in which play Mr. Lamson had a small part when it was done at Daly's. His vehicle in which to seek metropolitan laurels is "Young Tobe Hoxie."

Henry W. Savage is to inaugurate his occupancy of the Garden Theater with a production of "Parsifal" in English, perchance with Mme. Galski as *Kundry*. This is to be followed by a season of his English Grand Opera Company in repertoire. The theater will be newly decorated and equipped.

Both New York and London being so short of good material, managers have gone to France quite extensively for new plays. After a preliminary season of farce, the Garrick is to have Fay Davis in "The Rich Mrs. Repton," which R. C. Carton worked out from the same Gallic source that supplied Alice Fischer with "Mrs. Jack" last year. In November Annie Russell will come to the same house in another comedy from the French, "Brother Jacques." Needless to say she will have her new husband, Oswald Yorke, as leading man. Mary Mannering's new vehicle is by Justin Huntly McCarthy, author of "If I Were King" and "The Proud Prince."

Clyde Fitch has written a new comedy for Mrs. Bloodgood, but has stipulated that it shall be brought out at the Garrick, and not at the Savoy, which latter house witnessed two failures from his pen last season—"Major André" and "Glad of It." The Garrick, on the other hand, has been the scene of his greatest successes—"Captain Jinks" for Ethel Barrymore, "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" for Mary Mannering, and "Her Own Way" for Maxine Elliott.

After its hit with "The Girl from Kay's," last season, the Herald Square does not feel like tempting Providence with a change of bill, so will resume business in August with the same piece, this time featuring both Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams.

The handsome Hudson will be reopened by Ethel Barrymore, who inaugurated it last October. Mr. Frohman may present her in "Sunday," a Western play which has had a London success. Robert Edeson will come to the Hudson late in January with his new comedy, "Classmates," a college play, written by young De Mille, son of the late Henry C. De Mille, who collaborated with Belasco on "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," and "Men and Women." University life is a new theme for our playwrights, and as the public is supposed to be clamoring for novelty, its

sponsors will have at least one advantage at the outset.

The Rogers Brothers, as usual, will set the ball rolling at the Knickerbocker, this time "In Paris," where their doings, it is to be hoped, will be drollier than were their experiences in London last season. With no Weber & Fields to compete with now, it rests only with their playwright to give them the chance to skim the cream of the burlesque patronage.

In January Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott are booked at the Knickerbocker in "The Edge of the Storm"—unless, of course, the play should prove a failure on the other side. In that case they will do "Hamlet" again, "Othello," and perhaps "For the Crown." And as the Knickerbocker has already harbored "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Shepherd King," Charles Frohman may decide on this house for his presentation of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with nineteen scenes and two hundred people.

For some two or three years George Alexander, of the London St. James, has been promising to come to this country. Possibly he may decide to do so next autumn, in which case he will probably be seen at the Knickerbocker, where it is to be hoped he will include "Old Heidelberg" in his repertoire. It is scarcely likely that he will give us either "Love's Carnival," which holds the record for a run of four performances in London last spring, or "Saturday to Monday," the comedy which followed it, and which also failed to hit the popular taste. The Knickerbocker may also house Viola Allen in "A Winter's Tale."

Now that Hammerstein's Victoria is making money with vaudeville at popular prices, its energetic proprietor will have so much time to devote to building operations that his new theater on Forty-Second Street may be finished ahead of his Drury Lane, started on Thirty-Fourth Street some two years ago. At any rate, Lew Fields, late of Weber & Fields', has arranged to open it as Lew Fields' Theater on the 17th of November. On reference to the calendar it will be seen that November 17 is a Thursday; whence it may be inferred that Fields intends to continue the Thursday tradition that had come to be a feature of the famous little music-hall at Broadway and Twenty-Ninth Street. The program at the new house is to be divided between musical comedy and burlesques of reigning successes—if there should happen to

be any. Of course the cast will be "all-star" (who would think of giving any other sort of burlesque nowadays?) and in musical plays the management hopes to find something like "The Wizard of Oz" or "Babes in Toyland." In fact, Messrs. Hamlin and Mitchell are associated with Mr. Fields in the venture.

The Lyceum will have Cecilia Loftus as a star in Zangwill's new comedy, "The Serio-Comic Governess." After her, at the middle of November, Sir Charles Wyndham of the New and Wyndham's Theaters in London, will be at the Lyceum for three months, opening in "David Garrick" for a fortnight, followed by the best of Hubert Henry Davies' comedies, "Mrs. Gorrings' Necklace," and possibly by a new one from the same pen. Mr. Wyndham has not been in this country—where he fought during the Civil War—since he appeared at Wallack's fourteen or more years ago. He will bring his own company, with Mary Moore as leading woman.

Wyndham will probably be followed at the Lyceum by the new combination—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespeare repertory.

At the Lyric we are to see James K. Hackett in a dramatization of Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," and the Parisian actress, Gabrielle Réjane, is booked there for a term beginning November 7. The coming season, in fact, will have a decided Gallic tinge, for the Lyric may also be the scene of Otis Skinner's presentation of Jean Richepin's "Le Chemineau," to be known in English as "The Harvester." Whether Jefferson De Angelis comes here in his new opera by Victor Herbert, "The Enchanted Isle," is at this writing undetermined.

The Majestic will probably have recourse to a play that seems even better calculated to please the young folk than was "The Wizard of Oz" or "Babes in Toyland." This is "Buster Brown," already a hit in Boston. Its star is that tiny king-pin of small men, Gabriel, who was last seen in New York with Nat Wills in "A Son of Rest."

Charles Richman will probably be at the Manhattan Theater with his new play of New York society folk, "The Genius." It is written by the brothers De Mille, one of whom prepared "Classmates" for Edeson, and it is said the characters are modeled on real people well-known in the metropolis. And of course Mrs. Fiske will play at the Manhattan, where, ac-

cording to the plans announced by her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, she is to be supported by a stock company. Her season will begin in September with a revival of "Becky Sharp." Later she will appear in a new drama by C. M. S. McClellan, who, under the *nom de guerre* of Hugh Morton, fathered such thistle-down products as "The Belle of New York" and "Glittering Gloria." This was to be the year for Mrs. Fiske to bring out her production of "Macbeth," but at the present writing her Shakespearian ambitions seem to have been sidetracked.

At Klaw & Erlanger's New Amsterdam the second season will probably be opened with the Drury Lane pantomime, "Humpty Dumpty," rewritten, as usual, for the American boards. The process was particularly necessary in this instance, as the London production last winter fairly reeked of interpolations from other New York pieces, including such well-known episodes as "The Tree of Truth" from "The Runaways," and the "Sammy" song from "The Wizard of Oz." A striking scene picture in "Humpty Dumpty" is the submarine City of Coral.

George M. Cohan, the ablest of the Four Cohans, is to star at the New York in "Little Johnny Jones," with the rest of the talented quartet in his support. This theater may also have Pete Dailey, replacing the late Jerome Sykes in "The Billionaire." At the Princess, the bill may be Margaret Anglin in "The Eternal Feminine." The Savoy has had the greater part of its season reserved for Madge Carr Cooke in the name part of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Wallack's will continue to devote itself to the works of George Ade, its lucky card since December, 1902, when "The Sultan of Sulu" began its run there. The "Sultan" was followed last fall by Ade's "Peggy from Paris," which, in turn, gave place in November to his quaint comedy, "The County Chairman." This held the boards until June 4, and is to be put back on them again when the theater reopens in September. Mr. Ade's newest output, the comic opera by himself and Mr. Luders, called "The Sho-Gun," is held in reserve, and will doubtless go on before the holidays, with a fair prospect of keeping up its author's reputation as a mainstay of Wallack's.

Weber & Fields as partners are now no more, but their music-hall will probably bear Weber's name and be continued by him as a burlesque house.

DOUBLE HARNESS.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," and "The King's Mirror."

XXVI.

FOR days Lucy and little Vera had crept fearfully through the silent house, knowing that a dreadful thing had happened, not allowed to put questions, and hardly daring to speculate about it among themselves. When Sophy began to be about again, pale and shaken, with the bandage still round her head, she took the lead as she was wont to do, and her bolder mind fastened on the change in the situation. There was no need to be afraid any more. That was the great fact which came home to her, and which she proclaimed to her sisters. It might be proper to move quietly and talk low for a little while, but it was a tribute to what was becoming, not a sign of terror or a precaution against danger.

It was Sophy, too, who ventured to question Suzette, and to elicit instructions as to their future conduct. They were to think very kindly of mamma and love her memory, said Suzette, but they were not to talk about her to papa, when he came back, because that would distress him. And they were not to ask him why he had gone away, or where he had been. Of course he had had business—and anyhow, little girls ought not to be inquisitive.

A question remained in Sophy's mind, and was even canvassed in private schoolroom consultations. What about that portentous word which had been whispered through the household—what about the divorce? None of them found courage to ask that, or perhaps they had pity on poor Suzette Bligh, who was so terribly uncomfortable under their questioning. At any rate, nothing more was heard about the divorce. Since it had appeared to mean that papa was to go away, and since he was coming back now, presumably it had been put on the shelf somehow. All the same, their sharp instincts told them that their father would not have come back unless their mother had died, and that he was com-

ing back now—well, in a sort of disgrace; that was how they put it in their thoughts.

A committee, consisting of Kate Raymore, Janet Selford, and John Fanshaw—a trustee under the Courtland marriage settlement—had sat to consider Suzette Bligh's position. Suzette loved the children, and it would be sad if she had to leave them; moreover, she was homeless, and a fixed salary would be welcome to her. Lastly—and on this point Janet Selford laid stress—she was not exactly a young girl; she was just on thirty. John nodded agreement, adding that nobody outside of an asylum could connect scandal with the name of Suzette Bligh. So it was decided that she should stay for the present, at all events, in the capacity of companion or governess.

The children wondered to find Suzette so gently radiant and affectionate one evening. She had not told them of the doubt which had arisen, nor how great a thing it was to her to stay. They had never doubted that she would stay with them now.

It was late one afternoon when Tom Courtland slunk home. He had sent no word of his coming, because he did not know till the last minute whether he would have courage to come. Then he had made the plunge, given up his room at the club, packed his luggage, and left it to be called for.

But the plunge was very difficult to him. He was uncomfortable before the man who let him in; he was wretchedly apprehensive of Suzette Bligh and of the children. He needed—very badly needed—Caylesham at his elbow again, to tell him "not to be an ass." But Caylesham had gone back to employments more congenial than he ever professed to find works of benevolence. Tom had to endure alone, and he could find no comfort. Against Harriet he could have made a case—a very good case in the judgment of half the world. But he seemed to have

* Copyright, 1903, by Anthony Hope Hawkins.—This story began in the December issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. The back numbers containing it can be ordered through any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers, at ten cents each.

no excuse to offer to the little girls, nor any plea to meet the wondering disapprobation of Suzette Bligh.

He was told that the children were in the schoolroom with Suzette, and thither he bent his steps, going slowly and indecisively. He stopped outside the door and listened; he could hear Suzette's mild voice; apparently she was reading to them, for nothing except the continuous flow of her words was audible, and in conversation she was not so loquacious as that.

Well, he must go in; perhaps it would be all right when once the ice was broken. He opened the door and stood on the threshold, blushing like a school-boy.

"Well, my dears, here I am," he said. "I've come home."

He caught Suzette's eye. She was blushing, too, blushing a very vivid pink—rather a foolish pink, somehow. He felt that both he and Suzette must be looking very silly. For quite a long time, as it seemed, he looked at Suzette before he looked at the little girls. After that there was, or seemed to be, another long silence while the little girls looked first at him, then at Suzette, then at one another. Tom stood there through it all—in the doorway, blushing.

The next moment all the three were upon him, clinging to his hands and his coat, kissing him, crying out their gladness in little excited exclamations, the two elder taking care to give Vera a fair chance to get at him, Vera insisting that the chance was not a fair one, all the three dragging him to an armchair, and pulling him down into it. Two of them got on his knees, and Lucy stood by his side with her arm round his neck.

"My dears!" Tom muttered, and found he could say no more.

His eyes met Suzette Bligh's. She was standing by the table, looking on, and her eyes were misty.

"See how they love you, Mr. Courtland!" she said.

Yes! And he had forsaken them, and the bandage was about Sophy's head!

"You won't go away again, will you?" implored Lucy.

"No, I shan't go away again!"

"And Suzette'll stay, too, won't she?" urged Vera.

"I hope she will, indeed."

"You will, Suzette?"

"Yes, dear."

"We shall be happy," said Sophy softly, with a note of wonder in her voice.

It really seemed strange to have the

prospect of being happy—permanently, comfortably, without fear; the prospect of happiness, not snatched at intervals, not broken by terror, but secure and without apprehension.

Tom Courtland pressed his little children to him. Where were the reproaches he had imagined, where the shame he had feared? They were annihilated by love and swallowed up in gladness.

"We do love you so!" whispered Lucy.

Vera actually screamed in happiness.

"Oh, Vera!" said Suzette, rather shocked.

That set them all laughing—the little girls, Tom, presently even Suzette herself. They were all laughing, though none of them could have told exactly why. Their joy bubbled over in mirth, and the sound of gladness was in the house.

Tom Courtland held his head up and was his own man again. Here was something to live for, and something to show that even his broken life had not been lived in vain. The ghosts of the past were there; he could not forget them, but the clasp of the warm little arms which encircled him would keep their chilling touch away from his heart.

Freed from torments that he had not deserved, rescued from pleasures that he had not enjoyed, he turned eagerly to the delights of the home which could now be his. His glad children and kindly Suzette were a picture very precious in his eyes. Here were golden links by which the fragments of his life could be bound together, though the fractures must always show—even as the scar would show always on Sophy's brow, however much her lips might smile or her eyes sparkle beneath it.

They were roused by a voice from the door.

"It's not hard to tell where you all are! Why, I heard you at the bottom of the stairs! What a hullabaloo!"

John Fanshaw's bulky figure stood there, solid and bowed with weight and his growing years. He looked on the scene—on the happy little folk in their gloomy black frocks—with a kindly smile, and the mock reproof of his tone hid more tenderness than he cared to show.

"Papa's come back—back to stay!" they cried exultantly. "Isn't that splendid, Mr. Fanshaw?"

"I hoped I should find you here, Tom, but I came to call on Miss Bligh."

"I hope you'll always find her here, too," said Tom.

Suzette was flattered, and fell to blushing again. She was acutely grateful to anybody who wanted her. She took such a desire as a free and lavish gift of kindness, never making out any reason which could account for it.

"I'm only too happy to stay if—if I can be of any use," she murmured.

John sat down and made one of the party. They all chattered cheerfully till the time grew late. Sophy, still treated as an invalid, had to go to bed. She kissed John, who held her closely for a moment, then threw herself in Tom's arms and could hardly be persuaded to let him go.

"I shall write to Mr. Imason and tell him you've come back," she whispered as a great secret. "He was so kind to Lucy and Vera when—you know, papa?"

Tom passed his hand over her flaxen hair.

"Sleep quietly, darling," he said; for quiet and peace were possible now.

There had been no expectation that Tom would be home to dinner, and though Suzette assured him that something could easily be prepared—and that homely sort of attention was new and pleasant to Tom—he accepted John Fanshaw's invitation to take pot-luck with him. They walked off together, rather silent, each full of his own thoughts. They did not speak until they had almost reached John's door.

"That's the sort of sight that makes a man wish he had children," said John slowly.

"I've often wished I had none! Poor Harriet!"

"But you're glad of them now?"

"Why, I've nothing else. It just makes the difference to life." He paused a moment, and then broke out: "And they've nothing but love for me. Not a word, not a thought, of reproach! Just because I've never been cruel to them, whatever else I've been! Poor little beggars! We can't keep like that when we grow up. We're too fond of our grievances, eh?"

John looked at him for a moment, but said nothing. They went into the house in renewed silence. It seemed very large, empty, and dreary.

"Your wife not back yet? I heard she was staying with the Imasons."

"She's there still. I don't know when she's coming back."

"Rather dull for you, isn't it? You know you always depended on her a lot."

John made no answer, but led the way into his study. He gave Tom an evening paper, and began to open his letters. But

his thoughts were not on the letters. They were occupied with what he had seen that afternoon, and with the words which had fallen from Tom Courtland's lips.

The children forgave with that fine, free forgiveness which will not even recognize the need for itself of the existence of any fault toward which it should be exercised. It is there that forgiveness is merged in love. But when people grow up, Tom had said, they are too fond of their grievances.

John had been very fond of his grievance. It was a fine large one—about the largest any man could have, everybody must admit that—and John had declined to belittle it, or to shear off an inch of its imposing stature. All it demanded he had given. But had he? What about Frank Caylesham's money? Had it not demanded there something which he had refused? But he had given all it asked so far as the sinner who had caused it was concerned. Against her he had nursed and cosseted it; for its sake he had made his home desolate and starved his heart.

Aye, he had always depended on Christine. Tom was right. But because of his grievance he had put her from him. He was fond of his grievance, indeed! If Tom's children had been old enough to recognize the true value and preciousness of a big grievance, they would never have received Tom as they had that afternoon. They would have made him feel what he had been guilty of. He would have been made to feel it handsomely before he was forgiven. Children were different, as Tom Courtland said.

John got up and poked the fire fiercely.

"The house is beastly cold," he grumbled.

"Ah, it wouldn't be if Mrs. John was at home," laughed Tom. "She always looks after the fire, doesn't she?"

John Fanshaw bitterly envied him his peace and happiness. He forgot how hardly they had been achieved. The vision of the afternoon was before his eyes, and he declared that fate was too kind to Tom. A heavy dullness was over his face, and a forlorn, puzzled look in his eyes. He must have done right, he must be doing right. How could a self-respecting man do otherwise? And yet he was so desolate, so starved of human love, in the end so full of longing for Christine—for her gracious presence and her dainty little ways.

With an effort he collected his thoughts from these wanderings, and be-

gan to read his letters. Tom was still occupied with his paper and his cigar, but he looked up at the sound of an "Ah!" which escaped from John's lips. John had come on a letter which set his thoughts going again—a letter from Sibylla. She upbraided him playfully for not having come down to see them and Christine.

I'm sure Christine must be hurt with you, though she's much too proud to say so. We want to keep her over Christmas. Will you come as soon as you can, and stay over Christmas and as long as possible? I've not told her I'm asking you, so that she mayn't be disappointed if you don't come.

There was diplomacy in Sibylla's letter, since she knew the state of the case far better than her references to Christine implied. But John was not aware of this. His attention was fixed only on the invitation, and on the circumstances in which it came. He could not go to Milldean and take his grievance with him; it was too big and obtrusive for other people's houses; it could flourish properly only in a domestic tête-à-tête. So he must stay at home.

He sighed as he laid down the letter. Then his fingers wandered irresolutely to it again, as he looked across at Tom Courtland, who had now ceased reading and was smoking with a quiet smile on his face.

"Anything up, old fellow?" asked Tom, noting the gravity of his expression.

"No. It's only from Mrs. Imason, asking me to go down there at Christmas."

"You go," counseled Tom. "Better than bringing your wife back here."

There was a third course—the course favored by the grievance. John did not speak of it, but it was present in his thoughts. He shook his head impatiently, and began to talk of general topics. But all the evening Sibylla's letter was in his mind, ranging itself side by side with the scene which he had witnessed at Tom Courtland's.

The gloomy idol he had set up in his heart was not yet cast down; but the little hands of the children had given its pedestal a shake.

XXVII.

THE Raymores were lodging over the post-office at Milldean, in the rooms once occupied by the curate. The new curate did not need them; he was staying at the rectory, and meant, after his marriage with Dora Hutting, to build him-

self a little house, to go on being curate, and ultimately to be rector. He had a well-to-do father, who had bought the advowson for him as a wedding present. His path in life was clear, visible to the very end, and entirely peaceful—unless Dora decided otherwise.

So the rooms came in handy for the Raymores; and it suited Jeremy's inclination and leisure to stay the while with his sister on the hill. He had a bit of work to finish down at Milldean, while the Raymores were there. However assiduous you may be, love-making in London is liable to interruption; it must be to a certain degree spasmodic there; business, society, and other such trifles keep breaking in. A clear week in the country will do wonders. Thus thought Jeremy, and it was his brilliant suggestion which brought the Raymores to Milldean for a month.

What more obvious, since Charley was to land at Fairhaven and to stay a month in England? Spend that month in London, where things interrupted, and people stared, and old-time talk was remembered? No! Kate Raymore jumped at the idea that this wonderful month should be spent in the country, in quiet and seclusion, among old friends whose lips would be guarded, whose looks friendly, whose hearts in sympathy.

When Jeremy made this arrangement—such an excellent one that he may be pardoned for almost forgetting the selfish side of it—he had not failed to remember Dora Hutting. There had always been alternative endings to that story. Jeremy's present scheme was a variation from both of them. None the less, he had come to prefer it to either. But he had not allowed for the presence of the curate, and this circumstance, casually brought to his knowledge by Grantley Imason on the evening of his arrival, had rather disturbed him.

There was another feature in the case for which he was quite unprepared. The name of the curate was a famous one—actually famous through the length and breadth of the land! This was rather a staggerer for Jeremy, who might deride, but could not deny, the curate's greatness. Certain forms of glory may appeal more to one man than to another, but all are glorious. The curate was Mallam of Somerset.

"The Mallam?" asked Jeremy.

"Yes, the Mallam," said Grantley gravely.

"By Jove!" Jeremy murmured.

"I think you ought to forgive her,"

Grantley suggested. "He's played twice for England, you know, and made a century the first time."

"I remember," Jeremy acknowledged, looking very thoughtful.

This was quite a different matter from the ordinary curate. Ritualistic proclivities, however obnoxious to Jeremy in their essence, became a pardonable eccentricity in a man whose solid reputation had been won in other fields.

It was not surprising that Dora carried her head very high, or that the cold politeness of her bow relegated Jeremy to a fathomless oblivion. Knowing the ways of girls, and reluctantly conscious of Mr. Mallam's greatness—conscious, too, perhaps, that his own riches and fame were not as yet much in evidence—he was prepared for that. But, alas, Charley was a cricketer, too; and had infected Eva with his enthusiasm in the game. She was quite excited about Mallam. Jeremy did not appreciate this feeling as generously as he might have. Yet Eva made no attempt to conceal it. She rather emphasized it; for she had come to the stage when she sought defenses.

After the first eager spring to meet the offered and congenial love, there comes often this recoil. The girl would have things stay as they are, since they are very pleasant, and the next step is into the unknown. She loves delay, then, and, since the man will not have it for its own sake, not knowing its sweetness nor the fear that aids its charm, she enforces it on him by trickery. She makes him afraid of losing the draft altogether by insisting on his sipping it at first. She will use any weapon in this campaign, and an ardent admiration for Mr. Mallam was a very useful weapon to Eva Raymore. She said more than once that she considered Dora Hutting a very lucky girl; she thought Dora must be charming since Mallam was in love with her; she held Mallam to be very handsome, and refused to believe—well, that his talent was so highly specialized as Jeremy tried to persuade her in words somewhat less gentle than these.

Jeremy's knowledge of girls gave out before this unexpected call upon it. He recollected how Dora had served him, and how Anna Selford had trifled with Alec Turner. He grew apprehensive and troubled—also more and more in love. He forecast complicated tragedies, and saw Mallam darkening his life wherever he turned. But the women understood—Kate Raymore, Christine, even Sibylla. They glanced at one another, and

laughed among themselves. They were rather proud of Eva, who played the game of their sex so well.

"Thank goodness, she's learned to flirt!" said Christine. "A woman's nowhere without that, my dear, and I don't care whether she's married or not."

"She just adores Jeremy," Kate assured Sibylla. "Only men can't see, you know."

Sibylla laughed. She understood, now, better than in the days when she herself was wooed. But she blushed a little, too, which was strange, unless perchance she found some parallel to Eva's conduct which she was not inclined to discuss with her friends. Jeremy was not the only man who went courting just now in Mildean.

Nor was Kate Raymore the only woman whose heart expected a wanderer home, and trembled at the joy of a long-desired meeting. The period of Mrs. Mumble's expectation was almost done. In two or three weeks she was to go on a journey; she would come back to Old Mill House not alone. The house was swept and garnished, and Mrs. Mumble had a new silk gown. The latter she showed to Kate, and a new bonnet, too, which was a trifle gayer than her ordinary wear; it had a touch of youth about it.

Mrs. Mumble knew very well who was the best person to show these treasures to, who the best listener to her speculations as to the manner of that meeting. And she, in turn, was eager to listen to Kate when the news came that Charley's ship was to be in quite soon. Kate could not say much about that to anybody except to Mrs. Mumble; but she was sure that Mrs. Mumble would understand.

When, on the top of all this, there came the announcement that Dora Hutting's wedding was fixed for that day three weeks, Christine Fanshaw was moved to protest.

"Really, Grantley," she exclaimed, "this village is a great center of love—that Mrs. Mumble would understand.

"All villages are," said Grantley, suavely tolerant, "or they couldn't go on being villages. It's life or death to them, Christine."

"That's a contemptible evasion. The atmosphere is horribly sentimental. I don't think I'm in touch with it at all."

"Don't talk to me, then," said Grantley. "I like it, you know. Oh, you needn't fret, my dear friend. There's been lots of trouble—and there'll be lots more!"

"Yes, trouble—and hatred, too?"

"Oh, well, suppose we suppose there won't be that?" he suggested. "But the trouble, anyhow."

"Then everybody oughtn't to pretend that there won't! The way people talk about marriages is simply hypocrisy."

"When the bather is on the bank it's no moment for remarking that the water is cold. And the truth is in our hearts all the time. Am I likely to forget it, for instance? Or are you likely to forget poor old Tom and that unhappy woman?"

"Or am I likely to forget myself?" Christine murmured, looking out of the window. As she looked Dora passed by, and broad-shouldered young Mallam with her. "Oh, well, bless the children!" she said, laughing.

"It doesn't do, though, to be too knowing, too much up to all nature's little tricks," Grantley went on, as he came and stood beside her. "We oughtn't to give the old lady away. She seems a bit primitive in her methods sometimes, but if we don't interfere she usually gets there in the end. We mustn't find out all her secrets, though."

Christine looked up with a smile and the suspicion of a blush.

"Oh, well, one can always forget them again," she said.

"With the proper assistance," Grantley agreed, smiling. "And, after all, she's very accommodating. If you do what she wants, she doesn't care a hang about your private reasons."

"I call that unscrupulous," Christine objected.

"Oh, yes, the most immoral old hussy that ever was," he laughed. "I love her for that. In her matrimonial advertisement the woman is always rich, beautiful, and amiable!"

"And the man handsome, steady, and constant!"

"So we pay the fees—and sometimes get the article."

"Sometimes," said Christine. "Of course we always suit the description ourselves?"

"A faith in one's self—secure, impregnable, eternal—is the one really necessary equipment."

"So you've found?"

"Don't be personal—or penetrating, Christine. The forms of faith vary; the faith remains."

Christine looked up at him again. Something in her eyes made him pat her lightly on the shoulder.

"Oh, it's all very well," she murmured

in rueful peevishness, "but I shan't be able to stand too much happiness here!"

"Think of the others," he advised, "and you'll regain the balance of your judgment."

To think of the others was decidedly a good thing. Reason dictated the survey of a wider field, the discovery and recognition of an average emerging from the inequalities. The result of such a process should be either a temperate self-satisfaction or a clear-sighted resignation; you would probably find yourself not much above nor much below the level thus scientifically demonstrated.

But the ways of science are not always those of the heart, and that we are less miserable than some people is not a consolation for being more unhappy than others—least of all when the happy are before our eyes and the wretched farther off. Neither the preacher of Grantley's doctrine nor its hearer was converted. Grantley still wanted the best, and Christine, asking nothing so very great, was the more aggrieved that she was denied even what she demanded.

Kate Raymore's day came. Only Jeremy accompanied the family to meet the boat. Kate said they would want somebody to bustle about after the luggage. In truth, Jeremy seemed to her already as one of her own house. But he did not seem so to himself. Eva had been very wayward, full of admiration for Mr. Mallam, and on the strict defensive against Jeremy's approaches. He was so distressed and puzzled that he might have comforted even Christine Fanshaw. He was exceedingly bad company; but the party did not ask for conversation. A stillness fell on them all as they waited for the boat, Kate clasping her husband's arm tight while her eyes were fixed on the approaching ship.

The boy came down the gangway and saw them waiting. He was a good-looking young fellow, tall and slim, with curly hair. Joy and apprehension, shame and pride, struggled for mastery on his face. Kate saw, and her heart was very full. His fault, his flight, his banishment, were vivid in his mind, and, by his insight, vivid in theirs, too. But there was something else that his eyes begged them to remember—the struggle to retrieve himself, the good record overseas, the thought that they were to be together again for a while without fear and without a cloud between them. Their letters had breathed no reproach, and had been full of love; but letters cannot give the assurance of living eyes.

He still feared reproach, he still had to beg for love, and to fear to find it not unimpaired.

"My boy!" whispered Kate Raymore as she clasped him to her arms.

"You're looking well, Charley," said Raymore, "but older, I think."

Yes, he was older; that was part of the price which had fallen to be paid, and the happiness of reunion could not avail against it. His own hand had overthrown the first glory of his youth; it had died not gradually but by a violent death; the traces were on his face. There was a touch of awe in Eva's eyes as she kissed her brother—the awe evoked by one who had fallen, endured, and fought. He had to pay the uttermost farthing of his debt.

Yet the joy rose supreme, deeper and tenderer for the grief behind it, for the struggle by which it was won, because it came as a victory after a heavy fight. To Kate it seemed as if he had suffered for their sakes as well as for his own sin, since in sorrow over him and his banishment his parents' hearts had come closer together and love reigned stronger in their home. A strange remorse struck her, and mingled with her compassion and her gladness as she held her son at arm's length and looked again in his eyes. It was hard to keep track of these things, to see how the good and the evil worked, to understand how no man was unto himself alone, and not to accuse of injustice the way by which one paid for all while all sorrowed for one.

As they turned away to the carriage, Eva touched Jeremy on the arm. He turned to find her smiling, but her lips trembled.

"If I drive back with them, I shall cry, and then I shall look a fright," she whispered. "Besides, they'd rather have him to themselves just now. Will you walk back with me?"

"All right," said Jeremy curtly. His feelings, too, had been touched, so that his manner was cool and matter-of-fact almost to aggressiveness. He preferred to make nothing at all of walking back with Eva—though the way was long, and the winter sun shone over the sea and the downs, the wind was fresh and crisp, and youthful blood went tingling through the veins. "It's cold driving, anyhow," he added as an afterthought.

It was not cold walking, though, or Jeremy did not so find it. It was in his mind that now he had his chance, if he could find courage to use it and to force an issue. For him, too, Charley and

Charley's sorrow had done something. They had induced in Eva a softer mood; the armor of her coquetry was pierced by a shaft of deep feeling.

As they walked she was silent, forgetting to torment him, silently glad of his friendship and his company. She said nothing of Dora Hutting's good fortune or of Mallam's good looks now. She was thinking of her mother's face as she welcomed Charley, and was musing on love. It was Jeremy's moment, if he could make use of it. But in this mood she rather frightened him, raising about herself defenses different from the gleaming barrier of her coquetry, yet not less effective. He feared to disturb her thoughts, and it seemed to him that his wooing would be rude and rough.

Suddenly she turned to him.

"You'll be friends with Charley, won't you? Real friends, I mean? You won't let what—what's happened stand in the way? You see, he'll be awfully sensitive about it, and if he fancies you're hanging back, or anything of that kind—"

Her eyes were very urgent in their appeal.

"Of course I shall be friends with him," Jeremy said. "I shouldn't dream of—"

"I'm sure you'll like him for his own sake, when you know him. And till then, for mother's sake, for our sake, you'll be nice to him, won't you?"

"Do you care particularly about my being nice to him?"

"Of course I do. We're friends, you see."

Jeremy's fear wore off; the excitement began to rise in him; the spirit of the game came upon him. He turned to his work.

"Are we friends?" he asked. "You've not been very friendly lately."

"Never mind me. Be friendly with Charley."

"For your sake?"

"For our sake, yes."

"I said—for your sake."

A smile dimpled through Eva's gravity.

"Your' is a plural, isn't it?" she said.

"Then—for thy sake?" said Jeremy. "That's singular, anyhow."

"Oh, for my sake, then, if you think it worth while."

"I don't think anything worth while except pleasing you, Eva. I used to manage it, I think, but somehow it's grown more difficult lately."

He stopped in his walk and faced her.

She walked on a pace or two, but he would not follow. Irresolutely she halted.

"More difficult? Pleasing me grown more difficult?"

"Well, pleasing you as much as I want to, I mean." Jeremy in his turn smiled for a moment; but he was in deadly earnest again as he stepped up to her and caught hold of her hands. "Now's the time," he said. "You've got to say yes or no."

"You haven't asked me anything yet," she murmured, laughing, her eyes away from him and her hands in his.

"Yes, I have, dozens of times, dozens and dozens. And I'm not going to ask it again—not in words, anyhow. You know the question."

"It's horribly unfair to—to do this to-day—to-day when I'm——"

"Not a bit. To-day's the very day for it, and that's why you must answer to-day." A deeper note came into his words, deeper than he had commanded when he made love to Dora Hutting on these same downs not so very long ago. "I make love to you to-day because love's in your heart to-day. You're wanting to love. It's round about us, Eva." For an instant she saw in him a likeness she had never noticed before—a likeness to Sibylla; Sibylla's ardent, all-demanding temper seemed to speak in his words. "Yes, this is the day—our day. And this day shall be the beginning or the end. You know the question. What's the answer, Eva?"

He let go of her hands, and drew back two or three paces. He left her free; if she came to him, it must be of her own motion.

"How very peremptory you are!" she protested.

Her cheeks were red now, and the look of sorrow had gone out of her eyes. Her breath came quick, and when she looked at the sea, the waves seemed to dance to the liveliest music. At sea and land she looked, at the sky and at the wintry sun; her glance touched everywhere save where Jeremy stood.

"The answer!" demanded Jeremy, and confidence rang in his voice.

"You tyrant, you tyrant!"

"The answer, Eva!"

For a moment more she waited. Then she came toward him hesitatingly, her eyes not yet seeking his face. She came up to him and stood with her hands hanging by her side. Then slowly she raised to his face the large, trustful eyes which he had known and loved so well.

"The answer is 'Yes,' Jeremy," she said. "For all my life and with all my heart, dear!"

"I knew this was the right day!" cried Jeremy.

"Oh, any day was right!" she whispered as she sought his arms.

"Yes, but I'm glad it was to-day," he said. "Now I shall be friends with Charley with a vengeance. I shall think of him now whenever I think of to-day."

"Yes, I'm glad it is to-day!"

"To say nothing of the obvious advantage to-day has in not being yesterday or to-morrow, but just to-day. It isn't that I did kiss you, or that I shall kiss you, but that I am——"

Demonstrating the virtues of the present, Jeremy left his sentence unfinished.

A couple of hours later, he burst into Grantley Imason's room, declaring that he was the happiest man on earth. This condition of his, besides being by no means rare in young men, was not unexpected, and congratulations met the obvious needs of the occasion. Sibylla, who was there, was not even very emotional over the matter; the remembrance of Dora Hutting inclined her mind toward the humorous aspect—so hard is it to appreciate the changeful processes of other hearts. But Jeremy himself was excited enough for everybody, and his excitement carried him into forgetfulness of a solemn pledge which he had once given. He wrung Grantley's hand with a vigor at once embarrassing and painful, crying:

"I owe it all to you! I should never have dared it except for the partnership that's coming, and that was all your doing. Without your money——"

"Confound you, Jeremy!" said Grantley in a quiet whisper, rescuing his hand and compassionately caressing it with its uninjured brother.

The imprecation seemed to be equally distributed between Jeremy's two causes of offense; but the young man allocated it to one only.

"Oh, good Lord!" he said, with a guilty glance at Sibylla.

"What money?" asked Sibylla.

She had been sitting by the fire, but rose now, and leaned her shoulder against the mantelpiece. Jeremy looked from her to Grantley.

"I'm most awfully sorry," he said. "I forgot. I'm a bit beside myself, you know." Grantley shrugged his shoulders rather crossly. "I won't say another word about it."

"Oh, yes, you will, Jeremy," observed Sibylla with a dangerous look. "You'll tell me all about it this moment, please."

"Shall I?" Jeremy turned to Grantley again.

"I expect the mischief's done now, but you needn't have lost your memory or your wits just because you're going to marry Eva Raymore."

"Marrying does make people lose their wits sometimes," said Sibylla coldly. Grantley's brows lifted a little as he plumped down in a chair with a resigned air. "Tell me what you mean, Jeremy."

"Well, I had to put money into the business if I was ever to be more than a clerk, if I was ever to get a partnership, you know."

"And Grantley gave you the money?"

"I'm going to pay it back when—when—"

"Yes, of course, Jeremy dear. How much was it?"

Grantley lit a cigarette, and came as near looking uncomfortable as the ingrained composure of his manner allowed.

"Five thousand," said Jeremy. "Wasn't it splendid of him? So, you see, I could afford—"

"Five thousand to Jeremy!" said Sibylla. She turned on Grantley. "And how much to John Fanshaw?"

"You women are all traitors. Christine had no business to say a word. It was pure business; he pays me back regularly, and Jeremy's going to pay me back, too. Come, I haven't done any harm to either of them."

"No, not to them," she said. And she added to Jeremy, "Go and tell Christine. She'll be delighted to hear about you and Eva."

"By Jove, I will! I say, I'm really sorry, Grantley."

"You ought to be. No, you may do anything except shake my hand again."

Jeremy darted out of the room, forgetting his broken pledge, intent only on finding other ears to hear his wonderful news.

"It's very satisfactory, isn't it?" asked Grantley. "I think they'll get on very well, you know. He's young, of course, and—"

"Please don't make talk, Grantley. When did you give him that money?"

"I don't remember."

"There are bank-books and so on, aren't there?"

"How businesslike you're getting!"

"Tell me when, please?"

Grantley rose and stood opposite to

her—even as they had stood in the inn—at the Sailors' Rest at Fairhaven.

"I don't remember the date." He paused, seemed to think, and then went on: "Yes, I'll tell you, because then you'll understand. He came to me the morning of the day you—you went over to Fairhaven. While he was there Christine's letter came. And I gave him the money because I wanted to put you in the wrong as much as I could. Oh, I liked Jeremy, and was willing to help him—just as I was ready to help old John. But that wasn't my great reason. My great reason was to get a bigger grievance against you—for the way you had treated me and were going to treat me."

"If it had been that, you'd have told me. You'd have told me that night in the inn. You must have known what it would have been to me to hear it then. But you never told me."

"I wouldn't part with the pleasure of having it against you—of nursing it against you secretly. I want you to understand the truth. Are you very angry?"

Sibylla appeared to be angry; there was a dash of red on her cheeks; her mouth and eyes looked dangerous.

"Yes, I'm angry," she said. "And I've a right to be angry. You're good to John Fanshaw; you're good to Jeremy. Have you been good to me?"

"I've told you. It was done in malice against you—and in a petty malice, I think now, though I didn't think that then."

"Doing it was no malice to me. You did it in love of me!" Her words were a challenge to him to deny; and, looking at her, he could not deny. He had never denied his love for her, and he would not now. "The wrong you did me was not in doing it, but in not telling me; yes, not telling me about that, nor about what you did for John Fanshaw either."

"I couldn't risk seeming to try to make a claim, especially when—"

"Especially when making a claim on me might have saved me! Is that what you mean? When it might have made all the difference to me and to Frank? When it might have turned me back from my madness? All was to go to ruin sooner than that you should risk seeming to make a claim!"

He attempted no answer, but stood very still, listening and ready to listen. Her voice lost something of its hardness, and became more appealing as she went on.

"They're allowed to know your good side, the kind things you do, how you stand by your friends, how you help people, how you lavish gifts on my brother for my sake. You don't hide it from them. They know that you can love, and that you love to give happiness. There are only two people who mayn't know—the two people in all the world who ought to know—whose happiness, and whose trust in themselves and in each other, lie in knowing. They must be hoodwinked and kept in the dark! They're to know nothing of you! For them you find the bad motive, the mean interpretation, the selfish point of view. And you're so ingenious in finding it for them! Grantley, to those two people you've done a great wrong."

He was silent a moment. Then he asked:

"To you and the little boy, you mean?"

"No; he's too young—anyhow, I didn't mean him. I wasn't thinking of him. You know that sometimes I don't think of him; that sometimes, in love or in hatred, I can think of nothing in the world but you, but you and me. And it's to me and to yourself that you've done the wrong."

"To you—and myself?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, what's the use of doing fine things if you bury them from me, if you distort them to yourself, if you won't let either me or yourself think them generous and good? Why must you trick me and yourself, of all the world? Oughtn't we to know—oughtn't we of everybody in the world to know? What's the good of kindness if you dress it up as selfishness? What's the good of love if you call it malice?"

"I've spoken the truth as I believed it."

"No, I say no, Grantley! You've spoken it as you would have me believe it, as you try to make yourself believe it. But it's not the truth!" She came one step nearer to him. "I used to pray that you should change," she said imploringly. "I don't pray that now. It's impossible, and I don't think I want it. Don't change, but, oh, be yourself! Be yourself to me and to yourself! You haven't been to either of us. Open your heart to both of us; let us both know you as you are. Don't be ashamed either before me or before yourself. I know I'm difficult! Heavens, aren't you—even the real you—difficult, too? But if you won't be honest in the end, then God help us! But if you'll be yourself to me and to

yourself—then, my dear, I think it would be enough!"

He came to her and took her hand.

"No man ever loved woman more than I love you," he said.

"Then try, then try, then try," she whispered, and her eyes met his.

There seemed in them a far-off gleam of the light which once had blazed from them on the fairy ride.

XXVIII.

"You do think they'll be happy?" Mrs. Selford asked a little apprehensively.

"Why put that question to me—to me of all people?" Caylesham replied. "Is it on the principle of knowing the worst? If even a cynic like me thinks they'll be happy, the prospect will be very promising—is that it?"

"Goodness knows I don't expect the ideal! I've never had it myself. Oh, I don't see why I need pretend with you, and I shouldn't deceive you if I did. I've never had the ideal myself, and I don't expect it for Anna. We've seen too much in our set to expect the ideal. And sometimes I can't quite make Anna out." Mrs. Selford was evidently uneasy. "She gets on better with her father than with me now—and I think I get on better with Walter than Richard does."

"Young Walter had a way with him," smiled Caylesham.

"I hope we shan't get into opposite camps and quarrel. Richard and I have been such good friends lately. And then, of course—" She hesitated a little. "Of course there may be a slight awkwardness here and there."

Caylesham understood the covert allusion; the marriage might make matters difficult with the Imasons.

"The young folks will probably make their own friends. Our old set's rather broken up one way and another, isn't it? Not that I was ever a full member."

"We've always been glad to see you," she murmured absently.

"On the whole, I feel equal to encouraging you to a certain extent," he said, standing before the fire. "Anna will be angry pretty often, but I don't think she will be, or need be, unhappy. She doesn't take things to heart too readily, does she?"

"No, she doesn't."

Janet Selford's assent hardly sounded like praise of her daughter.

"Well, that's a good thing. And she's got lots of pluck and a will of her own," Caylesham went on.

"Oh, yes, she's got that."

"From time to time he'll think himself in love with somebody. You're prepared for that, of course? But it's only his way. She'll have to indulge him a little—let the string out a little here and there—but she'll always have him under control. Brains do count, and she's got them. And she won't expect romance all the time."

"You said you were going to be encouraging!"

"I am encouraging," Caylesham insisted.

"Oh, I shouldn't think it so bad, if we were talking about myself. But when it's a question of one's child—"

"One is always unreasonable? Precisely. The nature of the business isn't going to change in the next generation. But I maintain that I'm encouraging—for Anna, anyhow. I rather fancy Master Blake will miss his liberty more than he thinks. But that'll be just what he needs. So from a moral point of view I'm encouraging there, too."

"Of course you don't understand the feeling of responsibility—the fear that if she's the—the least bit hard, it may be because of her bringing up."

"Don't be remorseful, Mrs. Selford. It's the most unprofitable of emotions."

Caylesham had preached the same doctrine to Christine.

"When it's too late to go back!" Janet Selford added.

"And that's always." He looked down at her with a cheerful smile. "That's for your private ear. Don't tell the children. Walter Blake is great on remorse."

Mrs. Selford laughed rather ruefully.

"I suppose it'll turn out as well as most things. Do you know any thoroughly happy couples?"

"Very hard to say. One isn't behind the scenes. But I'm inclined to think I do. Oh, ecstasies aren't for this world, you know—not permanent ecstasies. You might as well have permanent hysterics! And, as you're aware, there are no marriages in heaven. So perhaps there's no heaven in marriages either. That would seem to be plausible reasoning, wouldn't it? But they'll be all right; they'll learn each other's paces."

"I can't help wishing she seemed more in love."

"Perhaps she will be when he flirts with somebody else. Don't frown. I'm not a pessimist. If I don't always look for happiness by the ordinary roads, I often discern it along quite unexpected routes."

"It's pleasant to see people start by being in love."

"How eternally sentimental we are! Well, yes, it is. But capacities differ. I dare say she doesn't know she's deficient—and she certainly won't imagine that her mother has given her away!"

"I suppose I deserve that, but I had to talk to somebody. And really it's best to choose a man; sometimes it stops there, then!"

"Why not your husband? No? Ah, he has too many opportunities of reminding you of the indiscretion! You were quite right to talk to me. We shall look on at what happens with all the greater interest because we've discussed it. And, as I've said, I'm decidedly hopeful."

"We might have developed her affections when she was a child. I'm sure we might."

"Oh, I shall go. Send for a clergyman!"

Mrs. Selford shook her head sadly, even while she smiled. She could not be beguiled from her idea, or from the remorse that it brought. The pictures, the dogs, and sentimental squabbling with her husband had figured too largely in the household; she connected with this fact the disposition which she found in Anna.

"Being a bit hard isn't a bad thing for your happiness," Caylesham added as a last consolation.

Anna herself came in. No consciousness of deficiency seemed to afflict her; she felt no need of a development of her affections, or of being more in love with Walter Blake. On the contrary, she exhibited to Caylesham's shrewd eyes a remarkable picture of efficiency and of contentment. She had known what she wanted; she had discerned what means to use in order to get it; and she had achieved it. A perfect self-confidence assured her that she would be successful in dealing with it. Her serene air, her trim figure and decisive movements, gave the impression that here at least was a mortal who, if she did not deserve success, could command it.

Caylesham looked on her with admiration—rather than liking—as he acknowledged her very considerable qualities. The thing which was wanting was what in a picture he would have called "atmosphere." But here again her luck came in—or, rather, her clear vision; it was not fair to call it luck. The man she had pitched upon—that was fair, and Caylesham declined to withdraw the ex-

pression—at the time when she pitched upon him, was in a panic about “atmosphere.” He had found too much of it. He was not asking for softness, for tenderness, for ready accessibility to emotion or to waves of feeling. Her cleverness had turned to account even the drawback which made Caylesham, in the midst of his commendation, conscious that he would not choose to be her husband—or perhaps to be her son, either.

“You’ll make a splendid head of the family, I can see,” he told her chaffingly. “You’ll keep them all in most excellent order.”

She chose to consider that he had exercised a bad influence over Walter Blake, and treated him distantly. Caylesham supported the entire injustice of her implied charge with good-humor.

“You’re not fond of excellent order, I suppose?” she asked.

“In others,” said he, smiling. “May I come and see it in your house sometimes? I promise not to disturb it.”

“I don’t think you could.”

“She taunts me with my advancing years,” he complained to Mrs. Selford.

Anna’s disapproval of him was marked. It increased his amusement at the life which lay before Walter Blake. Blake would want to disturb excellent order sometimes; he would be indulged in that proclivity to a strictly limited extent. If Grantley Imason were a revengeful man, this marriage ought to cause him a great deal of pleasure. Caylesham, while compelled to approve by his reason, could not help deploring in his heart. He saw arising an ultra-British household, clad in the very buckram of propriety. Who could say that morality did not reign in the world when such a nemesis as this awaited Walter Blake, or that morality had not a humor of its own when Walter Blake accepted the nemesis with enthusiasm?

Yet the state of things was not unusual. It was a fair sample of a bulk of goodly size. Caylesham went away smiling at it, wondering at it, in the depths of his soul a trifle appalled at it. It seemed to him rather inhuman; but perhaps his idea of humanity had gone a trifle far in the opposite direction.

And, after all, could not Walter Blake supply the other element? There was plenty of softness about him, and the waves of feeling were by no means wanting in frequency or volume. Considering this question, Caylesham professed himself rather at a loss. He would have

to wait and look on. But would he hear or see much? Anna had evidently put him under a ban, and he believed that her edicts would obtain obedience in the future.

He felt it in his heart to be sorry for young Blake. Not because there was any injustice. The nemesis was eminently, and even ludicrously, just. He felt sorry precisely because it was so just. He was always sorry for sinners who had to pay the penalty of their deeds; then a fellow-feeling went out to them. Of course they were fools to grumble. The one wisdom he claimed for himself was not grumbling at the bill.

He paid another visit that day, under an impulse of friendliness, and perhaps of curiosity, too. He went to Tom Courtland’s, and found himself repaid for his trouble by Tom’s cordiality of greeting. The Courtland family was in the turmoil of moving; they had to go to a much smaller house, and to reduce the establishment greatly. But the worries of a move and the prospect of comparative poverty—there was very little left besides Harriet’s moderate dowry—were accepted by Tom very cheerfully, and by the children with glee; they were delighted to be told that there would be no more men-servants and fewer maids, and that they would have to learn to shift for themselves as much and as soon as possible. They seemed to feel that they would be closer and more to one another under the changed conditions, and they were glad to be rid of “this great gloomy house,” over which the shadow of calamity still brooded.

“The children don’t like to pass Lady Harriet’s door at night,” Suzette whispered in an aside to Caylesham.

Tom himself seemed younger and more sprightly; and he was the slave of his little girls. His gray hair, the lines on his face, and the enduring scar on Sophy’s brow, spoke of the sorrow which had been; but the sorrow had given place to peace—and it might be that some day peace would turn to joy. For there was much youth there, and where youth is, joy must come, if only it have a fair chance.

“We’re rather in narrow circumstances, of course,” Tom explained when Suzette and the children were out of earshot. “That’s because I made such an ass of myself. I ought to have remembered the children. But we can rub along, and perhaps I shall get a berth some day.”

(To be continued.)

ETCHINGS

A SHORTAGE IN HEARTS.

THE torches glimmered late one night in
Cupid's silent court;
The little god was making up his annual report.
He paused and shook his curly locks.
"Whate'er the cause may be,
The figures show a falling off in captured hearts," said he.

"I'm sure I've striven bravely to execute my work—
I've rustled hearts from dawn to dark,
and toiled like any Turk;
See all my used-up arrows, battered and split in vain!
The hearts they struck so flinty were, the darts were bent like grain.

"And the victims scorned my efforts.
'Dear little boy,' they said,
'Go light your little candle now, and toddle off to bed.
Your tricks are 'cute and charming, and your ways devoid of guile,
But your bow is quite old-fashioned—your arrows out of style.

"It may have been the thing, no doubt, at some old prosy time,
To yield with glad alacrity to Cupid's art sublime;
But young folks are much wiser now, in methods and in ways,
Than were their simple ancestors in shaker-bonnet days.'

"And one old cynic counseled me: 'You might perhaps succeed
If you'd try a good revolver, wadded well with bond and deed;
See that your ammunition is of just the proper mold—
Pure diamond-dust for powder, and for shot the minted gold.'

"But true to old traditions still poor Cupid must remain,
Although this fearful shortage in his list of hearts is plain,
Though he'd like to be a highwayman, and ply a bolder trade,
And cry: 'Hand out that heart at once!' to every man and maid.

"Ah, young folks, will it puncture you with one remorseful throb
To find, some sunny morning, that poor Cupid's lost his job?
And would it cause you even one brief moment of regret
If you should chance to see this sign:
'The Court of Love to Let'?"
Harriet Whitney Durbin.

'T'WAS NEVER THEIRS TO GIVE.
'Tis not for me to catalog the weaknesses of man,
Nor yet to serve out judgment on the European plan;
But I propose to show one fault our race indulges in,
Which puts the garb of virtue o'er the hated face of sin.
Your selfish man holds very tight to all that is his own;
He has been known to faint away at mention of a loan;
But notice, please, how willingly—he's not inquisitive—
He hands you out the ducats that were never his to give!

When England bossed America, some centuries ago,
Her monarchs sold our lands at wholesale prices, as you know;
And when a man got troublesome in politics at home,
"Do have a State," quoth England's king; "I've plenty, o'er the foam!"
Now this was very pleasant for those worthy royal prigs
Who wore fine robes of purple and whose heads were swathed in wigs;
Who said, "Have some America!" in tones imperative,
And took delight in giving what was never theirs to give!

I know of certain men to-day who roll in boundless wealth,
Whose millions are the juicy fruits of enterprising stealth;
Financial captains who are up to any kind of gag,
Who squeeze their quiet profits out of Wall Street's game of tag;

Then, to delight posterity and garner
endless fame,
They found a great big college to im-
mortalize their name.
They're very generous, no doubt—al-
though, sure as you live,
They're doing it with money that was
never theirs to give!

The idle college student finds transla-
tions hard to do;
He wishes he could hit upon some plan
to see him through.
His chums grow tired of helping him; his
marks deteriorate;
When suddenly there comes a way to turn
the course of fate.
For as his weary optics scan the literary
lea,
A-browsing on those fertile plains a
"pony" doth he see!
Soon, with a smile, and in a style both
suave and positive,
He renders a translation that was never
his to give!

The soldier marches forth to war, his
bayonet at his side;
He twirls his fierce mustachios and rolls
his eyes with pride;
Amid the thundering cannon's roar and
the shrill rifle's crack,
He's much too brave to think if he will
ever more come back!
He charges on the foe—he falls—with
breast transfixed he lies,
And turns his dying glances to the peace-
ful azure skies.
He gave his life to save his land—his
name shall ever live;
But if you saw his wife you'd know it
wasn't his to give!

H. Augustus Miller.

THE GOLDEN LAUD.

WHEN I have stubborn work to do,
With fate a fierce-fought quarrel—
And come off conqueror, with, too,
A leaf or so of laurel,
Far would I toss that meed so dear
For just one chance to smother
My hot head in her lap and hear
A little praise from mother!

When name and fame pass down the land,
Comrade and stranger showing
By smile and word and grasp of hand
How friendship's fire is glowing,
The happy tears and tender trust
Of father, sister, brother—
All, all would be outweighed by just
A little praise from mother!

When book and story, song and verse
Prove rounds on fortune's ladder;
When gold and silver crowd the purse,
And life grows glad and gladder,
Tears, tears will flow! One boon, one bliss
I crave above all other—
Oh, how I need, oh, how I miss
A little praise from mother!

Clarence Urmey.

A STAGE-SHIFT.

IN the good old days of Elizabeth's rule,
When Shakespeare—or Bacon—wrote
plays,
And genius tutored young art at school,
And tended its infant days,
Stages were bare and houses were poor,
And scenes were marked out with a
card—
"This is a castle," "This is a door,"
Or "This is a palace-yard."
And very small beer were actors then—
Persons whom nobody knew;
Dissolute, out-of-society men;
A down-at-heel, rickety crew.
But they acted plays in those crude old
days,
And drama was drama then.
Immortal lines their voices raised,
Those down-at-heel, rickety men!

We have theaters now of wonderful build,
And marvelous scenes on the stage,
And the biggest house is easily filled
If a star is announced who's the rage.
An actress moves in society now,
And an actor's a man of fame;
And each is the pink of propriety now,
With a good round sum to his name.
We're filled till we glut with glitter and
strut,
And the finest that wealth can provide;
We've a most magnificent shell to the nut,
But there's never a kernel inside!

The drama's supplanted by what is called
fun,
With popular songs or a jig;
And we measure success by the length of
a run;
For acting we care not a fig.
For "The Girl from Here," "The Girl
from There,"
And "The Girl from Timbuctoo,"
Or "Why Old Timkins Didn't Dare,"
And "The Scandal of Gay Lord
Pooh"—
These are the plays of our up-to-date days
That we lavish our splendor upon;
'Tis surely the most ridiculous craze
That ever the sun shone on!

W. Norton.